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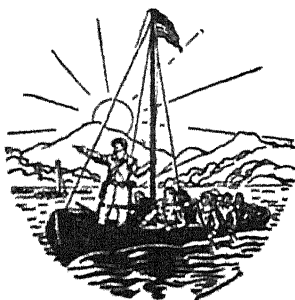
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STAR OF THE WEST

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The Romance of the Lewis and Clark Expedition

By ETHEL HUESTON



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FOREWORD

I OUGHT not to call myself the author of this book. It was really written by six dead heroes, Americans all. Their names were Lewis and Clark, Floyd, Ordway, Whitehouse and Gass. I have merely novelized the Original Journals of the Lewis and Clark Expedition—*America's Epic of Exploration*.

In preparation for this work, I made a thorough study of the Journals themselves first of all; then of all editorial references, comments, letters and historical documents; I conferred with the Historical Departments of many states; I went to St. Louis and followed the route of the expedition, up the Missouri River to its source, across the Shining Mountains, down the Clearwater, Snake and Columbia Rivers to the site of Fort Clatsop on the Pacific coast.

No fictitious characters have been introduced. Every incident was taken from one of the Journals. Only conversation, background, and fairly obvious—or at least plausible—situations have been supplied to lend to history the aura of romance. Much of the conversation was copied verbatim from one of the original authors. The unusual, quaint and obsolete words and expressions are theirs, not mine. The numbers refer to explanatory notes in the Appendix.

To make the account more readable, the Indian conversations and councils are given in the form of direct conversation, without details as to the method of interpretation; the substance of them is taken almost word for word from the Journals. It must be understood that the conversation was difficult and tedious, as many as five interpreters sometimes being required. When there

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were no interpreters, the sign language, understood by most of the western tribes, was used. Drouillard was an expert at this language, Sacágawea knew it well, and Lewis picked up a good deal of it. While some tribes, however, used the sign language with great facility—notably the Blackfeet and the Shoshoni—others could not understand it at all. It was surprisingly accurate, as the records clearly prove.

The only outright liberty taken with authentic history deals with Charbonneau's acquirement of Sacágawea. It is not anywhere stated whether he "bought her" by gambling, or by outright purchase. I have accepted the version that seems to me most in conformity with his character.

The two great mysteries of the expedition—who killed Meriwether Lewis, and what became of Lisette Charbonneau—I have presented, but have not attempted to solve.

Historically, I believe, the work is authentic in every important detail.

E. H.

New York, 1935.

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THE ROMANCE OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION

PROLOGUE

HUNGER that pressed close to starvation drove the Shoshoni from their retreat in the mountains to the dangerous prairies in search of food. As long as life, or the dregs of life, could be maintained, they clung to their wild security in the unreachable canyons of the Rockies, subsisting poorly on roots and seeds. But weakness that grew upon them daily gave sinister warning. Cold nights foretold the swift approach of winter with its hardships.

Daring no longer to postpone the inevitable, they descended to the plains, warily, fearing for their lives, and pitched a hurried camp in the wide and beautiful valley that lay at the Three Forks of the Missouri. Even before they raised their leather tepees, before their horses were put out to graze on the sweet rich grass, scouts were sent away in every direction to take their stand on surrounding hills looking off to the farther plains, in dreaded anticipation of attack.

The Shoshoni, a poor tribe, without firearms, without ammunition, with no rich furs and robes to invite plunder, was a hunted nation. The murderous Blackfeet, the bold Minitarees of the North, the thievish Crows, the deadly Tetons, even the rather more respectable Mandans and Gros Ventres—all were foes to the Shoshoni.

It was for their horses they were thus harried. Poor in everything else, they were rich in horseflesh. Their herds were the finest in the land—strong, rugged, beautiful beasts, wisely broken, perfectly trained. And for their horses the Crows and the Blackfeet, the Minitarees and the Tetons, waged constant war upon them.

Into the dangerous reaches of the mountains, the prairie tribes dared not venture, but, waiting like vultures until hunger drove their pitiful quarry to the plains for game, they conducted their forays on familiar ground, where, with guns procured from white traders on the Missouri, the advantage was all their own.

Arrived at the Three Forks, the Shoshoni, repressing their innate love of indolence and leisure, wasted not a moment: tepees were raised, fires built, scaffolds erected to dry game as the hunters procured it. And it was a gay camp, for all the feverish and unnatural haste of their work. It was gay because it was a Shoshoni camp, and the Shoshoni, hunted for their lives, dwindling rapidly as a race before the avarice of their neighbors, were irrepressibly gay. They sang, they told boastful stories, they chatted and chaffed with those about them; but they did not cease to work.

Every day it continued: hunters bringing in game; women slicing and drying the meat, dressing skins, boiling out the oil of the occasional bear encountered and killed; children bringing wood for their low fires, digging in the bottoms for roots and wild onions, gathering rushes for the weaving of baskets. Even the men, usually scornfully aloof from all degrading domestic drudgery, in this annual national crisis swallowed their manly pride and lent a hand to the drying and dressing of skins for winter garments and robes.

And away on the hills, alert and motionless, the lookouts kept sharp eyes on the distant range, lightly poised on their horses, as alert and watchful as the riders themselves.

But while every hand was turned to these needful tasks, there was still time for childish tricks and merry pranks; for sly flirtations and small displays of prowess, pride and vanity. The boys wheeled their mounts so close to the girls at work that they led in pretended terror; in return, passing near the horses, the girls slyly slipped the loose halters from their necks to compel a galloping chase over the range.

Gayest among them was a young girl, sturdy-limbed, straight and strong, with dark shining eyes, with dark hair hanging loose about her dusky face; her young form just beginning to lose the chubby roundness of childhood in the more delicate contour of maturity. Small pointed breasts showed beneath the soft doe-skin of her chemise. The coppery, bare legs beneath her short eather skirt were shapely and strong; the young hands, slim and strongly formed, were deft and sure in every movement. Little shining ornaments of polished shell tinkled at her small ears. She worked, she laughed, she tossed her dark head with careless coquetry, setting her ear-drops a-jingle, while her dark eyes flashed innocent defiance to interested, watching youths.

Seated on the grassy bank near at hand—his horse beside him, as became a brave—White Bear, scraping away at a buffalo hide, watched her coquetries with proprietary complacence. This handsome girl was his. Had he not, years before, when she was little more than an infant, given her father the best of his horses and a good mule—a mule worth two horses to any Indian—for that small brown hand when she came of age for marriage?

White Bear, scraping away at the buffalo hide, was well satisfied with his bargain. The girl had exceeded his expectations—handsome, good-natured, of sturdy health, quick and clever at her work—a good bargain. And hers was a good family to marry into. The men, as riches counted among the Shoshoni, were rich; courageous, also, and leaders in the tribe. The women

were good to look upon, pleasant in disposition. He noted the rounding curves of her hips below her tight, quill-trimmed girdle; noted the palpitating of the small breasts as she ran at her work, and smiled. It would not be long. Perhaps this very fall would come the bridal—or with the coming spring at latest.

The girl did not resent his proprietary watchfulness. She rather enjoyed it. It added piquancy to her coquetties. Eventually, of course, one would marry. And White Bear stood well in the tribe. In the meantime, she would laugh and be gay. Very soon she would become his squaw, would bear his children, keep his lodge, carry his wood, tend his fires and take her place as a respected matron in the tribe. That was life.

A sudden shrill call brought pandemonium to the peaceful camp, starting a torrent of cries on every hand. One pointed, screaming incoherently, to the lookout on a distant hill, whose horse, whirling on his hind legs as on a pivot, in one long movement was streaking down the grassy slope toward the camp. No one waited to hear the news. There was no need. Women, weeping, caught up their babies, their flitches of elk meat, their drying robes, all they could lay quick hand upon. Some began tearing down their leather lodges. The children, darting like little shadows through the dust and clamor, cried for their parents.

The men leaped as one man upon their waiting horses and galloped to the range to round up the grazing herd.

By the time the scout reached camp, the scene was one of chaos. Those who could find horses had mounted them and, with what they could gather together of their possessions, were flying away up the river, where the men had gone in advance in search of a hiding-place. A few bold ones, determined to save as much as possible, lingered, struggling with their precious tepees. The men, waiting for nothing, pressed hotly in the lead,

while the women and children, and the feeble old men, bowed down with heavy heterogeneous loads, trotted after them, afoot.

For three miles they retreated up the river, hoping to escape. But a cloud of dust on the hillside warned them that their flight was observed, the joyous pursuit under way. That was the end of their faint hope of a hiding-place; flight was their only salvation. The retreat became a rout of helpless terror. In a cluster of distant hills they paused to hold quick conference. But there was no argument. Their agreement was absolute; they were too few to fight that deadly war-party from the East, who had the terrible war-fire from white traders on the Missouri. The Shoshoni, who never saw white men, had no war-fire.

The conference was a quick confirmation of their resolve to fly with their horses, abandoning their squaws, their children and their goods. In a moment braves and horses were out of sight; and none too soon, for already the war-party—Minitarees from the Mandan towns on the Missouri—had descended upon the stragglers in the rear, screaming hideously, gleaming with war-paint, dealing out gunfire as they came.

Some, struck by deadly balls or steel-tipped arrows, fell bleeding by the way. Women and children scattered in every direction where they could hope to find shelter—in the brush, among the rocks, toward the hills, in the forest. But the terrible Minitarees were everywhere, screaming, shooting, grabbing a squaw here, a child there; catching up a fallen war-club or a lost tomahawk; snatching a side of elk meat or a buffalo robe, and never forgetting to swoop to earth for that precious savage trophy, the scalp-lock of their victims.

The little maiden, cut short in her happy coquetties, found herself suddenly alone in the midst of terrible uproar. She darted here and there, swift as an arrow herself, among the tepees now half dismantled, among the scaffolds of drying meat, almost under the feet of plunging horses. She called for her

mother. She did not come. She looked for the complacent White Bear. He was not there.

In childish panic she ran from ruin to ruin, screaming. Suddenly, bearing straight down upon her on a plunging pony, she saw a huge Minitaree, naked except for his breechclout, his body painted in grotesque designs the color of blood.

The screams died on her blanched lips. She turned and ran straight into the river, floundering, up to her waist in the cold water, stumbling, falling over rocks and logs, seeking even this dangerous retreat from the horrible apparition.

The Minitaree wheeled his horse and cantered into the river after her.

"Why, what big fish they are that swim in this river!" he cried in a great jovial voice.

The maiden sank down on her knees and bent her dark head submissively to receive the expected death blow.

But he had no such intent. Swinging low, he caught her in one powerful arm and lifted her bodily, laying her, drooping, half fainting, before him across his prancing horse.

"A big fish!" he cried again, laughing loudly at his quaint conceit. "It is a good river! What a fine feast we shall make on this big tender fish fried in a great fire!"

Turning his pony with a touch of the knee he made back to the shore.

"See what I caught in the river!" he cried to his friends, as he galloped back into the fray. "It is a fish I have here, not a maiden."

The scream of the battle was everywhere, though it was no battle, but carnal destruction. Smoke and dust hung over the valley in a thick mantle; the remains of the ruined tepees were going up in flame. The maiden lay limp on the horse's neck, her captor holding her with one firm hand. But presently, to facilitate his effort to get a greater share of the plunder, he

stopped his horse and forced her to sit before him, erect, holding her with one arm, guiding his horse with the same hand.

As they galloped through the ruined camp, they saw a body lying, face downward, beside a dead horse—the body of a Shoshoni brave, weltering in blood, his scalp-lock gone to adorn some war-club.

"Is—it—my—father?" she asked faintly.

The Minitaree, not understanding her language, thought from the faint pleading of her voice that she begged for freedom.

"Don't be afraid, Little Fish," he said, "I will not harm you."

She did not understand his language, but felt a vague comfort in the kindness in his voice.

The camp, lately so peaceful, teeming with good work, gay with happy comradeship, was a scene of wild disorder. Dying horses pawed the air. The neat tepees were demolished and burning. And everywhere were the hideous Minitarees, taking down drying slabs of meat, throwing dressed skins over their horses, sweeping low to pick up treasures abandoned in flight, tomahawks, cooking pans, baskets.

Some rode back, proudly, with horses captured from the hindmost of the fleeing Shoshoni or caught loose on the range. Some had little captives, boys and girls. These looked at one another, speechlessly, with anguished eyes.

The Minitaree fastened his maiden loosely but firmly to his steed with an elkskin thong.

"Do not try to swim away from me, Little Fish," he warned her, "or I will catch you and beat you well."

Though the words were only so many strange sounds to her, she caught the warning note in his voice. But there was no heart left in her to run away. It was the end of the world.

All her life she had been told, "The Minitarees will come," or "The Blackfeet will come," or "The wicked Tetons will

come." Now the Minitarees had come. Her people had fled away to their homes in the mountains, and she was a prisoner. It was the end of the world.

When, except for dead horses and the motionless figures of a few scalped and bleeding braves, the camp was utterly demolished, with a triumphant shout the war-party turned its horses east on a dead run.

"East!" In all her life, the little captive maiden from the Rockies had never been farther east than the Three Forks of the Missouri where they came on those hurried, harried trips for game. Now she was going East. What was the East?

The fearsome war-parties she knew came from the East. The sun rose in the East. In the East, they told her, lived a race of strange creatures, white as ashes, half gods, half human. And it was to the East that the young men of the tribe turned their faces when they stood alone in the night, in mid-winter, seeking communion with the Great Spirit.

The maiden trembled as she crouched on the prancing pony before the Minitaree. The East was terrible!

When they stopped at dusk to make camp for the night, the little captives were set to gathering fire-wood to cook meat taken from the ravished camp. Passionately eager not to displease, they worked themselves into a sweat obeying these orders. But it was a cold sweat, the sweat of fear. The Minitarees had come. They were going East.

The war-party made a great feast around their fire that night, singing and dancing, exchanging exaggerated tales of their prowess in the great battle, of the tremendous hazards they had overcome to gain this victory. They fed their little captives well. At first the children shook their heads, timidly, their eyes dull with pain. They could not eat. This was the food their fathers and brothers had killed for the winter supply for their poor tribe; it was the food their mothers and sisters had worked on

from dawn to dark, cutting and drying. Unshed tears wet their frightened eyes.

The captors were good-humoredly patient.

"Eat, little dogs," they urged them. "You will be hungry tomorrow. It is a long way to our towns in the East."

The odor of roasting flesh was insidious. The children touched small pieces, tentatively at first, nibbling half-heartedly. But they were young, and it was a terrible ordeal they had lived through. Hunger warred with their fears. Presently, to their surprise, they found themselves eating with satisfaction if not with actual pleasure. They smiled at one another shyly, but their smiles were fleeting.

When the warriors wrapped themselves in their blankets and prepared for sleep, they put the children together in a group in the midst of them.

"Do not try to run away," they said. "For your lives, do not try it. We will catch you and beat you severely."

The children, huddling together, talked in whispers. Should they try to slip away when the braves, exhausted with the work of the day, were soundly sleeping? The bolder ones were for making the attempt, Yellow Grass was sure they could escape. But Yellow Grass was very bold. The others held back. How could they escape alone in those boundless prairies, without horses, without arms, without food? They would die of hunger and thirst. Undoubtedly long ere this, their tribe had retreated far into the remotest canyons of the mountains. They could never find them.

In the early hours of morning when the night turned suddenly cold, the big Minitaree came with a warm buffalo robe and flung it over his little maiden and the girls beside her. The kindness touched their aching, lonely hearts, and they wept softly. But they were grateful for the act. After all the tales they had heard, it seemed there was some goodness in the ter-

rible Minitarees, for others came, also, with robes to cover every one, and told them to lie close to the fire.

At daybreak they broke camp to resume their journey. The big Minitaree smiled with satisfaction at his first calm, dispassionate appraisal of his little prisoner. She was a well-built girl, with nice features and a pleasant expression.

"A good day's work," he said. "I did well enough though I got no scalp for my belt. Still, I consider the day's work good."

He tied her, not tightly, on an extra horse and led her behind him. East, still east, they went, mile after mile; the prairies seemed to reach to the rim of the sky; farther from the cold safe shelter of the great mountains, farther from their friends and families.

There was much game in the prairies, more game than the ill-fed Shoshoni children had ever seen—great herds of buffalo, antelope and deer. The men hunted as they went, not hastening greatly, but not loitering either, naturally eager to arrive home and receive the well-earned plaudits of their tribe for this great victory.

When they came at last to the wide curve of the river where the Mandan villages lay, the little prisoners gazed into the distance with straining eyes to see these fabulous, far-famed towns. Towns? They were cities! Great groups of houses, whole streets of houses, as many as two hundred houses in each town! Real houses they were, too, not flapping tepees of worn leather, but solidly built, well sodded, firm, round and immovable, each with a decorative little porch of its own; each with smoke curling attractively from its domed top. Never had they seen such palaces as these!

As they entered the first town, the Mandans crowded about them congratulating them on their great victory. They laughed good-naturedly, poking teasing fingers at the trembling captives, making horrible grimaces to frighten them. The children had

never seen so many people. But for all they seemed so formidable a host to the terrified captives, they were but a handful among the Sioux, who were as countless as the sands of the prairie.

The triumphal procession went on until it reached their own town. Here a royal reception awaited them. Great fires had been built, rich feasts prepared in every lodge—big slabs of meat and huge bowls of steaming, savory stew. The old men and boys advanced a long way to meet them, with musicians beating their tom-toms, singing songs of joy. From every door women and children flocked out to hear the news of the big battle and to welcome their personal heroes.

As the big Minitaree approached his door, his squaw and children ran to meet him. He gave no sign that he saw them, but rode steadily on, his eyes fixed on the road before him, as a returning hero should. The maiden on the horse behind forced her drooping head to raise, lifted her slender shoulders, if not with courage, at least with dignity.

The brave's face, and the faces of his squaw and his children, beamed with pleasure in this reunion. Their eyes shone with content, their voices were warm and tender. But they would have scorned to express their happiness in effeminate caress or loving word.

"See here, Old One, what a big fish I have caught you!" he said.

Dismounting, he went to the second horse and loosed the thong that bound his little captive. But before he could lay hand upon her to lift her to the ground, with that surprising agility of the Shoshoni to whom a horse was as their own flesh, she sprang lithely to her feet on his bare back, and stood there, poised lightly, timidly erect, and then leaped to the ground, where she stood, trembling, but with small head high and shoulders lifted.

The big Minitaree roared with laughter.

"Did I say it was a fish I brought!" he ejaculated. "This is no fish. It is a bird I have caught you.—See, she flies! She flies like a bird. She is a Bird-Woman."

The delighted squaw shook with chuckling laughter. "Tsaka-ka-wea!" she repeated. "She is a Bird-Woman."

And so they called their little maiden Sacágawea,¹ Bird-Woman.

* * * * *

After the first days of terrified uncertainty, when her heart yearned with an aching pain for home, Sacágawea found life in the city of the Minitarees surprisingly interesting and comfortable. Compared with the hazardous, hand-to-mouth existence of the Shoshoni, the domestic security and permanence of the Minitarees was exquisitely pleasant.

The earthen lodges were warmly built and spacious, with one corner partitioned off with logs to stable the ponies at night, where they munched contentedly on freshly picked young cottonwood boughs. To Sacágawea they were luxurious. And the Minitarees did not sleep on the ground rolled in a buffalo robe, but had low beds for every member of the household built along the walls and curtained from the living quarters with dressed skins. Sacágawea was assigned her own bed—it was next to the horses' stall—and her own sitting place just before it.

Never had she known, except on rare feast days and during their great hunts at the Three Forks, such richness, variety and plenitude of food. There was always meat and dried fish; there were many varieties of dried berries and plums; there were succulent vegetables and pungent roots. Under the careful instruction of Cold Flower, her new mistress, she learned to make rich soup of meat and vegetables, or meat and dried berry skins.

Their kettle was the paunch of a buffalo, stretched bowl-shape with crossed sticks, and in it the ingredients were brought to a boil by stones made red-hot in the open fire. She learned to pound roots and corn into meal to make bread. And every day she learned more of the new language, for Sacágawea was an apt pupil, quick-witted and alert; and burned moreover with an intense desire to learn—to learn everything!

The Minitarees were a sociable tribe, cheerful, but not blessed with the philosophical gaiety of the Shoshoni. Every night they visited companionably from house to house, retailing pleasant gossip of the day, nibbling bits of dried meat or fruit for refreshment. Often there were dances around the big campfire, and after every successful hunt there was a great feast. The big Minitaree, Wild Crow, and his wife, Cold Flower, were kind to the little captive, patient in teaching her their ways, laughing pleasurably over her stumbling efforts to learn their language.

They taught her to make mats and baskets of rushes, and spoons from the horns of mountain sheep and buffalo. They taught her to use their elegant, modern hoes, made from the shoulder-blades of the bison, instead of the clumsy, old-fashioned forked sticks which her own people used for digging roots. They taught her to swim, for the Minitarees were passionately fond of water sports, and bathed, men and women together, both night and morning, in the warm yellow waters of the Missouri.

Sacágawea was an object of interest and admiration to the entire village, not only because of her highly romantic history, but still more for her gentle dignity and her friendly, pleasant nature. There was a frailty about her, not sickness, but a certain lack of robustness, that set her apart from the buxom girls of the town. This frailty, Cold Flower declared sympathetically, just as matrons of civilization would have declared, was entirely due to her tragic experience and her effort to escape in the river

at that most delicate and sensitive period of a young girl's life.

In youth, the women of the Minitarees were handsome and attractive, but even among them Sacágawea stood out favorably, perhaps because of her inherent cheerfulness, that irrepressible, philosophical gaiety, which even in captivity did not desert her.

When Wild Crow came home one night and reported that one of her Shoshoni friends, Yellow Grass, had made her escape from the village and struck off alone in the prairie to find her way back to their tribe, Sacágawea was thrilled, but she was also shocked. She no longer thought of trying to escape. She was quite reconciled to her lot. Life, it seemed, consisted of these surprising changes, and was not, as she had thought, a mere dull progress from gay childhood to labored, back-breaking marriage. She marveled now that she had held the Minitarees in such dread. Her captors were both kind and generous.

They gave her new clothes to wear, and made her small presents, bits of ribbon, bright beads, belts of braided rushes. They taught her to embroider her chemises with polished porcupine quills. When Wild Crow came from the hunt with a fine buffalo robe that was of Sacágawea's exact height, he gave it to her as a gift, laughing.

But there came a day when she found the amiable Cold Flower grown suddenly cross and ill-tempered, flouncing about the lodge at her work, muttering irritably to herself. Sacágawea could understand the speech of the Minitarees very well now, if spoken slowly and distinctly, but it was some time before she could gather from Cold Flower's indignant grumbles that they were to have a guest in their lodge that day, one not welcome to the savage housewife.

"He is a bad man," she said impatiently. "He comes here only to gamble with Wild Crow over the numbers. Wild Crow is like an old woman at his games—he never knows when to leave off. He will gamble away our venison and our vegetables.

He will gamble away our buffalo robes and our horses. This Bad One—he always wins at the numbers, and Wild Crow never wins, but loses always.”

“Is he a Minitaree—this Bad One—or does he come from the Mandans?” asked Sacágawea sympathetically.

“Neither Minitaree nor Mandan. It is that gambling white man from the lower Mandan village. Whenever he wants a buffalo robe to keep him warm, or a slab of meat to fill his stomach, he comes to play at the numbers with Wild Crow. Wild Crow always loses.”

Sacágawea trembled violently. “A—pale—face,” she whispered. “A—paleface! Is he coming here, into our very lodge? Will he shoot with his fire-arrows?”

Cold Flower laughed at her innocence. “No, he will not shoot with anything but the numbered plum stones for our robes and our meat. I would rather he *did* shoot his fire-arrows!” she declared rashly.

“And will I see this paleface?”

“Unless you are taken with a sudden blindness, assuredly you will see him,” said Cold Flower. “Foolish child, have you never seen a white man? We see them often. They come trading for robes up the river. They are not at all beautiful. But this one—his name is Charbonneau²—he lives always in the Mandan town. He has bought a Mandan woman to be his squaw. I wish she would keep him at his own fire. He is good for nothing. He is too lazy to build himself a warm lodge to live in, he lives in a cold tepee made of old dressed skins.”

As she scolded, Cold Flower was busy filling the buffalo paunch with water and throwing in choice pieces of venison and roots in preparation for the unwelcome guest. Wanted or not, there were rules of etiquette that must be observed. It should never be said of Cold Flower that she was wanting in hospitality.

Sacágawea burned with excitement. What amazing things life held for one! A little while ago she was hungry and lean, venturing timidly with her timid family, in fear for their lives, from mountain fastness to open plain. Then there was the sudden, dramatic attack by the terrible Minitarees, and her capture by Wild Crow. Now here she was, living in luxury and wealth, richly fed, well clothed, kindly treated by her captor and his squaw. And now, on this very day, she would see a paleface! With her own eyes she would see him! He might even speak to her. Her slim hands shook as she helped Cold Flower prepare for the dreaded guest.

The lodge was neatly made up, the beds spread smoothly with their robes. But Cold Flower, with a sly look at Sacágawea, took her finest robe, the biggest and warmest, and hid it under the fire-wood outside the lodge.

"If he sees that fine robe of mine," she said, answering the girl's wondering gaze, "he will have it, if he has to keep Wild Crow at the play all night."

When everything was ready and the rich soup was simmering on hot stones in the paunch-pot, Sacágawea prepared herself for the exciting event. She smoothed her hair, that she no longer wore in the style of the Shoshoni hanging loose about her face, but in long neat braids in the Mandan fashion; she bound about her brow the blue ribbon Cold Flower had given her. She shined up her little trinkets of polished shell and beads and put them in her ears. She fastened her two weasel tails to her chemise, and put on her collar embroidered with porcupine quills. After all, even though the good Cold Flower was displeased, this was a great moment—things like this did not happen often in one's life.

But when Cold Flower announced petulantly that the men were coming down the lane, Sacágawea retreated shyly to the farthest corner of the lodge and crouched back out of sight be-

hind the curtains that separated the horses' stall from her bed. She was gloriously thrilled, but she was frightened. She would take no chances. He might shoot with his fire-arrows just on a sudden notion—no one ever knew what a paleface would do next—everybody said palefaces were like that.

Wild Crow ushered his guest courteously into the house, and Cold Flower advanced politely to spread a buffalo robe for him to sit on. Charbonneau saluted her briefly, and then, greatly to her surprise, presented her with a small knife. This was a great prize in itself, and doubled in value coming from Charbonneau, who was not free with gifts. Cold Flower was glad she had made the rich soup for him.—A genuine knife! She would gladly have given him two buffalo robes for that knife, yet he asked nothing. He was not such a bad fellow after all, that Charbonneau. She brought out the pipe of polished redstone and the pouch of tobacco, handing them to Wild Crow, who ceremoniously presented them to his guest.

Sacágawea, crouched in her dark corner, nearly suffocated with the pounding of her excited heart. Yet she was vaguely disappointed! They had said the palefaces were white as the summer clouds, but this man was not white; his skin was dark, as burned with wind and sun as Wild Crow's skin. They had said the palefaces had eyes as blue as the morning sky, but this man's eyes were smoldering and dark. And his entire appearance was grossly disfigured by his bristling black beard. A beard is anathema to the tidy nature of an Indian girl.

Only his strange talk showed that he was of a different breed from Wild Crow.

The two men smoked in silence while Cold Flower, seated in her own place before her bed, fondled her shining knife. Charbonneau spoke suddenly.

"Where is your young Snake^s maiden?" he asked. "Have you sold her?"

"No. She is here." Wild Crow turned to his squaw. "Where is Sacágawea? My noble friend would see her."

Cold Flower went to the dark corner. "Come out, foolish one. Our honored guest would look upon you. Mayhap he has never seen a maiden of the Snakes before."

Sacágawea went out at once, the alert liteness of her mountain race showing in every movement in spite of her shy fear. She stood silently before the two men, and though her heart fairly turned over within her, she looked straight into the face of the white man.

Charbonneau's moody eyes showed a glimmer of interest. He appraised her quickly—the straight frank gaze; the erect young head; the budding development of breasts and hips and thighs.

His grunt of approval was like that of an Indian.

"They told me about her in the Mandan towns," he said. "She is not bad."

"She is good," Wild Crow agreed. "Cold Flower has a great fondness for her. She is smart. She learns well what we teach her. Bring our food, Sacágawea."

Obediently she helped Cold Flower to set food before them. Once, in serving, as she passed close to him, Charbonneau rolled his dark eyes upon her suddenly. She started a little. He laughed.

"Are you not afraid, young Bird-Woman, to come so close to a deadly paleface?"

"Yes, I am much afraid," she answered, but her voice did not falter.

The men laughed. "Then why do you not run away and hide?" Charbonneau persisted.

"One cannot hide," she said gravely. "One is always found when one is wanted."

"But you are a Bird-Woman," said Wild Crow teasingly.

"Why do you not fly away like a bird? Then we could not find you."

"I am much afraid," Sacágawea repeated thoughtfully. "But," she added, "it is a great, exciting fear that is not bad to feel. I would rather stay and be afraid than try to fly away."

Once more Charbonneau's dark eyes roved her face, her figure.

"I will buy this poor slave from you," he said to Wild Crow. "She will be good help for my squaw. How much?"

Wild Crow turned to Cold Flower. "How then, Old One," he demanded roughly, "will you sell your maiden?"

Cold Flower refused, passionately.

Wild Crow laughed. "She says no, she will not sell her," he said.

Charbonneau grunted disdainfully. "Squaws are fools, my friend. Sell me the maiden. She is yours. I will give you enough bullets to shoot a hundred buffalo."

Wild Crow shook his head. "No. She was captured by me in the great battle with her people. It would bring me ill fortune to sell what the Great Spirit has delivered into my hands."

Charbonneau's laugh was scornful. "You talk foolish. Yours is the talk of an old woman and no warrior. You sold the buffalo robes you stole from her tribe, and the horses you took. Yet the Great Spirit delivered them to you, also. The other men have sold their slaves, and no ill fortune has befallen them."

Wild Crow shook his head. "She pleases my Old One," he said. "There are other Snake prisoners in the villages—you can buy another of them if these Snakes please you."

"This one pleases me," said Charbonneau. "I will add a big knife to the hundred balls, and a kettle for your foolish woman to cook her soup in."

Cold Flower spoke in a torrent of indignant words, and Wild Crow shook his head, grunting refusal.

Sacágawea, with her imperfect knowledge, could not follow the swift discussion, but she realized that sudden anger had come among them. She expected nothing less than at any moment the terrible paleface would settle the discussion with a fiery blast of his dreaded fire-arrows. But she was not one to desert her friends in danger. She went bravely and stood by the side of the angry squaw. Cold Flower turned on her sharply, ordered her to go at once and gather wood for their fire.

"No," said Sacágawea, thinking Cold Flower meant kindly to save her from the impending disaster, "I stay with you. We die together. You are my great friend. I will not leave you."

The men went on with their game and Cold Flower passed outside the lodge, motioning the girl to follow.

"You should not quarrel with the paleface," Sacágawea warned her anxiously. "He will burn you with a blast of fire. Why did you quarrel?"

"He is always for the gambling, for the gambling," said Cold Flower evasively. "I wish I had not taken his knife. He means no good to any one, that Bad One."

"Why was he angry, Cold Flower?"

"All the good things we have, he wants them. And always the best. Our best robes, our best skins, our best horses. The best of our meat, the best of our vegetables and our fruit. He is bad."

Charbonneau came again to the lodge. He brought a quarter of buffalo meat for Cold Flower, and two rich marrow bones; then, calling for Sacágawea, gave her a little pewter mirror in which she could see her dusky, glowing face.

"Is it for me?" she asked wonderingly. "To have for myself?"

"Yes, but of course. I will give you many rich things. I have

great possessions—not poor trash like is here in this lodge. I will give you many things.”

But to his repeated offers to buy the maiden, Wild Crow turned a deaf ear. Charbonneau bided his time.

On a cold afternoon he came with especially fine presents, a real tin kettle for Cold Flower, a wide bracelet of polished brass for Sacágawea’s slim brown arm.

Cold Flower spread the dressed robe and handed them the bowl used for shaking the pieces and the set of plum stones with their strange devices which constituted the markers.

They shook for the throw and Charbonneau won. But before he began the play, he brought from his knapsack a bottle of spirits and set it between them on the floor. At sight of the bottle Wild Crow’s eyes glittered avidly. “Charbonneau is not a bad fellow,” he thought, smiling. Charbonneau passed him the bottle.

“Help yourself,” he said hospitably. “Drink deep. It is a cold day. It will give us better heart for our play.”

Wild Crow needed no urging. Deaf to the muttered warnings of his offended squaw, he drank, and drank again, then plunged into the game. He staked a buffalo robe, some good arrow points, a finely woven basket. He lost them all. When he lost, Charbonneau passed him the bottle for consolation. It consoled him well, spurring him to renewed effort to win back what he had lost.

“Another robe then,” he offered. “My finest robe.”

Charbonneau put the bowl on the floor. He shook his head. “I want no more robes,” he said. “We have played enough to-day. I will go home now.”

Wild Crow was drunkenly insistent. “Don’t go. Let us play once more. Just once. My bow, then, my big handsome bow. We will play for my big bow.”

Charbonneau shook his head. “I have too many bows now.

I will play no more." He moved to put the bottle in his pocket.

"Stay, stay," pleaded Wild Crow. "We will play for my young horse—my fine young colt. The best colt in the whole nation."

"I have enough colts," said Charbonneau. "Perhaps for your trained war-horse I would play."

Wild Crow's natural sagacity came to his rescue, for all his muddled condition. "Not my trained war-horse!" he ejaculated. "If our tribe was attacked, how could I go to battle without my war-horse? How could I hunt buffalo to feed my squaw and my children and my Snake maiden? I will play for two colts."

"No. I will go now. Here, take one more drink, then. No more play today. I have too much trash now. It clutters my lodge."

The Indian drank deep. "Don't go," he pleaded. "Don't go. The day is very cold, we have played but little."

"Well, if you wish, Wild Crow, since you insist," Charbonneau said slowly, "I will play you once more.—It is your turn to win—you are sure to win this time.—I will play you—for your Snake maiden there."

Dazed with drink as he was, Wild Crow hesitated, shocked at the enormity of the suggestion. And in that moment, before he could speak, Cold Flower sprang up from her place and swept them with a storm of angry words. She even caught up her new kettle with a furious gesture, as if she would drive them both from her lodge. Sacágawea, terrified, tried in vain to draw her down upon the robe where they had been weaving rushes.

Wild Crow shook his head. "No, not the maiden," he said thickly. "My Old One wants the maiden. We will play for my gun."

Charbonneau pocketed the bottle. "The maiden or nothing," he said firmly. "If you are but an old squaw and let your squaws run you, and tell you what you may do and what you may sell,

then I shall have no more play with you. I do not play with old women. I will go now. Stay here, an old squaw among your squaws! I will go."

"Wait, wait," said Wild Crow dully, stunned by the cruelty of those insulting words, "I am no old woman. You shall see. The maiden is mine. I will play you for the maiden."

When Cold Flower tried to plead with him he struck her roughly away and she fell on the robe beside Sacágawea where she lay quite still, moaning a faint unheeded protest.

The men played silently. Only the click of the polished plum stones in the bowl and the faint moans of Cold Flower were to be heard in the smoky lodge.

Wild Crow lost.

"Oh, well," he said, with an attempt at light-heartedness, quite sobered by this misfortune, "take my war-horse then, if you have a fancy for her. I will buy another war-horse. Take her, and leave me the maiden. Cold Flower has a fondness for the girl."

"I do not want your war-horse," said Charbonneau. "I have a good horse of my own. I will take only what I have won in fair play. To trade my gains would bring me ill fortune. The Great Spirit has clearly given me the maiden—and the maiden, only, will I take."

Wild Crow turned to his wife with a guttural command and went quickly away out of the cabin. Cold Flower got up, sullenly, and turned to the frightened girl.

"Go with him," she said. "Wild Crow has sold you to the white man. Go with him, Sacágawea."

Sacágawea stood very still and straight, her dark eyes troubled. She must make no mistake about this strange order. "To stay with him forever," she asked anxiously, "or just to carry his robes home for him and then return?"

"To stay with him. You are his maiden now. Do not return

here. His Mandan squaw is good. She will take care of you. Go quickly."

"You will be very happy in my lodge," said Charbonneau. "I have already bought another young Snake girl who was captured when you were. She is now in my lodge with my woman. She will be company for you."

Sacágawea's eyes were clouded. "Can I take my fine robe that Wild Crow gave me? Can I take my beaded belt, and my embroidered collar?"

"Yes, poor child. Take all your little treasures and go. I would I could kill those lazy bad ones who only loll about the lodge throwing stones for their food and their robes and their servants—instead of going like brave men to hunt for their game, and to battle like warriors for their maidens.—Go, Sacágawea."

Charbonneau laughed good-naturedly. "Come along, little Snake woman," he said cheerfully. "Bring the buffalo robes that I have won, and my arrows, and follow me."

Charbonneau had taken a fancy to the girl but he was not one to spoil his women with soft treatment. He mounted his horse and set off, slowly, toward the lower Mandan village. Sacágawea followed him out of the lodge into the bright white light of the prairies. The brightness hurt her. Her eyes burned with it. Her throat smarted. What a strange miracle life was!

Here was she now, little Sacágawea, leaving the luxurious comfort of Wild Crow's lodge and the motherly kindness of Cold Flower, to go into the home of a paleface!

A little awed at this surprising turn of fate, she trudged patiently behind him, mile after mile, carrying his robes along with her own poor treasures.

Friends came out of their lodges to call out to her as she passed.

"What! Are you going to the lodge of the white man!" they

cried wonderingly. "Did Wild Crow sell you to the white man?"

Sacágawea nodded and smiled faintly. She could not speak.

And so they came to the leather tepee where Charbonneau lived like a savage, or worse than a savage, with his Mandan woman. He kicked open the leather door of the tent with his foot—moccasined, like the foot of an Indian—and passed inside.

Sacágawea, wide-eyed, a little breathless, her bright bronze skin showing a faint pallor, followed in silence. But her slender shoulders were not bowed, and her brave head was proudly lifted.

CHAPTER ONE

"HERE comes the Dandy!"

The sentinel at Camp Dubois tossed friendly warning over his shoulder to the men in the parade ground behind him.

Captain Meriwether Lewis, cantering along the rough road from the village of St. Louis back to his diminutive military encampment, was well pleased. A half-smile of satisfaction touched his sensitive lips and warmed his eyes. The delay, with the entire party on edge to be off on the great adventure, had been tedious and disheartening. Still, since delay was inevitable, delightful that it should have occurred in these congenial quarters, readily accessible to the center of such cosmopolitan society as was to be found on the western border of civilization in 1803.

St. Louis had been kind to the daring band, more than kind; had taken it to her loving, hospitable heart, made it her darling for the season. Captain Lewis had cut a brilliant figure in the heterogeneous society of the river town. Fresh from the scandals and intrigues of Jefferson's court at Washington—and there, also, the handsome young secretary had no difficulty in holding his own among the beaux and the gallants—he was a decided acquisition to the community. Immaculate, even meticulous in dress, suave and cavalier in manner, of delicate and delightful wit, in a day he had St. Louis at his feet.

"The Dandy," his men called him among themselves—those hardened frontiersmen, seasoned hunters, fearless soldiers. They laughed at his little affectations, his courtly air, his precise ele-

gance of speech. "But Clark'll see us through," they said. "After all, it's a poor army that can't support one dandy."

But they had not gone far on their dangerous voyage up the treacherous, untraveled Missouri, before that belittling phrase was strongly qualified: "A dandy, yes, but a sublime one." And it is as "the sublime dandy" that Meriwether Lewis goes down to history.

The tiresome delay was nearly over now. Spring thaws and rains had flushed the rivers, the ice was breaking away. Captain Lewis, in his happy mood, did not know whether his satisfaction was more for the pleasant days in St. Louis, or joy that they would soon be over and the exploration under way.

The camp lay on the banks of the Dubois where it eddied into the Mississippi almost directly opposite the mouth of the Missouri, the strategic point to begin their hazardous ascent of that muddy river of mystery. They had spent the winter on the Illinois side to forestall complications with the French and Spanish elements in St. Louis, those powers which between them held hectic and disputed sway over upper Louisiana. That, too, had passed with the winter. The Louisiana Purchase had been ratified. The Captains, Lewis and Clark, with their sturdy little army, had been official witnesses to the formal transfer of the territory, when the French flag came down forever, and the Stars and Stripes went up in its stead.

The tricolor itself had not long enjoyed its undisputed sway. Only twenty-four hours previous, the Spanish emblem had been lowered on the same staff, amid tears and prayers on the one hand and shouts and cheers on the other, to give it brief possession. Thus in three days, three flags had demanded the allegiance of Louisiana.

Now it was all American. It was their own land they were to risk their lives exploring.

As Captain Lewis rode through the gates of the fort, his eyes

went first of all, by military instinct, to the bold flag with its fifteen stars and fifteen stripes—the flag he was to take for the first time through thousands of miles of new America. His eyes, as he looked from the flag to the hardy group in the parade ground, were as tender as a father's, as ardent as a lover's. It was his flag and his camp; it was his Louisiana—his to explore for Jefferson and the Congress; these were his men—his, and Clark's. For what was his, was Clark's.

He swung with easy grace from his horse and tossed the reins to his waiting orderly—young Shannon, it was, the runaway schoolboy who had followed him from Pittsburgh—and walked with an ease so naturally graceful that it seemed a sophisticated affectation, toward the barracks. 'The officers' rooms were at the lower end of the row of huts. "Captain Lewis," "Captain Clark"—the doors were marked.

He knocked lightly on Clark's door, and then, with the familiarity of great friendship, without waiting for a response, opened it.

"Clark?" he called, announcing himself as he went in.

A flush dyed Clark's winter-tanned face and his shock of red hair seemed to bristle as he got out of the chair behind his desk and came to brisk attention.

Lewis stopped short. His smile of satisfaction faded. His lips compressed to a narrow line.

"Why, Clark!"

Clark did not answer, but maintained his attitude of respectful attention.

"Clark, my friend, what is the meaning of this?" There was anxiety in Lewis's suave Southern voice.

"Saluting my superior officer, sir, as prescribed in the Regulations," said Clark with grim bitterness.

The anxiety in Lewis's face deepened to distress. "As far as I know, Clark," he said, speaking slowly and carefully, as one

weighing his words, "you have no superior officer, except our Commander-in-Chief in Washington. Certainly you have no superior officer in Camp Dubois."

"My commission has just arrived from President Jefferson," Clark said, indicating the paper on his table with a curt gesture. "If the Captain would care to inspect it."

Lewis did not glance at the paper, nor turn his eyes from Clark's flushed face. "I would prefer," he said, "to learn the facts from my old friend."

"It is not the commission of Captain of Engineers that I had been promised—that I had expected," he amended quickly. "I am commissioned a Second Lieutenant of Artillery."

The pain in Lewis's face was that of an actual, physical hurt. "Clark!"

Clark indicated the papers again with a shrug of his broad shoulders.

"Of course," he said bitterly, "we have great need of an officer of artillery! We have an air gun, and a small piece on the batteau! And our twenty-nine men have their rifles. By all means we require an officer of artillery, and especially a second lieutenant. We could hardly do without one."

"Clark, the President promised to leave that matter entirely to me, and I specifically told him you were to have equal rank, honors and authority with myself, in every detail. Clark, I hope you believe that is what I asked for you."

Clark's resentful face relaxed into a sudden smile. "It never so much as entered my head that you did not, my dear Lewis. But here is the commission. It speaks for itself."

"When the President outlined his immense plan and said it should be in my charge, the first thing I asked was that you should be my co-commander, to share the hazards and responsibilities, the honors and rewards, on equal terms with me. He gave his absolute consent."

"I quite believe you, Lewis. You have no cause to explain anything to me. I never doubted you."

"When your acceptance was delayed and I feared you could not go, I was casting about for some one else.—Not to take your place, Clark, no one could take your place. But someone who would have to do as well as he could in your stead—a compromise with necessity. But after the relief of knowing you had accepted, after our winter together here in camp, after realizing anew your talents and your ability, and especially knowing how completely we are in accord on every point—Clark, I can never find anyone else—not even as a compromise! I cannot do this thing without you!"

"You always did place too high a value on what small abilities I may possess," said Clark, smiling, pleased at the warm words.

"No higher than those abilities justify," declared Lewis. "Clark, I have set my heart on this expedition. I have dreamed it. I have lived for it. It seems to me that my entire life consists of this thing only—this magnificent adventure. But not without you, Clark."

"Oh, I am going with you, Lewis. Don't worry about that. I'm going with you. I'll work like a dog! I'll fight like a devil! If every man in the party falls by the way, or backs out, I will go on by myself—I swear I will. On foot I'll go, if necessary, starving, or sick, or wounded. I'm going!—Up the Missouri, over the Rockies, and down to the sea!—Yes, if I go alone!"

Lewis went to him, smiling, and laid an affectionate arm across the broad shoulders. "Not alone," he protested. "Never alone. Your old friend, Lewis, will be with you. We'll go, we two—in spite of their doubts and fears, in spite of some jealous hopes for our failure—we'll go, and we'll come back. Together."

"Yes, we'll come back," said Clark firmly. "We'll do their little job for them—and come back. And I'll have the satisfaction of throwing their niggardly commission in their teeth."

Lewis laughed. "Fair enough. And even in that, my friend, you shall not act alone. The post that carries your resignation to Washington will take mine along with it. In that, as in everything, we stand or fall together."

"Oh, your loyalty need not carry you as far as that!"

"It is not loyalty. It is justice." Lewis sat down at the table and studied the commission. "'President of the United States,'" he read aloud. "'March 26, 1804. . . . Know ye . . . William Clark . . . 2nd Lieutenant of Artillery . . . Thomas Jefferson.'" He sighed, smiling. "You are right. I was hoping they had sent you another's commission by mistake. A foolish hope. There couldn't be two William Clarks. Not even young America could produce two of you.—But, Clark, he said he would do whatever I asked, and God knows I asked it."

Later, with his usual philosophical reasonableness, and prompted by his great admiration and affection for Jefferson, he tried to find excuse or reason.

"I am sure the President was trying to do the best thing," he said. "No one, not even one as wise as Jefferson, could believe that two men could be as completely one-minded on every point as we are. I dare say he considered that some time there would come a clash of opinion between us, perhaps at some critical juncture in our journey, and felt that one of us must have supreme command in such a crisis. For even I, Clark, well as I know you, did not anticipate this complete oneness of judgment that exists between us on every point. If there ever came a difference between us, I swear I would acknowledge your opinion better than my own. But in the end, Clark, if you will stand by me in this, and I know you will, just as you will have to bear equal vicissitudes and hardships, so in the end you shall have

equal rewards and honors with me. I swear it before God. And if you want me to put it in writing I will."

Clark laughed. "I need nothing in writing from you," he said affectionately. "The word of my particular friend Lewis is better in my eyes than any written paper."

"I must write at once to the President," Lewis said thoughtfully, "and tell him the ice is leaving the rivers, and that probably within the week, Captain Clark and I will lead our men forth on the great adventure."

Clark laughed again. "I would hardly say that to the President! After all, I dare say he remembers what he put in that commission."

"I shall say just that to the President," said Lewis serenely. "And I shall repeat it on every possible occasion. For this expedition you are a Captain. The President shall read it in every letter he gets from me, and on every page of my Journals. He told me to use my good judgment in conducting this voyage, and my good judgment tells me I would be a great fool not to make you bear a full half the responsibility. You are a Captain today, and a Captain you shall be until we come home with the honors of success upon our brows."

"Or the arrows of Indians in our hearts," said Clark. "I dare say the time will come when I shall be proud to have accompanied the Lewis Expedition through the Northwest, even if I went as a boatman, a hunter or a blacksmith."

"There is no Lewis Expedition," said Lewis sternly. "It is Lewis and Clark, once and for all. Whether we come back in the glory of success, or whether we find a place of rest in some happy hunting-ground of the Northwest—it will always be Lewis and Clark." He smiled suddenly, a warm engaging smile. "Damon and Pythias," he said. "David and Jonathan. Lewis and Clark. We are third in a great triumvirate of friendship."

There were many in Washington, and in the seething little

town on the Mississippi as well, who laughed slyly and poked fun at Jefferson's choice of leader for the hazardous undertaking—more than hazardous, they called it; "impossible," "suicidal." And to put young Meriwether Lewis in command, that beau of the balls, the ladies' man, the Brummel of the Boulevards! Was he the type to lead a ridiculous handful of men on America's first and greatest expedition into the unexplored—if not, indeed, unexplorable—wilds of the savage Northwest? They would never come back. They were doomed men. It was another mad project of the mad President.

But Jefferson did not make many mistakes. "I had opportunities," he said, defending his choice, "of knowing him intimately. Of courage undaunted; possessing a firmness and perseverance or purpose which nothing but impossibilities could divert from its direction; careful as a father of those committed to his charge, yet steady in the maintenance of order and discipline; intimate with the Indian character, customs and principles; habituated to the hunting life; guarded, by exact observation of the vegetables and animals of his own country against losing time in the description of objects already possessed; honest, disinterested, liberal, of sound understanding, and a fidelity to truth so scrupulous that whatever he should report would be as certain as if seen by ourselves,—with all these qualifications, as if selected and implanted by nature in one body for this express purpose, I could have no hesitation in confiding the enterprise to him."

And in no single act of the entire expectation did Lewis more completely justify Jefferson's regard for his talents than in his swift, unerring selection of William Clark to be his co-commander.

The immensity of Jefferson's commission was breath-taking. "To take celestial observations; to ascertain the geography of the country; to explore the entire country and to discover a possible water communication across the continent for purposes of

commerce; to take observations of latitude and longitude; to determine the possibilities of fruitful trade with the Indians; to make a special study of all tribes, regarding their customs, habits, moral and physical circumstances, and to endeavor to win their friendship for the new White Father; to note the soil and country, its agricultural possibilities; its animal life; the mineral deposits, appearances of volcanic formations, climatic conditions; to carry the flag of the United States through the savage tribes and to win them to its standard."

Lewis read that order and gasped.

"Give me William Clark to share the command," he said. "Give me William Clark, and we will do all that you ask, and more than you ask."

Jefferson smiled. "Get him."

"It was only my rare good fortune," Lewis told Clark later, "that I got the commission instead of you in the beginning, because I have the honor to be a friend of Jefferson. You should have had it, by all odds. You are better qualified for it in every way. A more experienced soldier than I; a better officer; a more seasoned woodsman; you know better how to control and handle men, you are keener in observation, quicker in passing judgment. You know more about navigation——"

Clark's laugh interrupted him. "Is there anything in the world, my dear Lewis, beyond lending grace to an elegant uniform, and dancing attendance on the fair sex, that you can do better than I? Is there one thing else in which you do excel?"

"Yes, one thing," said Lewis. "I think I rather have the advantage of you in orthography. My own spelling, I admit, has been subjected to criticism many times, but on the whole, I am convinced it excels yours."

"My spelling is quite satisfactory," Clark defended himself. "I spell words as they are, not as some schoolmaster figured out to make things hard for the public. If they didn't put catch

letters in their words, they could never sell their spelling books. You wait. Some time a man will come along and jar the teachers on their orthographic pedestals. Orthographic is the word, I think, but don't ask me to spell it. It is probably full of silent x's and y's."

In anticipation of the expedition, in which those two young men, Lewis and Clark, were to be not only army leaders and executive officers, but astronomers, ethnologists, geologists, physicians, surgeons, mineralogists, diplomats, statesmen, naturalists, botanists, topographers, geographers and surveyors, Jefferson sent his favorite to Philadelphia, the center of colonial culture. Here he sat for a brief season—a short educational term of two or three weeks—at the feet of Rush and Witwer, who gave him the rudiments of the medical arts, while Patterson and Ellicott instructed him in scientific surveying and the use of mathematical instruments.

In the meantime, down in Kentucky, William Clark was combing the state for recruits, "good hunters, stout, healthy, unmarried men, accustomed to the woods, and capable of bearing bodily fatigue in a pretty considerable degree." There was no dearth of applicants; every healthy young man in Kentucky wanted to go, but Clark weeded them out, patiently, carefully, until he had a group which will be known forever as "Clark's nine fine men from Kentucky." There were Bratton, Shields and Colter;⁴ those superlative brothers, Reuben and Joseph Fields; young Charles Floyd, son of a famous Kentucky pioneer, and his cousin, Nathaniel Pryor; William Werner and Whitehouse. Never once on the expedition had Clark cause to blush for one of his nine fine men.

His preparations took him through Kentucky and back to his old home in Virginia. Wherever he went he was admired and envied, extolled, advised and courted. At every gathering he was the cynosure of all eyes, the center of every questioning

group, and the amiable Virginian basked comfortably in the pleasant limelight of breathless popularity.

At Fincastle, the hospitable home of the Hancocks was royally ready for his eagerly awaited visit. The home of the Hancocks was always open to William Clark, and to all his family, but the glamour of the talked-of expedition lent an even keener edge of anticipation to this occasion. To the Hancocks he was "young William," or "young Billy," to set him apart from his famous brother, George Rogers Clark. Every member of the household, the family, the slaves, even the dogs, waited with strained ears for the sound of galloping hoofs that would announce his coming. Little Judy, the pretty twelve-year-old daughter of the household, childishly determined to catch first glimpse of their hero, spent the day in the gardens, picking flowers—roses and honeysuckle. When his coming was delayed, she picked more roses and more honeysuckle. Always her sparkling eyes kept watch on the distant road.

There! The sound of hoofs!

Yes, that was young William's great horse, and that was his huge black man, York, on another great horse, close behind.

"He's coming! He's coming!" cried the excited, childish voice, and little Judy ran down the lane to meet him.

It was a picture William Clark never forgot, though he lived long, and his memory was a gallery of pleasant pictures. The hospitable old house, with smoke curling from the chimney; the wide-shadowing trees, the sunny lawn, the flowered garden; saddled horses pawing at the rail, yelping dogs at the kitchen door; and particularly, the laughing, lovely child, with flowers in her shining hair and flowers in her dimpled arms, tripping down the lane to meet him, the pack of dogs at her heels.

"Hello, Billy Clark! Hello, hello!—Hello, York!"

Clark reined in his horse and waited, the longer to enjoy the pleasant scene. Judy dropped her flowers in the road and

clasped both small hands over his booted foot in the stirrup, gazing up into his pleased face with childish adoration.

"Oh, Billy Clark," she gasped, "is it really and utterly true? Are you absolutely going off thousands and thousands of miles among savages where no real person in the world has ever been?"

"It is really and utterly true;—if by 'real person' you mean 'white person.' But I am not going alone. I shall have the best of company."

"Are you going too, York?" she asked, turning to the immense negro grinning down upon her.

"Oh, sho, Miss Judy, I's a-goin'. Marse Billy couldn't go off nohow on no such trip like dat widout ole Yawk goin' along. Sho, I's goin'."

"Oh, Billy, do you suppose you will bring home a beautiful Indian bride like Pocahontas?"

He laughed. "That is one of the most attractive possibilities of the enterprise," he declared.

"And, Billy, will you please do something for me? I am very tired of all our common grooms and servants. Will you please bring me a big red savage full of feathers and war-paint to ride after me when I go out?"

"I shall bear your request in mind," he promised.

"Or bring me a scalp, anyhow. I've never had a scalp. I could wear it on my chain instead of a locket."

"That I am sure I can safely promise. If I fail to bring you a brand new scalp from a savage head, you shall have my own in place of it. And there's a scalp worth having, nice, thick, red hair! No Indian in the Northwest could do as well by you."

Remonstrating voices from the veranda protested her detention of everybody's hero, and she trotted alongside his horse, gazing up at him as he rode up to the hitching post. He tossed his reins to the waiting slave.

"Don't forget," she whispered. "But I'd rather have a whole savage than just a scalp."

When Clark's visit was over and he had said his last good-bys, she walked down the lane with him again. Her lips still curved with smiles and uttered merry words, but anxiety lay deep in her bright eyes. And when, at the end of the lane, she stopped to turn back, her lips no longer smiled and she could think of no more merry words.

"Good-by," she said simply. "Take care of yourself, and hurry home." And then, turning to the big negro, "Have a good time, York, and—take care of him."

York smiled broadly. "Ole Yawk do dat, Miss Judy," he promised. "Dem savages won' git Marse Billy 'ceppin' obah Yawk's dead body."

She stood at the end of the lane staring after them as they rode away, young William and big York. It was all very well to laugh and be gay, to say he was a lucky cōg to get such a fine adventure, and what great things he was going to see, and do! But it was no laughing matter. People said they would never come home again—Lewis and Clark and the nine fine young Kentuckians and the rest of them; said they could never make that terrific trip through those savage tribes; said they were so many dead men already. Only, to Lewis and Clark they did not say it.

Even Judy, young as she was, would never say, "Don't go—there's danger." That was not the spirit of pioneer and Continental. There was danger—always danger—but never was one to say, "Don't go."

Little Judy Hancock, not laughing now, but with sudden aching pain in her young heart, watched the two horsemen disappearing in the distance.

"I'll pray," she decided suddenly, "I'll pray hard."

CHAPTER TWO

"I SEE you have brought your servant, York," said Lewis, smiling, when the entire expeditionary party was assembled at Fort Dubois.

"Oh, yes. I brought York," admitted Clark.

"What are you taking him along for? There won't be many boots to polish nor buttons to shine nor horses to curry where we're going."

"I am taking him for two good reasons. One is, I can't get along without York. The other is, I can't get away without him. If I left him behind, he would just come tagging along until he caught up to us. I can't shake him—not that I want to. Besides, he is dead set on the expedition. He wants to shoot a buffalo. I got him a gun and he's been practicing every day. . . . I see you brought a dog with you?"

"Oh, yes, my dog Scannon." Lewis smiled. "I couldn't get along without Scannon. Scannon, I would have you know, is a very fine dog. A thoroughbred Newfoundland, docile, good-natured, strong, a fine watchdog, a good retriever, a hunter on his own hook. He kept me in squirrel meat all the way out from Pittsburgh. Besides, he has intrinsic value. An Indian chief up the river offered me three good beaverskins for that dog!"

"Three beaverskins for one dog and you refused it! I am afraid the Indians are going to find you a hard bargainer."

"I paid twenty dollars for Scannon," said Lewis complacently. "And he was well worth it. I wouldn't sell him for twenty beaverskins!"

"And how about this red-cheeked schoolboy you have following you about like a shadow?" Clark continued. "Is he going? He's just a boy."

"Young Shannon," said Lewis. "Yes, he is a schoolboy. He's just seventeen. But he is old in determination and courage. Six months will make a man of him and a man among a thousand, if I am any judge. I didn't bring him. He came. I saw him in Pittsburgh, I know his family—a fine family. He couldn't hear enough about the expedition. So I started out and had gone only two or three days on my journey down the river, when along came Shannon. Said he had decided to go along."

Clark laughed. "He's got the expeditionary spirit," he admitted.

Tedious as they found the long delay at Camp Dubois, with the Spanish Governor refusing to let them proceed through his territory, the time proved valuable to them in making final preparations and training and disciplining their men.

It was four o'clock on the afternoon of May 14, 1804, while Lewis was winding up his affairs in St. Louis, that Clark, with the entire party, boarded their modest fleet and pushed out into the stream in the presence of a cheering motley crowd that lined the banks.

Even at that thrilling and dramatic moment, Clark, true to his trust, stopped long enough to record in his Journal, "proceeded on under a jentle brease up the Missouri."

At the old French settlement of St. Charles they laid up to await the return of Captain Lewis. There was some reloading of baggage and repairing of boats to be done, but the time was chiefly given up to social exchanges with the hospitable inhabitants.

"They will never come back," the old villagers said pityingly to one another. "They are as dead men. Let us give them one more feast and one more ball. It may be their last."

The rough frontiersmen took kindly to the quaint and affable French settlers.

"They are a dressy polite people," declared Patrick Gass, "for all they are Roman Carthlicks."

"I have danced with every French lady in town," said Ordway. "They are nice ladies."

It was Ordway who went to Clark on Sunday morning to voice a petition from the men.

"They would like leave to go to church which they call mass here to see their way of performing which our men have not seen," Ordway explained.

Clark cheerfully gave the desired permission, and on his own account complacently informed Lewis when he arrived that afternoon, "Seven French ladies called on me in camp this morning."

On the next day, Monday, they hoisted the sail, fired the swivel on the bow in last salute to the kindly townsmen and pulled up the river, while three lusty cheers for *les voyageurs* resounded from the shore.

The little Armada of Exploration consisted of three boats, a keelboat or batteau, fifty-five feet long, with one large sail, manned by twenty oars, and two open boats or pirogues, a red and a white, one of six and one of seven oars. The batteau was a pretentious affair, with forecastle and cabin, arranged so those on board could fight under cover in case of attack. It could also be propelled by a cordelle, a long line attached to the top of the mast, by which it could be easily towed by twenty men strung along the shore.

When brush or current prohibited the use of the cordelle, poles were resorted to. Oars could only be used in deep water, and the sail proved an effective adjunct; the river winds blowing frequently with intense violence.

The pirogues were flat-bottomed, forty or fifty feet long,

twelve feet wide, commodious, light of draft and capable of carrying heavy loads. Two horses were led along shore to assist in towing when the cordelle was used; also for use in hunting, bringing home game, reconnoitering for Indians and making geographic observations. A short party flanked their advance on either side of the river; hunters ranged the prairies for game; scouts were kept on constant lookout for unfriendly Indians.

The party of exploration, divided into three squads under Sergeants Ordway, Pryor and Floyd, included, in addition to Clark's nine men from Kentucky, fourteen soldiers of the United States Army who had volunteered for the expedition; two French rivermen, *voyageurs*, Cruzatte, the one-eyed, and Labiche; and Drouillard,⁵ an interpreter and hunter discovered by Lewis at Fort Massac a little below Paducah on the Illinois side.

Drouillard, convincing Lewis of talents peculiarly adapted to just such an enterprise, was accepted at the princely salary of twenty-five dollars a month, with an advance of thirty dollars on account to enable him to straighten up a few private affairs much in need of straightening; nor had Lewis ever cause but to congratulate himself on his acumen in recruiting Drouillard at any price. The privates received as pay five dollars a month, the sergeants eight.⁶

Not listed among the recruits, but essential members of the party were two others: York, Clark's enormous, woolly-headed negro slave, his lifelong attendant; and Scannon, Lewis's twenty-dollar Newfoundland.

To facilitate their ascent of the river as far as the trading towns of the Mandans, they had a temporary reinforcement of a corporal and six soldiers from St. Louis, and nine French-Canadian boatmen or *voyageurs*, who were to return down the river with the big boat when the main party proceeded into the unexplored regions of the North and West.

Laboriously, triumphantly, to the lilting songs of the *voyageurs*, foot by foot they made their way up the wide and shallow river. And foot by foot it was, by actual measurement, fighting unfavorable winds, sweating against difficult rapids, dodging floating spars and hidden sawyers; threatened by caving banks and drifting sand bars; snagged on hidden rocks; their cords caught in the thick-growing brushwood in the river bottom. Laboriously, foot by foot, but slowly, steadily, the labored feet stretched into miles.

The Missouri, more than any river in the world, was given then, as it is given now, to constant and extensive erosion, so that often entire banks and points of land were swept into the water before their eyes and drifted away down-stream, as often as not catching the pirogues in their descent. One night the bank under which they had pitched their camp began to slide with great suddenness, and only the shrill cry of the alert sentinel who had noted the first premonitory shiver of the earth enabled them to push their boats from shore a moment before the entire hillside swept into the river in the exact spot they had lain.

The immense sand bars shifted constantly, often unseen under the water, rising directly beneath them without warning. In those cases the men could only secure the boats by leaping overboard and using their bare hands. Peter Cruzatte was the bowsman, and, in a sense, the admiral of the fleet. At his command, the crew resorted to any required resource: the oars, the cord, the poles, the sails; and in extremity, "into the water and use your hands."

Every day one of the Captains, leaving the other in charge of the boats, walked on shore, hunting, taking observations, getting the lay of the land, plotting the courses of the rivers and creeks. Always Scannon marched sedately at the heels of Lewis; always York importuned to accompany Clark.

"I done gotta go, Marse Billy," he pleaded anxiously. "I done promise Miss Judy an' ev'ybody dat I keep dem savages off'n you obah my dead body. How you reckon I keep dem savages off'n you if you on sho' and I out hyah in dis hyah rivah?"

And usually he had his way, for Clark's devotion to York was second only to that of York for him, if indeed it were second at all.

Daily, indefatigably, the Captains worked on their Journals, their maps, charts and scientific data, beginning almost on the first day a rare collection of rocks and soil, of animals and plants, for Jefferson's collection.

The Canadian *voyageurs*, and some of the soldiers as well, regarded lightly the military prowess of officers who spent most of their time jotting down notes and scribbling in books.

"Writing fighters," they called them slyly among themselves.

Jefferson had made it clear that the Journals and scientific data were of paramount importance, had expatiated at great length on the necessity of keeping duplicate copies to ward against loss, and the best means of their preservation. At his suggestion, they urged their men also to keep daily records, explaining that the President and the Congress desired full and complete data of the entire expedition, and that such diaries would eventually be of inestimable value.

Seven took these words to heart and, receiving small field books adapted for the purpose, began their accounts with great gusto.⁷ Ordway took so seriously this literary pursuit in which he found himself engaged that he kept the book under his shirt for better protection.

"A Journal commenced at River DuBois," began his fascinating report, "monday may 14th 1804 Showery day Capt Clark set out at 3 oclock P m for the western expedition the party consisted of 3 sergunes and 38 working hands which maned the Batteaw and two Perogues. . . . Saturday may 19 1804 a Rainey

day Capt Lewis joined us Sunday may 20th nothing worth Relating to day Monday 21th 1804 Left St. Charles at 4 oclck P m Showerey encamped on the N side of the River."

"It is for this they write in the little books," chaffed the light-hearted *voyageurs*. "It is that in a moment of danger, they can retire to a safe and quiet spot and write in their books before they forget the emergency."

"A very good thing to write neatly in the books with big words," said another. "When it comes to war with the savages, you can swap them your books for your scalps. Indians like writing. They say writing is Great Medicine."

At the Devil's Race Ground they were threatened with a real disaster. Here the current set against projecting rocks for half a mile on the left side, and just above it, at the mouth of a small creek, numerous islands were scattered. The pass above was bad, the water extremely narrow, and the boats had to pass close to the bank which was falling in so fast they were nearly inundated, and had to push away for their lives, although a dangerous sand bar showed on the other side.

With Cruzatte giving careful directions, they pulled cautiously up near the head of the sand bar which extended half-way across the river. But in the treacherous fashion of Missouri sand bars, swiftly moving and backing, it ran directly under them. The swiftness of the current wheeled the boat with great violence, snapped the tow rope as if it were gossamer, and the batteau heeled over on her side.

"All hands overboard! Hold her!" came Cruzatte's terse command.

In one movement every man was overboard on the upper side, and by sheer man power they managed to hold it until the sand washed from beneath and she wheeled on the next bank. By the time she wheeled the third time, Cruzatte had got a rope fast to her stern, and by means of swimmers she was tugged to-

ward shore. When her stern was down, while in the midst of swinging into deep water near the shore, they pushed back to the island and tried again, managing to pass up under the bank, which by this time had caved in sufficiently to give them a scant and dangerous passage.

"Call it Retrograde Bend," said Clark, smiling and panting. "It set us back just two miles in our course."

The danger past, the men burst into a rollicking song of the river.

Lewis laughed. "A danger past has no terrors for them."

"And they seem to take the dangers ahead the same way," said Clark.

Nothing could daunt their courage or dim their high *esprit*. They sang, they laughed, they exchanged wild stories for wilder ones. Wet from morning till night—and more often than not, all night as well; persecuted with hordes of mosquitoes, suffering from tumors and boils caused by use of the muddy water, blistered by the terrific heat, blasted by the hurtling hot winds—on they went, not only bravely, but with gay enthusiasm.

At night they had a dram of spirits all round; Peter Cruzatte played his fiddle, and the men sang the rollicking army tunes and sentimental ballads of their class and period, feeling well repaid for the bitter day.

The prairie, extending for miles on both sides of the river, was a hunter's paradise, alive with deer and bear and turkeys. The hunters brought in so much meat that often they were obliged to lay up for a day to "jerk" it for future use, cutting it in long thin strips and drying it in the sun and over slow fires. Drouillard and the Fields brothers were the most successful hunters, but every man was given his regular turn, not only for the sport and exercise, but for practice in shooting, of which they were apt to stand in need at any time.

The heat was terrific. Almost every day one or another suf-

fered a slight sunstroke and had to be administered nitre from Lewis's carefully guarded chest of medicines. Weakened by their prodigious physical labor and by heat almost as devastating by night as by day, their sleep broken by the swarms of mosquitoes whose raids obliged them to sleep under the protection of mosquito "biers," they suffered greatly from boils and dysentery. But they recuperated quickly. Lewis, whose zeal for the medical art was equaled by the confidence acquired in his brief but intensive course at Philadelphia, treated them efficiently and well.

Reaching the dangerous territory of the Sioux tribes, they were constantly on the alert against attack: arms and ammunition were examined daily, the boats frequently overhauled and kept in perfect condition, their baggage regularly aired and dried.

On the night they camped at the mouth of the Kansas River, when the men were sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion, with John Collins on sentry-go, his friend, Hugh Hall, unable to sleep from the ravages of the mosquitoes, joined him at his post. They talked in desultory fashion for a while.

"Did you have a drink, John?" Hall asked suspiciously. "Seems to me I smell spirits around here. And the Kansas River don't run to hard liquor, not as I noticed."

"I helped myself to a dram," Collins admitted. "I was so dog-tired I couldn't keep awake. I just had a nip."

"It smells like a couple of nips to me," said Hall. "Now me, I'm just the opposite. I can't close my eyes. Maybe a nip would put me by-by. You can't refuse it to a friend, John, not with the breath you've got on you."

Collins, warmed with his nip, was amenable to suggestion.

"Sure, I ain't refusing a friend a nip in need," he said. "But come quiet. The Sergeant sleeps light as a feather."

They had a drink together, and then another. They sat

against a tree for a while, chatting quite cheerfully. Presently they decided to have just one more.

When the Sergeant of the Guard made his round, Sentinel John Collins was hopelessly drunk on his post. Beside him, quite as drunk, lay his friend, Hugh Hall.

The Sergeant, pained but conscientious, turned in his report.

"It is not only against the regulations, Collins," Lewis said sternly. "Such conduct endangers the life of every man in the party. If the Indians had attacked, they could have killed us all without warning."

"These men are going to be protected, if we can manage it," added Clark.

A court martial was appointed, and the trial conducted with military expedition. John Collins, Sentinel, was sentenced to receive one hundred lashes on his bare back at evening parade; Hugh Hall, fifty lashes. The officers approved the sentence, and it was administered with grim justice.

"You got plenty to write about tonight," Collins said bitterly, when he saw Ordway scribbling in his Journal. "You got plenty to say about me."

Ordway looked up indignantly. "I never mentioned you in my book," he said hotly. "I guess the President of the United States don't care about our camp gossip of who takes a nip—or when he takes it. It's just the lay of the land he cares about."

"You mean to say you never put in a word about me having a hard night on duty?" Collins demanded incredulously.

"I did not," said Ordway haughtily, as if offended at the idea, as indeed he was. "I would be ashamed to write any man's personal business in my Journal."

Heartened by these loyal words, Collins went to the others who kept journals and asked what they had said about him in their books that day. Not a man had mentioned the incident.

"It's nobody's business what goes on in our private camp," said Gass brusquely. "It's not even the President's business. The Captains are running this shebang."

"I'd like to know what Captain Clark wrote about me," said Collins wistfully. "I've a good mind to ask him."

He lacked the courage, but he need not have worried. In Clark's Journal for that day, he wrote cheerfully: "a verry large wolf came to the bank and looked at us," and then "inflicted a little punishment on two men."

It was only in the orderly book that record of Collins's lapse survived.

A few days later the Sergeant of the Guard had another offense to report. He had found Alexander Willard, sentinel, "lying down and sleep on his post."

"I was lying down," admitted Willard meekly. "I was lying down all right. But I was wide awake every minute. I never closed my eyes."

"He was sound asleep," declared the Sergeant. "I had to shake him and yell his name."

"It being a breach of the rules and articles of War, as well as tending to the probable destruction of the party," the court sentenced him to receive one hundred lashes on his bare back at four different times in equal proportions on four successive evenings.

The Captains, although their mental processes followed different channels, invariably arrived at the same conclusion, and usually simultaneously.

"Rigid discipline is the greatest justice we can show these men, who have put their lives in our hands for this expedition," Lewis said.

"We've got to control our men," said Clark, "or we won't have any men."

Although for days they had kept scouts scouring the region

in search of Indian tribes with invitations to assemble for a council, except for a few traders passing down to St. Louis with furs, they had encountered no savages. Friendly contacts with the river tribes being no small part of their commission, they halted, established a camp, raised their colors and determined to await their arrival. Jo Barton, a French hand, called *La Liberté*, was dispatched to their villages with a renewed invitation.

The Indians, after their fashion, accepted in their own good time while the party waited with utmost impatience. The banquet was prepared, presents laid out in bright array, the medals and flags were ready, the speeches written and rehearsed.

It was a critical moment for the expedition. The Captains were nervous and uneasy. This would be their first diplomatic connection with the tribes. Would their gifts be accepted, their words believed? The first impression would go a long way toward establishing their reputation among the river tribes, for there was a loose but certain connection between them, even those inimical to each other, and reports, favorable or adverse, spread swiftly from one to another.

At sunset on the second of August, with a great firing of many guns, a large party of Indians, led by six minor chiefs, galloped down to the river bank. The Captains, answering their salute by firing the cannon on the swivel, went ashore and shook hands with every member of the party. They then returned immediately to their boats, realizing that the utmost decorum is required in dealing with the punctilious savages.

The Indians pitched camp near shore and built their fires. The Captains sent them a generous gift of roasted meat, pork, flour and ground meal which the Indians reciprocated with a great heap of watermelons.

But for all the friendliness of the introduction, the Captains were alert. The arms were quickly inspected, extra ammunition was distributed, additional guards were placed all over the boat,

and the men warned to be in readiness for any denouement.

La Liberté—and perhaps it was because of that predilection that his friends had given him the name—having delivered his invitation to the tribe, did not return, but proceeded to take permanent French leave of the party and they never saw him again.

The next morning, the main sail was swung aloft on shore as an awning for the council, and the entire party, in full military array, was briskly paraded up and down before it, a display which fascinated the Indians. The Captains delivered their long, carefully rehearsed speeches, explaining the sudden change of government, telling them they owed no further allegiance to their old White Father, but to their new American Father only; that this new Father, of all things, loved peace and hated war, and desired his red children to live harmoniously with all tribes and all white men, trading peaceably together for their mutual benefit.

The Indians listened attentively, and the six chiefs made brief speeches in turn, thanking them for the good words and assuring them they would heed their councils. But they waited with obvious impatience for the distribution of gifts, the main feature of any council. The principal chief being absent, they sent him a copy of the speech, an American flag, a medal and a shirt, a pair of leggings and a coat. To the lesser chiefs they gave medals of lower grade than that of the first chief, with breechcloths, paint, garters, a canister of powder and a bottle of whisky. They also made small presents to every member of the band, which surprised and delighted them and helped greatly to win their good will.

"Our new Father is a good Father," they said gratefully. "He gives rich presents to all his children. The French Father was stingy. We have traded with the French for years and they never gave us so much as one string of beads or one shred of

ribbon for nothing. The new Father is good. We will obey his words."

Well pleased with their first encounter, the Captains named the site in honor of this important meeting, Council Bluffs.⁸ The men were then reassembled on the boats, the air gun was fired in polite salute and the expedition went on.

They had gone but a short distance when Moses Reed reported to his sergeant that he had left his knife at their camp at the Council Bluffs and asked permission to return for it. He was set ashore by the red pirogue, and the party went on, it being an invariable rule that when an article was left behind, the offender must return alone for it and overtake the party en route, not to delay their advance. Though they had gone but a little way when they made camp that night, Reed had not returned. Realizing that the Indians were loitering near the Council Bluffs, the Captains felt some uneasiness for his safety and suggested sending a detail of men in search of him.

"Ye's can send if you want," said Patrick Gass tersely. "Maybe he left his knife and maybe he didn't leave his knife. We can go and look if ye's a mind."

"What do you mean by that cryptic remark?" asked Lewis. "Didn't Reed leave his knife at the camp?"

"I'm not sayin' as he did, and I'm not sayin' as he didn't. But he's been none too well satisfied with the expedition, and he was maybe as well pleased to have a knife or summat to go after."

"Look through Reed's baggage," ordered Lewis quickly. "See if there is anything to indicate that he has deceived us."

A search of his knapsack was but too revealing; Reed had deserted. He had taken all his powder and balls, his clothing, gun and knife. This was far more serious than the defection of La Liberté, who had only joined the party for the ascent of the river to Mandan. Reed was a soldier under military orders.

"Sergeant, send a detail to look for the deserter Reed," ordered Captain Lewis. "If he resists being taken, shoot him at sight. He has got to return."

A small detail, well armed, turned back, and the boats cruised slowly on.

"Look, look!" cried Cruzatte in a shrill voice. "It is the Hill of the great Blackbird! The wicked Blackbird!" He pointed away up the river where could be seen a high impressive eminence.

"It is Blackbird's Mound," the Canadian boatmen whispered, and crossed themselves.

"Blackbird! Who and what is Blackbird?" demanded Lewis, insatiate for details of Indian history and legend.

"Blackbird was a great chief."

"A Mahar^o chief."

"A wicked man."

"He was a great magician," said one. "He threatened with instant death any man who opposed him in anything—any small trifle—and the man died. He was a wicked magician."

"Ha!" exclaimed Drouillard. "He was a wicked murderer. The traders, to win him to their side, gave him arsenic. He threatened instant death, and used his arsenic, and the man died. It was not magic. It was murder."

"He loved the French traders, he loved the trade," said another. "'Bury me,' he said to his men, 'on top of this high hill looking far down the river so I may see my brothers, the French traders, coming up in their boats.'

"'And bury me,' he said to them, 'sitting bolt upright on my war-horse as becomes a chief.' And so they did. Bolt upright on his horse, looking down the river at the boats of the French traders."

"Who killed him? Did he run out of arsenic?" asked Clark bluntly.

"Smallpox. Smallpox killed him and three hundred of his bravest warriors. That was four years ago. But every day his followers come and lay offerings on his grave to appease his wicked spirit.

"The Mahars was a wild tribe. When the smallpox came, they went mad. They killed each other, they killed themselves, and their women and children and horses. They burned their lodges, trying to appease the Great Spirit which sent the dreadful sickness.

"When the Mahars go up Blackbird's mound with their offerings, they shake their heads and say, '*Wau Can di Peeche, Wau Can di Peeche.*'"

"What does that mean?" asked Lewis, getting out his notebook to make an addition to his Indian vocabulary.

"It means, 'Great Spirit is bad.'"

They landed at the foot of the hill and the entire party ascended Blackbird's Mound.

"*Wau Can di Peeche,*" said Clark as they climbed the incline.

Lewis smiled. "If Blackbird was as wicked as they say," he said, "and loved the French as dearly as they think, perhaps the Great Spirit was good to us in sending the smallpox four years ago—before our arrival here."

The Captains left a white flag on Blackbird's grave.¹⁰

"The small attention will not offend the Great Spirit, I am sure," said Lewis humorously.

"And it will please any Mahars who happen along," said Clark.

Proceeding north they resorted to the Indian device of setting the prairies on fire as a call to council, an effectual summons, for a few days later they were overtaken by a large party of Ottoes with three chiefs. With them came the detachment sent after the deserter, Reed, whom they had taken in one of the villages.

After the initial ceremonies, a banquet was prepared for the Indians while the Captains proceeded to the trial of Reed by court martial. Reed offered no defense.

"It is true," he said, "I deserted, and I stole a public rifle, shot pouch, powder and balls. I beg you to be as lenient with me as you can."

The court was made up of enlisted men, and the officers awaited their verdict with some anxiety. No man in the expedition failed to realize the terrific hardship and the mortal danger such defection entailed on the others. They sentenced him to run the gauntlet four times through the party and that each man with nine switches should punish him; that he should not in future be considered one of the party but be returned to St. Louis in disgrace when the batteau went down from Mandan.

The three chiefs present at the running of the gauntlet were frightened and shocked, crying out in loud voices, pleading vainly that he be pardoned.

"This man cannot be pardoned," Clark explained grimly. "He has committed a dastardly crime against his Great Father and his country, and also against our own small band. A man cannot be pardoned for such crimes, but must pay the price. We hold you to be solemn witnesses that we have punished him fairly, and only as his crime merited."

But when it was over, for the first time there was unrest and disquiet among the men; all were wrought up and nervous, the seriousness of the event affecting them deeply. So Peter Cruzatte brought out his fiddle—and no piece of equipment in the expedition rendered higher service than Peter's fiddle—the Captains issued an extra ration of whisky all round, and the men and Indians danced together all evening. Peter Rivet, a French riverman, amazed his white friends no less than the savages by performing the unique stunt of dancing on his head, a feature

so entertaining that he was encored until he protested his head would no longer sustain him.

At eleven o'clock when the Captains called a halt to the gaiety, the men, nervously exhausted with the harassing events of the day, heated with dancing and drink, flung themselves headlong on the damp sand bar and fell into heavy sleep.

The next morning, after the exchange of presents and medals, Captain Clark presented the chiefs with formal certificates of friendship which President Jefferson had prepared to flatter and appease his new subjects. One of these chiefs, Big Blue Eyes, scanned the printed document with a scornful air and handed it back.

"It is no good to me," he declared. "It is of no value. I cannot use it."

An electric glance passed between the Captains. For the safety and comfort of their party, no affront from the natives, however slight, could be condoned.

"Good!" said Clark. "I am glad you returned this paper. You are not worthy of a certificate from your new White Father."

The other chiefs spoke up quickly, interceding for Big Blue Eyes. "Give him back the paper," they begged. "He did not understand that it is a special paper from our new Father. He is a good chief, give him back the paper."

"He shall not have it," said Clark, in a curt voice. "All he wants of his White Fathers is goods and presents. He does not care for peace. He does not mean to be a friend to his new Fathers. He shall not have this certificate. The certificate is only for good chiefs who will live in peace with all and open their ears to our councils."

The chiefs, disturbed by his voice and manner and his scathing words, joined together.

"Give it back to him," they pleaded. "He must have this cer-

tificate so our new Fathers will know he is their friend. Give him back the paper, to bind his tribe in friendship to our new Fathers."

Big Blue Eyes, dismayed at the serious effect of his act and the obvious resentment it had caused, hastened to apologize.

"I will have back the paper," he said eagerly. "I did not understand the paper was such great medicine. I meant only I could not use it for food, or for the hunt, or for battle. I must have back the paper to show my tribe."

Clark, unwilling to humor him, turned with an air of hauteur to the first chief among them.

"Our Great Father," he said, "prepared these papers for his obedient chiefs who love their tribes and wish to do them good, and make them rich and happy. If you know of any chief like that, a good chief, who puts the safety of his tribe before all else, give him this certificate. I leave its disposal to you."

The first chief, very nervous, his hands itching with eagerness to get hold of the paper before this haughty chief changed his mind, almost snatched the paper from Clark and passed it to Big Blue Eyes.

"Guard it carefully," he said in a solemn voice. "This is a great paper. It makes you and your tribe a friend to your new White Fathers."

As the Captains left the council they smiled at each other, boyishly pleased with the success of the little strategy.

"As long as one can command the complete respect of these savages, they are easy to treat with," Lewis said.

"If you get the fear of God into them—or the fear of white men, at least—you can do almost anything with them," agreed Clark.

"Captains—sir—sirs!" Sergeant Pryor, with anxious eyes, stopped them.

"Yes, Sergeant."

"Will you kindly come and see my cousin, Charles? Charles Floyd, you know. He is very sick."

The Captains went together, and at first sight of the sick man, their eyes reflected the anxiety in Pryor's. Young Floyd was very sick. And although Lewis was unremitting in his attentions and his efforts to relieve him, all was to no avail.

"It comes of lyin' on the wet sand last night after the dancin' and drinkin'," said Patrick Gass. "I said they would be sick and you see he is sick."

The cooks prepared their choicest tidbits to tempt his appetite, but Floyd could not eat. Lewis ransacked his medicine chest hoping to come upon something that would do him good, but Floyd could take no medicine. The men, softened by this sudden misfortune, outdid one another in their efforts to help make him comfortable and cheer him. But almost by the moment Floyd weakened.

On the next day, as the weather was unbearably warm, they made a bed for him on the batteau, and the men by turns fanned him gently to give him some relief. One of the officers, and usually both, remained with him constantly, Lewis redoubling his efforts to find some beneficial remedy. They sailed slowly, under a fair wind with fine water until two o'clock, when they stopped for dinner.

Floyd was very low. "Here is my Journal," he said faintly. "I kept it every day as you said. Until yesterday. I was too sick—I could not write."

Clark took the little field book from him. He was deeply moved.

Floyd looked at him. "I am going away," he said. "I want you to write me a letter."

Lewis, with the innate courtesy that never failed, got up. "The men and I will wait," he said. "Call us, Clark, when you have taken the letter."

He drew off to a little distance and the men, touched and troubled, grouped about him, while Clark took Floyd's last letter.

"I will see that this is delivered, Charles," he said gently. "And that all your belongings go back to your family. They shall have your pay, and if we can get your grant of land for your father, we will do it. You have done well, Charles—you have done nobly—in everything."

Whether Floyd's last letter was to mother, sweetheart or friend, Clark never told. He folded the letter, sealed it and put it carefully away in his knapsack, but never spoke of it to anyone.

Lewis returned and renewed his futile efforts to relieve the sick man. The shadows of death were already in his eyes, the mist of it upon his brow. Clark, beside him, held his hand in a firm and loving clasp, but could not warm the chilled fingers.

Floyd was very much composed, more so than any of the rough men around him, thus suddenly brought face to face with the last mystery. He looked up suddenly. A brightness touched his face—a fleeting vision, perhaps, of his home in beautiful Kentucky, or some much-loved, distant face, stirring in his fading memory. Clark's strong kind hand did not relax its hold.

Floyd looked at him, the beloved leader he had followed so gallantly, with such joy and pride, from that distant home to his death in this strange land. He smiled faintly. The lids fluttered over his darkened eyes.

Lewis lifted his finger from the pulseless wrist.

"He is dead," he said.

And the hush that fell over the quiet river and the quiet shore was like that of a brooding spirit.

Patrick Gass, that good carpenter from Kaskaskia, fashioned

Floyd's rough coffin, and Lewis prepared the body for its grave, wrapped in the American flag as a soldier merited. Clark, with a little group of his Kentuckians, Floyd's friends, sought out a commanding site on the top of a high knob overlooking the river, up which they had labored so hard—and none among them harder than Floyd himself—and there they dug his grave. On a fresh cedar post they carved his name, "Sergeant C. Floyd died here 20th of August 1804."¹¹

A little later, the entire party proceeded slowly up the hill, carrying their comrade in his rough coffin, and buried him there with all the honors of war, Lewis reading the service. And on that lonely height the bugler played last taps for Floyd.

The cedar post was raised at the head of his grave and the men, quietly, quickly, went down the hill to the river, manned their boats and pulled away up-stream. Silence hung over them, mystery, a sense of awe; perhaps the first faint flickering of fear for the future. And until a bend in the river hid it from view, their eyes were turned to that cedar post standing out bold and clear against the light of the early evening on the high mound above the river. "Floyd's Bluff," they called it.

At the mouth of a beautiful little river sweeping gracefully into the Missouri they made their evening camp.

"And this," they said, "is Floyd's River."¹²

When the Captains were ready to lie down to sleep that night, with that mysterious, psychic understanding that prevailed between them, they turned instinctively one to the other, and held out their hands.

Hardly were they started on this momentous enterprise, had covered only the barest fraction of the long distance, the safest part, the part well known. Yet of that little band on which their hopes and their lives depended, one had already deserted and been read from their ranks. And up on that river bluff lay

Floyd—one of the nine fine men from Kentucky—in his last sleep.

The two Captains, clasping hands in the darkness, said no word and none was needed.

“If we go alone!” Their silent handclasp renewed the sacred pledge.

CHAPTER THREE

AS THEY advanced, the men were afflicted with painful disorders of the stomach and while Lewis was able to relieve the immediate condition, a speedy recurrence in every case convinced him that only by discovering and correcting the cause could permanent good results be obtained.

"My favorite authorities in Philadelphia," he declared, "agree that in such disorders the water is the first natural object of suspicion."

The waters of the Missouri had not been above reproach from the beginning, and as they ascended they found that in addition to the general muddiness, to which they had become accustomed, there was a faint scum, hazy and cloudlike, floating down-stream on the surface. Lewis was deeply suspicious of this scum.

"We cannot spare any of our good men for educational research," he said cheerfully, "so it seems necessary to conduct my investigation in my own person."

"We cannot spare fifty per cent of our official staff, either," objected Clark promptly, "to say nothing of our one and only medical adviser, if it comes to that."

"It will not come to that. My zeal for the advancement of medical knowledge falls short of that."

But he was not to be dissuaded from his purpose. Leaving the management of the advance to Clark, he devoted himself to ferreting out the cause of these disorders. He began by drinking the water, regularly, in constantly increasing quantities. Then

he concentrated on the surface scum. He tasted it. He boiled water containing it to a large degree and drank that.

"There are mineral properties in that scum," he decided.

He became violently ill but, never one to relinquish any useful purpose, much to Clark's concern, persisted in his investigation. By continued tasting and drinking, and by testing as well as he could with what instruments he had, he discovered that this scum, which drifted down into the river from the higher bluffs, was composed of alum, copperas, cobalt and pyrites.

"Well, I hope you are satisfied now," said Clark uneasily, "and there will be no more tasting."

"There will be more tasting until I find out which of these elements does the damage," Lewis declared.

And when he could announce decisively, "It is the cobalt," his very voice proclaimed his professional pride and pleasure.

The cobalt, examined separately, had the appearance and texture of a soft isinglass, and Lewis continued his tests until he was completely overcome and collapsed from its fumes and taste. But he bore his illness with great equanimity.

"It is worth being sick to prove my point," he said complacently. "The surface scum does not penetrate the water below, which is quite pure."

"And the solution——"

"Dip deep for our water, and avoid the scum," he said triumphantly. "Even without a degree from the universities at Philadelphia, I could tell you that. But to relieve your mind, my friend, there will be no more tasting. I have had enough."

Patrick Gass had been chosen sergeant of Floyd's squad by popular vote—a selection which met with the warm approbation of the Captains. Gass's popularity was not due entirely to his practical experience as a frontiersman, nor to his unsurpassed soldiering qualities, but even more perhaps for his racy stories, his rough wit and his terse, crisp comments—more

adapted to the campfire than to literary productions designed for presidential eyes.

Lookouts and messengers were sent on shore every day in search of the elusive Sioux, with whom the Captains were anxious to establish friendly relations.

• The Canadian *voyageurs* shook their heads dolefully.

"The less we see of the northern Sioux, the better off we are," they declared. "They are bad Indians. The only way to avoid trouble is to avoid the tribe."

But the commission from the President had been explicit. "Make friends with the Missouri tribes, particularly the great nation of the Sioux."

"You will have plenty to write in your books when you meet the northern Sioux," the Canadians warned them. "They are makers of history, the northern Sioux. Bad history."

As horses were not needed for towing in the more northern reaches of the river, young Shannon, who loved horses as he loved adventure, was permitted to take them in advance to find good grazing and let them rest. But the days passed, and the party did not come up to him. Details went out every day to look for him, but he could not be located.

"I am sure the horses are ahead, sir," the report came back. "We could see their tracks. But he must be riding hard. We could not come up to him."

"Between looking for Shannon and looking for the Sioux, we have little time for exploration," said Clark.

At night, fires were kept burning to guide him to camp, and signal guns were fired. But still no Shannon. The men were uneasy.

"He's just a lad and a green one," said one. "He's apt as not to go tearing off up some creek and think the Missouri has shrunk on him."

"If he was a good shot he could make out. But he's a raw

hand with the rifle—he can never keep himself in meat. He'll starve out there."

"Too bad he can't eat mosquitoes—there's plenty of them about."

They sent Sergeant Ordway to the Captains to suggest that the entire party lay up for a few days, while an intensive search was made for Shannon.

The Captains considered it gravely, remembering his youth and his inexperience. In the end, without need for private talk, they reached agreement.

"Shannon knows our route is up the river," Lewis said slowly. "Have the men blaze trees along the shore so he can discover where we have passed."

"Even Shannon should be able to find the Missouri," said Clark. "And he must realize that our boats are not going far inland."

"It's not as if the boy could shoot well," said Ordway anxiously. "It'll take him ten rounds to get so much as a rabbit—and then, like as not, no more than wing him."

"It involves a dangerous precedent, Sergeant," said Lewis. "If we begin laying up to keep track of the men, they will come to expect it of us. It is for them to keep in touch with the party, not for us to play tag with them."

"Our orders are to explore the Northwest," said Clark, "not to spend the government's time and money looking for babes in the woods."

"He may have fallen and hurt himself, sir," persisted Ordway, bravely.

"Then our hunters, who go on in advance every day, should find track of the horses or of him. If he is ahead, he must wait. If he is behind he must catch up—he has the horses. We must not let the party get the idea that we will stop everything to wait for anyone who strolls too far into the woods."

"It would be too tempting," said Clark. "The first one enamored of a dusky charmer would dig off into the wilds with her, and count on us to stand by till the honeymoon was over."

"Tell the hunters to keep a sharp lookout. Have woodsmen blaze the trees as we advance. Light signals every night. Shannon is a boy, but he is a smart boy," added Lewis.

"If he can't find the Missouri River," said Clark, "he'd better go back to school."

"The men miss him," explained Ordway apologetically. "He's a prime favorite. He laughs at all their jokes and begs for more. The men miss him."

"We miss him, too," said Lewis gravely.

"And I give it as my opinion," added Clark, "that Shannon is missing us right now quite as much as we miss him."

When Ordway had gone Lewis said anxiously, "I confess I am uneasy about the boy. He has been gone too long. And Ordway is right about his shooting—a dozen pack horses could not carry enough ammunition for him to keep himself in game."

"He has improved greatly. The boy learns fast. I trust Shannon, for all his youth. It's bad to begin coddling the men on a trip like this."

Lewis nodded. "As soon as they get an advantage, they ride it hard," he agreed.

But while the Captains would not establish a precedent by laying up the entire party to stage a man hunt, they resorted to mild subterfuges to loiter, to advance slowly. And always they kept hunters ranging the plains for game, with special orders, "Look for Shannon."

Deep now in the country of the unfriendly Teton Sioux, a close guard was kept on camp at all times, and special lookouts were posted in the bow of the boats, scanning the distant banks. It was one of these who saw in the distance a solitary horseman jogging toward them. A word of warning put every man at his

post, his rifle beside him, alert and watchful, for war-parties often tried to conceal their advance by using a single scout as a decoy.

Every eye was intent on that solitary figure as they pulled slowly up the river.

Then, "It's Shannon!"

The words sent a cheer ringing through the party. Shannon, indeed, half starved, so weak that only with difficulty could he maintain himself in the saddle. A pirogue put hastily to shore to pick him up, and the men, with rough kindness, gave him a dram of whisky and made him take nourishment before they would hear a word of his adventure. He ate ravenously, as one half starved, the men waiting patiently, close about him, smiling.

"And now, young runaway, what happened?" asked Lewis, as the boy sank back with a smiling sigh of satisfaction.

"I just got mixed up in the woods, sir. I thought you had passed without my seeing you, and I kept putting on as fast as I could."

"What did you have to eat?"

"Well, not much of anything, sir, after the first few days. I lived high at first—while my ammunition held out." A flicker of a smile passed around the group. "But for the last twelve days I've had nothing but grapes. Grapes and a rabbit. I had one rabbit."

"How did you get the rabbit? Run him down?"

"No. I sharpened a piece of stick and shot it instead of a ball. I got him, too." He turned to the men with a leer of boyish triumph. "I'll wager that surprises you."

There were no takers—it surprised them to the last man.

"So I figured you were too far in advance and I could never catch you, especially when I got so feeble I could hardly sit in the saddle. I was returning down the river, aiming to lay by

and wait for a trading boat to come along. I was keeping the horse to use as a last resource against starving."

"You thought we had passed you," said Lewis slowly. "Did it ever occur to you, Shannon, to examine the trees along the shore, to see if we had left marks for you, to show we had passed?"

"No, sir. I never thought of that."

"Let him rest tonight," said Lewis, smiling. "And tomorrow, Sergeant Ordway, take him out, and show him how woodsmen blaze the trees as they advance to mark their trail. If you had gone straight to the river, Shannon, and looked for a blazed trail and found none, you would have known we were behind you. We have marked every foot of the way."

Shannon blushed. "I tried to think of everything, sir," he said humbly. "I thought of a thousand things—and all of them wrong."

At the mouth of the Teton, or Bad River, they anchored and raised the big flag to receive the Teton Sioux, whose village lay near that point and who had been invited to a conference. The Canadian *voyageurs* were anxious, being boatmen only, with no taste for warfare.

"It's a bad tribe and a bad river," they said moodily. "The less we see of the Tetons, the faster we'll get along."

But the Captains were not to be dissuaded.

Eventually, in their own good time, with cries of greeting and the firing of guns in salute, a horde of Tetons swept tumultuously down the bank.

A pirogue was sent to shore and the chiefs were invited to come aboard, an invitation they accepted with great alacrity. The Captains received them courteously, shaking their hands, presenting the usual gifts: flags, medals and clothing. When they had seen all the fascinating curiosities—the air gun, the compasses, the corn mill—a bottle of whisky was brought out

and a small glass given to each chief. So well did they like it that they took turns sucking the mouth of the bottle when it was emptied, begging for more; then, being refused, they declined to leave. It was only by use of his best diplomatic powers that Clark at last got them into the pirogue, manned by five men, well armed, and himself accompanied them to shore.

The instant they landed, three Indians seized the cable of the boat, while another threw his arms about the mast and clung to it. The second chief feigned intoxication, swaying and reeling, as he cried out:

"You shall not go! You shall never leave us. We want more presents! We want more of the good fire-water! You must stay here and trade with us and sell us your Great Medicine. You must come to our town and let our squaws and our children see you, and see your fine boats."

Clark's red hair bristled at this affront.

"We will not stay," he said grimly. "We are not squaws, to take orders from you. We are warriors, and stand upon our rights. We were sent here by our Great Father and him, only, do we obey. In a moment we could exterminate you and your entire tribe."

Clark's face was flushed, his voice sharp with anger. Telling Lewis about it afterward he admitted, "I felt myself warm and spoke in very positive terms."

But the chief was not intimidated. "Warriors!" he cried. "I have my warriors, also! I have more warriors than you, in your poor boats. We can fight, too. Ours is a tribe of warriors."

He swaggered, reeling, toward Clark, his hand upraised. Clark did not hesitate. He drew his sword with a flourish and put himself on guard, signaling Lewis, anxiously watching from the batteau, to be ready for instant action.

The Indians drew their arrows from their quivers and bent their bows. It was a dramatic and dangerous moment. But a

gesture and a sudden cry turned every eye to the boats in midstream. The big gun on the swivel had turned and was pointed straight at them. Twelve soldiers, guns in hand, were leaping into the second pirogue, which, with one long flash of oars, shot across the water to Clark's rescue.

The quick precision of these movements created a profound impression. The Indians hesitated and shrank back, released their bended bows. The first chief took instant command and in a voice of loud authority ordered his men away from the pirogue. The order was obeyed, and the Indians, muttering and resentful, withdrew up the bank and held low conference.

Clark, taking advantage of the brief lull and willing to make friendly overtures, went forward alone and offered his hand to the first and second chiefs, who refused it. With an air of utmost indifference, Clark turned his back upon them and proceeded deliberately to enter the boat, which swept at once into midstream.

At this, the feelings of the Indians underwent a swift revolution. These strange and interesting people, with their fine boat, full of rich curiosities, were about to leave them! They forgot their ill-temper.

"Wait! Wait!" they cried.

The two chiefs and two of the outstanding warriors splashed into the river after the boats, holding up their hands in token of friendship, begging to be taken aboard.

"By all means," said Clark. "We are your friends if you will accept our friendship. Our Great Father wishes all his children to be as brothers and live peaceably together. Come aboard, if you would be our friends."

They pulled up the river about a mile and anchored off a pretty willow island in the middle of the stream. But the men were suspicious and ill at ease, anticipating any sudden act of treachery.

"This pretty spot," Clark said grimly, "we shall call Bad-Humored Island, for certainly ours is a bad humor."

Not for a moment did their vigilance relax. Every man kept his gun constantly at hand. When the cooks were put on shore to prepare their evening meal, an armed guard was stationed near them. Extra sentinels were posted on the three boats and additional rounds of ammunition given out.

The Indians, observing these uncompromising attitudes of defence and defiance, became highly affable, showering the officers and the entire party with politeness.

"Stay with us tonight," they said. "We will have a great feast and a fine war-dance.

"Stay with us. We will give you much corn and fruit, and fine, dried meat.

"You shall have our best squaws—as many squaws as you want. As a present you shall have them, as a great friendship."

"And no treat, if it comes to that," muttered Sergeant Gass. "For all I saw was mostly old and homely."

They renewed their importunities to the Captains to come on shore, to give their women and children opportunity to see these handsome boats, the finest boats that had ever come up the river. The Captains reluctantly consented and when they reached shore an immense throng, men, women and children, swept down, covering the entire bank for a long distance, all crying out with astonishment and interest.

The women of this tribe, which abandoned itself exclusively to warring upon its neighbors, were abject slaves to their men, doing all work of every nature, showing extravagant admiration and respect to their braves, waiting upon them assiduously, and showering attentions upon them. The men were tall, handsome and well built; the women, cheerful-looking, addicted to amorous demonstrations, could not make enough of these interesting travelers.

"But not good-looking," the *voyageurs* complained. "It is a sad case when women are so friendly, and so ill to look upon."

When preparations were ready for the feast, a messenger was sent to the boats to invite the presence of the Captains. Upon stepping ashore, they were met by ten well dressed young men who took them up on highly decorated robes and carried them slowly into the council house, where they were seated on dressed robes next to the first chief.

The council house was made of dressed skins sewed together to form about three-fourths of a large circle. Within this lodge, sat seventy men, highly decorated, hideously painted. Before the chief's place the pipe of peace was raised on forked sticks, with a small blanket of swan's-down beneath it. Beside it stood two flags, the Spanish and the American, which they had received that day.

The feast was cooking over a great fire, and in the center of the circle lay an immense pile of excellent buffalo meat designed as a present.

As soon as all were seated, the first chief rose, with great dignity, raised the pipe of peace, pointing it slowly to the heavens, to the four quarters of the globe and to the earth, making a brief friendly speech. As he talked, holding the pipe in one hand, with the other he selected some of the most delicate parts of the dog which was being prepared, and made a solemn sacrifice of it to the American flag.

On presentation of the pipe the Captains smoked in turn, solemnly, and after them the chiefs, before it was passed around the circle. After the elaborate feast, they smoked until full darkness had fallen, when a large fire was built in the center of the lodge and ten musicians came forth, playing on tambourines made of hoops and stretched skins, with long sticks dangling with deer and goat hoofs.

The men sang and played, the women, carrying the scalp:

and trophies of war taken by their male connections, performed the war-dance. They were very cheerful and good-natured, taking great pleasure in their own performance, and joining their husbands and fathers in extending unbounded courtesies.

"And for no price," they repeated. "Only for great friendship."

"But little trinkets of beads and ribbon please them much," the chief admitted confidentially.

At midnight when the party broke up, four chiefs accompanied the explorers back to the boat, passing the night on board. But in spite of all the ceremonial show of friendship, the party was restless and ill at ease, unable to sleep, distrustful of this treacherous tribe. The officers could not close their eyes, but remained every moment wakeful and watchful.

Daylight brought great relief, the chiefs returning to shore, and bearing off with them, according to their custom, the blankets in which they had slept. Lewis courteously accompanied them to their village, while Clark, with a strong guard, remained in charge of the boats. That evening the village entertained them with another feast. On their return, the man steering the pirogue ran her into the batteau, snapping the cable. Clark, seeing what had happened, called in a loud peremptory voice:

"All men up, and at their oars."

His sudden loud command, followed by the swift bustle of the men catching up their oars and getting to their posts, alarmed the chiefs.

"The Mahars!" they cried. "The Mahars! We are attacked!"

In a moment the bank was lined with warriors ready for battle. With great difficulty Clark explained the situation and the tumult subsided, but sixty warriors remained on shore all night, the boats also keeping up a strong armed guard. Another restless night passed, with the Captains unable to close their eyes.

Early the next morning, with the greatest pleasure, they smoked the final pipe of peace with the Indians performing a ceremonial war-dance about them. But when the Captains arose to depart, pandemonium broke loose. The warriors surrounded them crying out that they must not go—they must stay with them—they must trade, and feast, and dance.

When the boatmen, obeying Clark's curt order, made to push out into the stream, a flock of Indians grabbed the rope and sat on it.

"Tobacco! Tobacco! More tobacco!" they chanted.

"Give us another flag," demanded the chief rudely. "Give us more tobacco and another flag. A bigger flag."

Clark, with an air of contempt, threw half a twist of tobacco to the first chief and spoke sternly: "You are not friends," he said. "You are not faithful children of your new Father, who wishes his white and his red children to live as brothers. You want only carrots of tobacco. You want only fine clothes to dress yourselves in. You want only goods from your White Fathers, and not peace and friendship. The flags of our Great Father are not for such bad tribes."

The first chief, stung by his words, threw the tobacco to his men and with his own hands jerked the rope from their hands and handed it to the bowsman. The boats swept into the stream and headed north.

But the Tetons could not so readily relinquish this exciting adventure. Crowds of them ran along shore, calling out enticements, threats and dares.

"Come back! Come back and feast with us once more!

"You are afraid! You fly from battle!"

"Are you squaws instead of warriors, that you run off in your boats instead of coming on shore to fight like men?"

But when suddenly the white pirogue, bearing Captain Clark, turned swiftly and began pulling toward shore, the Indians re-

treated to a safe distance on the upper bank. Clark landed alone and called imperatively to one of the chiefs, who at last ventured slowly down.

"Go back to your nation," Clark said grimly, "go back, and tell them my words. If they want war, tell them to come on. We are ready for them. We will fight a hundred such nations."

The chief cast about vainly for excuses, for apologies. "They do not want war," he said feebly. "They want you to stay and feast with them. Our women desire you to stay longer. See here, these two poor squaws—they have followed you a long way. They would like to come on your boats with you."

But the Captains were in no mood to humor this tribe, not even the most generous of their women.

"We will have none of your nation on our boats," Clark said. "Go back and tell your tribe my words. We will have no more dealings with you. If you want war, you shall have war. But we make no friends among the Tetons. You are bad Indians, you speak with forked tongues; no white men will ever trust you."

Groups of them followed patiently along shore for two or three days, the two women in particular keeping close to the water, and making the valleys ring with the frank recital of their charms. But the Captains were inexorable. One by one, the stragglers turned back.

The *voyageurs* nodded their heads sagely. "A bad tribe on a bad river," they said. "But yes, they are just as we told you."

As they drew near the mouth of Grand River, the *voyageurs'* manner changed. They became gay, loquacious. Their laughter came more freely, their jokes were fuller flavored, their songs rang with freer buoyance.

"The farther we get from the fighting Tetons," said Clark, "the happier our good boatmen feel about it."

But the pleasure of the Canadians was not only for leaving

behind the treacherous Teton Sioux, it had also content with what lay in the future.

"We come soon to the towns of the Rickarees,"¹³ they said, smiling broadly, and showing their white teeth. "The Rickarees are good Indians. Good friends to white men. Good women. No screaming. No grabbing of ropes, no yelling, 'Tobacco! Tobacco!' like the bad Tetons. The Rickarees are good—their women are good."

As the boats came to anchor at the mouth of Grand River, the banks were thronged with Aricaras, crying out, laughing with childish pleasure, calling friendly greetings.

"Do you say these women are good women?" inquired the interested soldiers.

"Thank God, they are good-looking," said Patrick Gass.

The happy boatmen did not mind this chaffing. "Very good," they declared. "Very amiable. *Très agréable.*"

As the party landed, sudden sight of the huge black York threw the happy tribe into a panic. He was the first black man they had ever seen. The women ran up the banks in terror, the children retreated screaming, the braves stood rooted to the ground. What miracle was this? A black man! Black all over! With shining teeth! With rolling eyes! With woolly, tight-curved hair! Great Medicine, that black man, O, rare, Great Medicine!

York, finding himself the cynosure of all eyes, flung himself whole-heartedly into his new rôle. He was the man of the hour. He cavorted clumsily up the bank, rolling his big eyes, making horrible grimaces.

"It's wild man!" he roared. "It's tough wild man! Look out there! Yawk eat Injins!"

Filled with delicious terror, they crept timidly back, and York became the idol of the Aricara. The entire party was warmly welcomed. Every lodge, every savage heart was open to them.

But the black man, York, was a prince among them, a priest. Great Medicine! To him was given the choicest food; the handsomest women sought his favor.

"The great black Medicine Monster," they called him, and outdid one another in showing him honor and seeking his pleasure.

When the Captains, smoking ceremoniously with the chiefs, produced the bottle of spirits which had hitherto proved so popular, they drew up with an air of surprised disdain.

"I am amazed," said the first chief gravely, "that our Fathers would offer us that which will make us fools. How can we believe our new Fathers would do well for us, when they introduce us and our young men to such follies?"

And no man in all that tribe would touch, or even approach, the bottle.

The Aricara were agreeable in trade, joyously exchanging their finest moccasins, their best robes, for any trifle the men wished to offer. They entertained them with their best food, their finest dances.

For four days the party remained at the mouth of Grand River, enjoying the society of the amiable Aricara. But the comforts of their village, the obvious advantage of trading with them, perhaps not least the complaisance of their handsome women, proved sore temptations against the hardships and hazards of the western expedition.

"We are fools to pass this up," John Newman grumbled. "We could make a fortune among these people. They will do anything for us, they will give us anything. We are fools not to take advantage of it."

The men moved restlessly, said nothing. They were fully conscious of the delights of a winter among the Aricara.

"We could get some goods from the Captains," Newman went on. "We could make way with one pirogue, easily. They'd

hardly miss it. In one season we could get enough pelts to make us rich. And they treat us like kings, these Rickarees! Good lodges, plenty to eat, no warfare, fine women. . . . We'll never make it to the ocean across those mountains. The boatmen say the tribes of the North are worse than the Tetons. How are we to cross the mountains? The Snakes will not give us their horses. What does the President care about this wild country, and these savages? What does he care about us? We could starve out here for all he'd care."

"We've got a soldier's orders and we're drawing soldier's pay," said one.

"Five dollars a month! What's five dollars a month against a man's life! And Lewis—who is Lewis? Cutting leaves off flowers, pulling seeds out of dry pods, writing his books, stuffing dead antelopes and barking squirrels! Who is he to lead us in war against savage Indians?—A dandy—that's all he is. Why, he can't even pull an oar! He'd better go back to Washington and stick to the minuet."

"If he's as good at the minuet as he is with the rifle, I wouldn't mind seeing him dance," said Gass shrewdly.

"Five dollars a month!" continued Newman. "Why, we can clean up a thousand without turning a hand if we stay here this winter.—Plenty to eat. Warm houses to live in. No boats to push over rapids and drag over shoals. Nice squaws——"

The sergeants talked it over uneasily.

"It's damned dangerous business, that kind of talk," declared Gass. "Something's got to be done."

"Newman's a pretty good man on the whole," said Ordway thoughtfully. "Maybe it's just a mood. The Rickarees are damned nice Indians. It's just a mood he's got."

"It's may be just a mood," said Pryor. "But it's a catching kind of mood. If the other men get it, the jig's up."

"We've got to report it to the Captains," said Gass. "That's

what we're sergeants for. But it's ticklish business—carrying tales on what the men talk about. They'll never speak free with us again."

"You'd better report it, Pryor. He's in your squad."

"Gass heard the talk same as I did. It's Gass's idea we should report it."

"I don't want to get the men down on me."

"It's got to be nipped in the bud by some one. Once that sort of talk gets a good running start, there's no stopping it."

"Let's all go to the Captains and let them fix it. They'll see that if the men get the notion we're tattlers they'll never be free with us again."

They went to the Captains secretly and made the sinister report.

"We don't want to be set down as tale-bearers, but we consider it's fair you should have the facts."

The officers heard them in silence. This was serious.

"You were quite right, Sergeants," Lewis said quietly. "This is far more dangerous than mere desertion. Why, it could wreck the entire expedition overnight."

"Will wreck it, if it's not stopped, and stopped right now," added Clark.

A trial by court martial was called, with nine of Newman's peers sitting as a jury. Both Lewis and Clark spoke briefly, explaining the serious nature of the charge.

"You saw the danger we encountered among the Tetons," said Clark. "Our party is small. We have got to stand together as one man. We need every man—every true man and true soldier we've got. The death or loss of even one of you would lessen our chance of success."

"It is not only the expedition, your own lives are at stake. If two or three of you banded together to do this dastardly thing, and made off with our boats, our ammunition, our mer-

chandise, you would sell us out to any low tribe that chose to attack us. It is not only our duty as soldiers we must perform, our job that has been assigned us—and that we volunteered for, remember that, every man of you volunteered and not one was forced!—Every man's life is threatened," declared Lewis.

The nine men, awed and anxious, went into a conference, and John Newman was sentenced to receive seventy-five lashes on his bare back and to be discarded from the party at the earliest possible moment—no longer allowed the honor of standing guard over his comrades, but, deprived of arms and accouterment, assigned to the mess and crew of the red pirogue as a laboring hand and set at such drudgeries as were required, relieving loyal hands for more honorable service.

An Aricara chief, present at evening parade when the punishment was inflicted, showed great concern as it proceeded. Newman's arms were taken from him, and his uniform; his back was bared for the flogging. At sight of the swinging whip, the chief cried aloud, bursting into tears, imploring them to have mercy and desist. But while the steady laying of the lash went on, Clark explained the nature of the man's crime.

"We have to make an example of him to this party," he said. "They've got to realize that sedition will not be tolerated. We are not going to be sold out by our men. This is our first traitor, and we've got to make an example of him."

"I know that examples must be made," admitted the weeping chief. "I have to do that thing myself in my own tribe. But I never whip a man. Whipping is brutal. It is demoralizing. It wrecks the spirit. You should kill this man. I always kill my men when I must make examples."

Newman, dressed in laboring clothes, was permitted no more excursions on shore but confined to the boats at hard labor. He made no complaint, seeming to realize the gravity of his crime. Whatever work was given him, he did patiently and well, even

cheerfully. He addressed every private as "Sir," and extended himself to serve them and ease their labor. Not satisfied with doing only what he was commanded, he went further, did more, exhausting himself daily, and sleeping at night with his face buried in his arms.

In the prairies along the river immense herds of buffalo were grazing, thousands in each herd. But as they went north, suddenly all herds disappeared and no more game was to be seen.

The *voyageurs* smiled. "We are close to the towns of the Mandans," they said. "The Mandans are great hunters. They sweep the prairies clean of game along the river."

When they entered the timbered valleys near the towns, parties of Mandans rode down to gaze at the passing boats, following for miles along the river with childish interest and curiosity. As they came in sight of the first town, a great crowd of men, women and children ran down to watch the strange and exciting approach.

Captain Lewis, put ashore in the white pirogue, was greeted warmly by the natives on every hand and overwhelmed with invitations to feasts and dances. Among them, a French-Canadian interpreter introduced himself, Jessaume,¹⁴ who lived in the village with his squaw and a motley brood of half-breed children. Lewis engaged him to act as interpreter during their stay at Mandan, and by him sent gifts of tobacco to the tribes.

The friendly Mandans thronged their camp. Even at night they would not leave, but, when they retired, clustered as close about them on every side as they could get and caught what sleep they could on the bare ground.

One of their first visitors at Mandan was that other French-Canadian, Charbonneau, who now maintained quite an establishment in the village, well attended by his three squaws, the Mandan woman and his two slaves of the Shoshoni, Little Rabbit and Sacágawea.

CHAPTER FOUR

CHARBONNEAU, on a hunting trip in the prairies with a band of Indians, knew nothing of the important events transpiring in Mandan until the son of one of their party, eager to be first to spread the exciting tidings, galloped into their camp at sunset.

"Have you heard the news?" he cried.

"News! What news? We have heard no news. Have the Sioux attacked?"

"No, no, great news! A great fleet of ships has come up the river, three large boats—with flags, and guns! White men! All white men!"

"Traders!" The Indians smacked their lips.

"No, not traders. They are to explore. They are going to the utmost end of the Missouri; they are going to cross the Shining Mountains; they are going to the Big Water which lies at the sunset."

Charbonneau pushed the Indians out of his way.

"These white men," he said, "are they French or Spanish?"

"Not French. Not Spanish. They are—the new Americans."

"You lie," said Charbonneau. "The Americans have no land west of the Father of Waters. They cannot explore this land."

"Our old Fathers have given all the land to these new Fathers—the American Fathers," persisted the boy. "We must now obey only our new Fathers."

"What flag have these explorers? Is it like the flag I have in my lodge?"

"No. Their flag has a blue sky in one corner, with little stars. It is made in stripes, a red stripe, a white stripe, a red stripe, a white stripe, fifteen stripes. It is our new flag—the flag of our new Fathers."

Charbonneau, a man who loved leisure and physical comfort, determined to sacrifice the pleasure of a hunter's feast and a restful night. He saddled his horse. These white men would need an interpreter in the Mandan towns. With a little hunting and trapping on the side, Charbonneau eked out a scant existence for himself and his three squaws by serving as interpreter on those rare occasions when traders came up the river. His women kept him clothed and fed, attending him patiently at the call of his capricious will. A large party, with their big boats and their stores, promised much work and good pay.

Charbonneau's return to the Mandan towns was at a speed that was almost the death of his horse. Even so, he found the wily Jessaume before him, already engaged, snugly established with his squaw and his flock of swarthy children in a leather lodge near the fort, now in process of construction.

Charbonneau was far-sighted. He cast shrewd eyes over the accouterment of the party, its rich merchandise, its arms and ammunition. He listened attentively to the amazing report that both French and Spanish were out of Louisiana, leaving the upstart Americans in full possession. He inquired into the details of their stupendous project.

"Me," he said, "I will hire with you as permanent interpreter for this long journey. I know many tribes. I know the sign language. I know the manners and styles of the savages. I have already been farther up the Missouri than any other white man has been. I will accompany you as interpreter and guide, if you will hire me."

The Captains thanked him for this offer, said they would consider it. Their first dealings with Jessaume had not inclined

them to trust too greatly another of his breed. Both, as is usual with whites who desert their race to live the savage life, fairly out-savaged the natives. They were dirty, unkempt, obscene. They lived by their wits. They were lazy.

The Captains were in no haste to come to a conclusion in the matter of Charbonneau. They were involved in more pressing matters. The weather had turned bitterly cold. Hunting parties worked desperately to lay in a supply of game against the winter. Clark, suffering with rheumatism, superintended the erection of the fort, while Lewis worked ardently at his notes and his collections, leaving their labor only for the social amenities paramount in Indian life.

Charbonneau waited. The Captains sent him no word. The sly Jessaume was with them constantly. The days passed. On Sunday, November 11, 1804, he resorted to diplomacy.

"Here, Dog," he said cheerfully to Sacágawea, "put on your best clothes. Go down to the camp of the white men and pay your respects to the chiefs."

Sacágawea's eyes glowed with pleasure. This order delighted her. She had longed with childish curiosity to go down the river to see these odd people that everyone in the village was talking about, but, slave instead of wife, had been obliged to await Charbonneau's pleasure.

She hastened to don her finest garments, her fringed skirt, her beaded belt, her collar of porcupine quills. She put a narrow band of ribbon about her brow and braided her shining blue-black hair in long neat queues.

While she primped and preened in preparation, Charbonneau went through his pile of buffalo robes and selected four, the largest and best.

"Take these to the white chiefs as a compliment," he said.

Sacágawea's happy eyes clouded. "But that robe," she protested, "that is my robe. It is the robe Wild Crow gave me be-

cause it is of my own height. He gave it to me as a present for my own."

"Take it to the white chiefs," he commanded briefly. And added, "I will give you a dozen such robes if I get that position I am after. They will pay me much money and there will be little work in the earning. I will buy you many bright belts and fine robes."

Sacágawea sighed but dared not protest further.

"What shall I do when I arrive at their fort?"

"Be polite to the white chiefs. Be very pleasant and bright. Smile and give them the robes—say they are nothing, we have many robes. Be sure to tell them you are the squaw of Charbonneau, the French interpreter who called on them."

"Can I not go with Sacágawea?" begged the other Snake squaw, Little Rabbit. "I have never seen such big boats, nor strange men like those, the Long Knife Chief and the Red Head. I have never seen such great guns that shoot a hundred times at once, nor a mill that grinds corn into dust. I want to see their monstrous black man. Can't I go with Sacágawea?"

Charbonneau frowned, considering. "Yes," he decided at last. "You may go also. But mind your manners when you go there. Be polite, be *très gentille*. Agree with everything the white men say, contradict nothing. Put on your best clothes and go."

"I would go, also," said his first squaw, the Mandan woman. "I, too, wish to see the strange things they have on the big boats and the queer lodge they are building."

"You cannot go. You are too old for gadding about. When I get the position, then you may go. Stay home, Dog. Mind your child and prepare my dinner. See this hole in my moccasins—mend that. Bring in more wood. You cannot go."

"Shall I tell the white chiefs," asked Sacágawea anxiously, "that you would like much to have the work with them?"

"But certainly not. Do not mention the work. Just give them the robes and say you are my squaws. That is all."

"Why do you not go with us to the fort? You can tell them yourself what you would have them know," she suggested timidly.

"I have been there and made my offer and they have sent no word. Perhaps they have forgotten. Perhaps Jessaume has said some things against me. You will remind them of me and what I came for. I run after no man for his work," he said proudly.

So Sacágawea and Little Rabbit, carrying the four fine robes, trudged down the well-beaten track to the fort beside the river. They were thrilled and excited. What strange things happened in the course of one's life! Here they were, two little Snake slaves, squaws of Charbonneau, going to pay a polite call on the great white chiefs in their strong fort—stronger, their fort was, than the stout walled towns of the Mandans!

"They say," said Little Rabbit in an awed voice, "they say the Long Knife wears a knife as long as a man and that if he thrust it at you it would cut you in two pieces at one blow."

"I have never seen a knife as long as that," said Sacágawea, with doubt in her voice.

"They say the Red Head Chief has eyes as blue as the sky, and that his hair sweeps back on his head in waves and is like the sun shining on the clouds at sunset."

"I do not believe it," said Sacágawea. "You remember they told us that all palefaces were white as the summer clouds, and their eyes blue as the sky in summer. Look at Char-bon-neau. His eyes are black like an Indian's eyes. His face is black, too, with sun and wind. I do not believe what they say."

"They say they have with them a huge monster who is black all over. They say his hair is twisted in tight black rings on his head and that he dances up and down when he walks and opens his mouth and makes great noises."

"I do not believe it," said Sacágawea. "How could a man be black all over? It is just that he has painted his face black. Perhaps he is a great warrior, or has lost his son in battle."

They trudged on, thrilled and expectant. The fort, now well under way, even on Sunday gave evidence of intense and swift activity. There was much sound of hammering and sawing, and strange voices shouting strange words. Shyly the girls approached the sentinel, who stood armed before the Captain's lodge.

Sacágawea—Little Rabbit was quite out of breath and could only gasp faintly—explained that they had called with presents for the two white chiefs. The Captains, deluged with callers bringing gifts, sighed when they received the message.

"Suppose we send word that we are out and ask them to leave their cards," suggested Lewis.

"More like they would leave us a poisoned arrow," said Clark.

Determined, at all sacrifice to their work, to maintain amicable relations with their neighbors, they assented and the girls were admitted, Little Rabbit, hanging bashfully behind Sacágawea. Sacágawea was faintly flushed, her dark eyes were luminous.

With the swift keen glance of the Indian, she took in the entire businesslike room: its tables, its benches, its strange shining instruments. She saw Lewis coming from the papers at his desk with a sigh and a polite, conventional smile. And she saw Clark! Saw the friendly, honest blue eyes; the firm kind lips; the bright hair tossed back on his forehead. Her breath came quickly. This was a great chief! Stirred as she had never been in all young life, trembling, but undaunted, she presented the robes.

"With—compliments," she said faintly.

The Captains examined and admired the robes, exclaiming

over the generosity of these good friends in presenting them.

"Won't you sit down?" said Clark, touching the bench beside him.

Little Rabbit dropped squat on the robe on the floor, but Sacágewea, erect, quite haughty, took the bench he had indicated. She would show these white men that she knew all about the awkward furniture they used; was she not the squaw of a man who sat clumsily in midair as they did, with dangling legs? She sat down primly, not comfortable, but determined they should realize that she was well accustomed to such modern conveniences.

Lewis stepped to the door. "Oh, Sergeant?" he called.

When Ordway entered Lewis gave him the robes.

"Sergeant, see the beautiful robes these Indian women have brought us. Will you take them out and distribute them among our men who need them? They are good ones."

Sacágewea, stricken out of her politeness, laid a detaining hand on the robes.

"No," she said, faintly but with firmness, "not for the men. For you and for the Red Head chief. The robes are for you, with compliments—and for him."

Lewis cast a despairing look at his friend, who rose to the call for diplomatic action.

"The best gift to us," he said gravely, "is a gift for our men. You see our beds here, how warm they are, how covered with thick robes. But some of our men—and our men are our children!—have no robes and lie cold at night, and winter upon us. Would you have a chief lie warm under many robes while his men sleep cold in their leather uniforms?"

"I need a good robe myself," contributed Ordway helpfully. "I nearly froze last night. This is a fine one—this one on top."

"That is my robe," she admitted, not without pride. "Wild Crow gave it to me. It is exactly my own height."

"You are generous to give your own robe to strangers who come to your town," said Clark.

"It is nothing—it is a poor compliment," she said politely.

"And I hope you understand that we are more grateful to you for giving us these robes for our men—our children—than if we used them ourselves."

Sacágawea sank back on the bench with a faint sigh. What noble chiefs these were, to give to their common men the fine presents they received! Still, it would have pleased her to know that this great chief with the shining hair and the eyes like heaven took his rest at night beneath that robe of hers!

Lewis returned to his papers, leaving the further amenities to Clark, who for a while found it hard going. The women sat rigid and stiff, Little Rabbit on the robe on the floor, Sacágawea bolt upright on the bench, gazing at everything about them with candid curiosity. Sacágawea almost stared him out of countenance with the persistence of her rapt admiration.

"Are you the wife of Charbonneau, the French interpreter?" he asked, groping desperately for small talk.

"His squaw. We are both his squaws. His *femmes*, he calls us, and sometimes his *chiennes*. And one other, also, a woman of the Mandans. We three."

Lewis, without raising his head, spoke softly. "He must be a better man than he appeared. Perhaps we were wrong not to engage him."

Clark, repressing a laugh, persisted in his duties as official host.

"Are you of the Mandans or the Minitarees?" he asked. "You do not closely resemble either nation. Your hair is different, your speech and your manner."

"Neither Mandan nor Minitaree," she said, and added with an air of pride, "I am of the Sho-sho-ni. (We are both of the Sho-sho-ni—what you call Snakes. We were captured in battle

by the Minitarees. The white man, Char-bon-neau, bought us from them."

"A Snake!" Clark was genuinely interested. "Lewis, do you hear? This is a woman of the Snakes."

But Lewis had heard. He left his papers and came to stand near the bench where she sat. Both men regarded her fixedly.

"A woman of the Snakes," Clark repeated. "We have to pass through the country of the Snakes. Do you remember your own people?"

"But, yes, of course I remember. I had passed thirteen snows and thirteen summers when I was captured. Of course I remember."

"Are your people friendly to the whites? Will they receive us as brothers and friends, and treat us well?"

"My people have never seen palefaces. Palefaces have never yet gone to the mountains where we live. Never had I seen one till I came to live in the town of the Mandans and Char-bon-neau came to our lodge."

"Are they very warlike—the Snakes? Do they love battle?"

"They are but small tribes," she said sadly. "From all over the world, the strong nations come to fight them. It is for their horses they do this. My people have many horses—fine horses—well trained. My people ride like the wind. The Mandans," she said, with innocent sarcasm, "are but so many squaws with horses. My people ride like the fire and the wind and the sudden fast rain."

"Like the lightning," added Little Rabbit, and blushed furiously for her forwardness.)

"We must buy horses from them to carry us over the great mountains. Will they sell us horses for our journey?"

"My people have none of the guns of the white men that shoot with fire," she said. "They want guns badly. If they are strong enough to kill you and take your guns, they will do it."

But if you are stronger than they and if you can make them have feelings of friendship for you, they will give you horses. They have nothing but horses."

The Captains looked swiftly at each other, with quick understanding.

"Can the Frenchman—your *homme*—can he speak the language of the Snakes?"

Her voice was faintly contemptuous. "But no. He cannot rightly speak the language of the Mandans, or the Minitarees. He knows nothing of the Sho-sho-ni."

"Do you remember your own language?"

"But of course. It is the language of my fathers. It is my language."

"Do you know the road from the Mandan towns to the tribes of the Snakes?"

"I do not know the road from the Mandan towns. Wild Crow brought me here on his horse, many miles. But from where the Muddy River becomes Three Rivers, from there to the mountains where my people live, that road I know. That road I will never forget."

The officers gazed contentedly at each other.

"You might tell Mr. Charbonneau—your *homme*—to come and see us. We would talk with him," said Clark.

"Tell him to come as soon as he can," added Lewis.

When the women had gone, they smiled at each other complacently.

"A rare piece of luck, that," said Clark. "He must take the little squaw along. She will make peace for us with her people and get them to sell us horses."

"He seemed to want the engagement pretty badly," said Lewis. "I foresee no difficulty in making the contract."

CHAPTER FIVE

THEY built their fort in the wooded bottom lands of the river near the buffalo range, a few miles below the mouth of Big Knife on the left bank of the Missouri,¹⁵ and in honor of their friendly neighbors, called it Fort Mandan. The Mandan towns were farther north, on the opposite side.

The Mandans received them with open arms and hearts. Black Cat, their first chief, became their most devoted attendant. They were deluged with visitors bearing gifts. Chief Little Crows came with his wife, loaded with corn sufficient to serve the entire party. At the command of her husband, the squaw set to work cooking up an immense kettle of "boiled cimmns, beans, corn, and choke cherries, with the stones, which," the men declared unanimously, "was very good."

Another chief came "packing a hundred pounds of fine meat for us on his squaw," as Clark reported to Lewis. Since, in addition to the meat, she carried her child also, she was fairly well laden. The buffalo-skin canoe in which another chief crossed the river, was, upon his return, cheerfully taken by his squaw on her back and carried the three long miles to their village.

With the medals, flags and ill-assorted articles of clothing given them, they were childishly delighted. Whatever they received, they donned at once and strutted about camp with extravagant pride. The dancing of the white men around their campfire at night, their rough singing, the odd head-dancing of Rivet, the clumsy contortions of York, the fiddling skill of Cruzatte, the sagacity of the dog, Scannon—everything charmed

and amazed them. Night after night they pleaded for the privilege of remaining in the fort, sleeping on the ground in their buffalo robes, cheerfully offering their handsomest and favorite squaws to anyone who did them some slight kindness.

Of all the treasures of the white men, they were most pleased with the corn mill attached to the batteau—that "Great Medicine" which ground their meal finer than dust. They stood about it in groups, hour after hour, never having enough of it, begging, "Grind more corn, grind more corn." Next to the corn mill, the bellows of the blacksmith was their favorite object. It was sheer magic. The famous air gun, discharging forty shots out of one load, was thrilling but also terrifying, speaking as it did so loudly of the vast powers of its owners.

But while the Mandans exulted in the new and exciting adventure that had come thus unexpectedly into their drab lives, the Minitarees, particularly their chiefs, remained haughtily aloof, jealous that they had chosen to build their fort by the lower towns, affording them the chief advantages of their society and their trade.

Le Borgne, the One-Eyed Chief, was mute to friendly overtures. "If I had these white warriors in the upper plains," he boasted loudly, "my young men on horseback would soon do for them as they would do for so many wolves, for there are only two sensible men among them, the worker of iron and the mender of guns."

"Look out for this strong army," they cautioned the Mandans. "They have come here for no good. No doubt their friendly actions are but to blind you to their real purpose. They have surely formed an alliance with our enemies, the Sioux. When winter comes, they will join together and cut off our five towns. Look out for them."

The Northwest traders circulated scurrilous and damaging reports. "If these new Americans are your friends and your

Fathers," they said, "why have they built this big strong fort? Why do they daily inspect their guns and give out ammunition? Why have they always sentries posted, to keep sharp lookout?"

The Mandans, frightened by these reports, could not restrain nature to the extent of remaining away from the fascinating activities of the fort, but they became more watchful.

Charbonneau, accepting the invitation sent by Sacágawea, struck a satisfactory bargain for his services, at a salary of twenty-five dollars a month. But the Captains, having now seen considerable of Jessaume and having formed a quick estimate of Charbonneau as well, explained carefully that every man who joined the army of exploration must bear his full share of all labor entailed, chopping wood, pitching camp, handling boats, hunting game.

Charbonneau professed his eagerness to accept on any terms.

"It would be well for you to take along your young squaw that you call the Bird-Woman," they said. "She will be useful to us as an interpretress when we come to her people."

Charbonneau was delighted, for he was never thoroughly happy unless he had at least one squaw dancing attendance upon him.

As for Sacágawea, when she learned the glory that was to be hers, she was thrilled almost to the breaking of her heart. Such honors for a little captive squaw! To accompany this heroic band, led by these brilliant chiefs, far away over the Shining Mountains to the Big Waters, where none of her tribe, none of the Mandans or the Minitarees, had ever been! Sacágawea's dark eyes shone with such brilliancy that her lids seemed fairly to burn over their brightness.

Charbonneau had his women pitch his leather tepee beside that of Jessaume near the fort, and moved in with his three squaws and four horses loaded with peltry and meat. That fire

of the interpreters was the site of constant dissension. Jessaume was overbearing and insolent, Charbonneau was not one to take affront without giving more. They vied jealously in their efforts to impress the Captains, each in his own favor to the detriment of the other. They quarreled incessantly between themselves and with their squaws, as well as with each other over the squaws.

Living in the center of the social limelight, the interpreters and their women were courted by everyone, and their camp became a noisy rendezvous for all comers. Quarrels were constant; pitched battles not infrequent.

Among the men of the party, no one worked harder than John Newman, trying to atone for his crime. He lived on equal terms with the men and exerted himself to be of service to everyone. When the weather was at its coldest, so cold that in a test it froze proof spirits to solid ice in fifteen minutes, Newman went hunting and continued so long he was half frozen when he returned to camp. No hardship was too great for him to undertake; no labor too arduous.

A tragic event tended dangerously to confirm the unfavorable reports spread by the Minitarees and the Northwest traders. Five Mandans, hunting in the prairies, were surprised by a large band of Sioux and Pawnees; one was killed, two were wounded and nine of their horses taken.

"What did we tell you?" demanded the Minitarees. "They were on their way to join their allies here in this fort!"

"What did we tell you?" said the Northwesters. "They did not build that strong fort for any friendly purpose."

When word of this reached Clark, he acted with his usual indomitable decisiveness. Calling for volunteers, with twenty-three armed men he galloped into the Mandan town to offer their assistance in avenging the attack.

At sight of the militant force sweeping upon them, the Man-

dans were terror-stricken and it required all Clark's best powers of persuasion to quiet them.

"The Sioux," he said, "have broken the solemn promise they made us. They have ignored our advice and disobeyed our orders. They have refused to follow the commands of their White Father. We have come to go with you to war against them. We will teach these cowardly promise-breakers that we are not to be trifled with. I and my men will go with you, to our deaths if need be, to avenge this wanton act."

The Mandans, a mercurial race, went into raptures of delight. They embraced Clark, they embraced his men. They showered favors and attentions upon them, gave them presents, prepared a feast in their honor. They brought forward their favorite wives, their handsomest daughters.

"All night," declared Black Cat, "our people have cried and wept for the death of our brave young men. But now, honored by your protection, we will wipe our eyes and weep no more.— But we will not go to attack the Sioux today. It is too cold. Our braves would freeze on the prairies. We will fight them in the spring."

From weeping and wailing, they plunged into the most excessive gaiety, feasting and dancing. But off alone on the prairie outside the town, all night long the mother and wife of the young man kept up a loud mournful lament, savage Rachels weeping for their dead, and would not be comforted.

One night the sentinel burst upon Clark without ceremony. "Captain, sir!" he cried excitedly. "Please come! Come quickly!"

"What now?" demanded Clark, springing up and reaching for his gun.

"A fight at the interpreters' fire! A chief is killing his wife!"

Clark went on a dead run. As he drew near, he could see the motley horde surging around the fire, the flames reflecting gro-

tesquely on the savages' ruddy faces. Many were crying out, protesting or inciting. A woman lay bleeding on the ground. The chief stood over her, knife in hand, and no one raised a finger in her defense.

Clark forced his way roughly to the center of the group. "Halt! Stop this!" he ordered in a loud peremptory voice. "No murder shall be committed here. This is American soil! What is the meaning of all this?"

The chief drew his robe about him and stood erect, cold and haughty. "By the law of my nation," he said in a slow firm voice, "I may kill this woman wherever I find her. She has committed a great crime."

"What has this poor creature done?"

"I reproached her for her ill conduct," the chief said gravely. "She ran out of my lodge at night and came here to stay in the hut with the squaw of Jessaume. A full week she stayed here before she returned home. Our law says a woman who runs from her husband must be killed."

"But she returned home, did she not?"

"Yes, she returned home. I beat her well and stabbed her with my new knife, but not very hard. I could have killed her, but I was merciful. I only stabbed her lightly a few times. And what did the wretched dog do then? Beaten and stabbed, with her other crimes unatoned for, she ran away and came here again. I followed her. Now I must surely kill her."

"But why does she come here?" asked Clark uneasily, foreseeing dangerous complications.

"She has become enamored of your young man who keeps the books, the Sergeant Ordway, who writes much," said the chief.

"But, my dear Chief," protested Clark, "I think I have heard something of this case before. Did you not yourself invite Ordway to your lodge?"

"But for one night only I invited him. Now this dog squaw cannot get him out of her mind. She will not remain at home. She runs after him and leaves her only master."

Realizing that the most delicate diplomacy was required in such a case, Clark sent for Ordway and when he had come addressed the chief with an air of deep respect.

"Great Chief," he said, "we realize that this woman has wronged you greatly in running from your fire. But this crime cannot be laid at the door of our young man. I am sure he came to your lodge only on the night you expressly invited him, and has not been there since. Is this true, Sergeant?"

"Yes, sir," said Ordway, gazing off over the huddled group into the starry distance.

"We have expressly forbidden our men to have any dealings with the women of these towns, except only as arranged by their husbands and fathers," Clark continued. "Sergeant Ordway is a good man, he would not disobey our orders. You are a great chief. The woman is but a poor squaw. Women take foolish notions. She will soon regret her misconduct. She has always been a good squaw to you hitherto. Act the part of a great and noble chief; forgive this poor woman."

The words appealed to the better nature of the Indian, touched his heart. "I will be generous," he declared. "Your young man may have the squaw. I give her to him forever."

"My God, Captain!" ejaculated Sergeant Ordway.

Clark smothered the laugh on his lips. "Spoken like a just and generous chief," he said admiringly. "But that would work great unkindness to this poor woman. She must remain in her home among her friends. Our soldiers are not permitted to take wives, being warriors only.—Sergeant, select some presents for this generous chief, a kettle, some leggings, a tomahawk. Give him some tobacco. I am sure his squaw will cause him no further trouble."

Ordway, with a haste no less than feverish, made the presentations.

"I wish you could have seen Ordway's face," Clark told Lewis later. "But for fear of ill effect on the chief and perhaps on the woman as well, I would have carried the joke further and pretended he had to take her for his wife."

"What happened after that?" asked Lewis.

"Oh, they went off together," said Clark, "the chief and his squaw, both very much dissatisfied."

When Ordway was writing in his Journal, Patrick Gass sauntered carelessly near.

"That's a good story you've got for your book tonight," he said while the men about them roared with laughter. "It will make good reading for the President."

Ordway thrust his book into his shirt. "You're jealous," he said. "I don't see any chief's wife risking stabbing and death to come after you."

His Journal for that day remarked crisply that they completed the fort, and that the men returned from a visit to the Indians with a lot of corn which they dug up out of holes in the ground where they had stored it for winter keeping.

By Christmas the entire party was established in the fort, the officers in the first room, the interpreters and their wives in the second. They had notified the Indians that no visitors would be admitted on Christmas, as it was a great Medicine Day among the whites and must be kept in solitude.

The day was "ushered in by a discharge of three platoons," and at sunrise for the first time, the big American flag was raised on the tall flagstaff and the men paraded beneath it. Flour, dried apples and pepper had been distributed to the messes, to enable the cooks to prepare a feast worthy of the occasion, and special rations of rum were distributed.

The time was given up to resting, feasting, exchanging tales

and jokes, with tobacco and rum to enliven their spirits. The evening was devoted to music and dancing. The only women present were the three wives of Charbonneau, Jessaume having gone to the village to make peace with his wife, who, in a burst of temper, had unceremoniously departed with her children.

Hostilities were resumed in the interpreters' room immediately on their return, a few days later. Charbonneau, while less belligerent than Jessaume, was quite as irritating in his own way, given to sly bits of trickery to further his interests and gain his purpose.

On one morning, presenting himself to Clark for orders, he asked if he might please have a little medicine—but a small portion. "A few pills," he explained. "For my squaw. She is sick."

"What kind of pills do you want? What is the matter with her?" asked Clark with ready sympathy. "Which squaw is it? Not our Snake interpretress I hope."

"Yes. Sacágawea.—Oh, it is just a pain ordinary. She is with child, and the pain is greater with the first child. Once they are used to it, they feel nothing."

"I will come and see her. We had better find out what kind of pain it is before we go giving her pills."

He went into the crowded room where the interpreters lived with the four women and the flock of children.

Sacágawea was lying on her low bed, covered with a buffalo robe. Her face was flushed and feverish but a pleased light dawned in her dark eyes when she saw Clark smiling at her in the doorway. He went to her and put his hand on her wrist. Her small hard hand was hot and dry, her pulse flickered swiftly. Her eyes were lifted trustfully to his.

"Well, what's all this?" he said. "Our little interpretress gone under the weather, eh?"

She only smiled, said nothing.

"Charbonneau," Clark turned to the Frenchman, his hand

still on the girl's wrist, "if this woman is going to travel with us, can't we give her a name I can twist my tongue around? I am too much the soldier to labor with—whatever that long word is that means Bird-Woman. Can't we give her a new name, one more adapted to my rude speech?"

"Call her 'squaw,' if you like. It is what she is," said Charbonneau agreeably.

"No, that will not do. She must have a name.—You do not mind if we give you a new name, do you?" he asked. "How would you like to be called—say—Janey?—That is a nice name; a nice, easy, usable name. Janey! Would you like that?"

"Ja-ney," she repeated. "What does it mean?"

"It means a very nice lady," he said, with his most engaging smile.

"I will be called Ja-ney," she said. "It is often that I have a new name. At home with my own people I had my own name of the Shoshoni, and then Wild Crow called me Sacágawea because I jumped from his horse. He," indicating Charbonneau, "calls me *Femme*, or Squaw, and sometimes," she admitted, "Dog. Now I will be called Ja-ney."

"That is a great load off my mind," said Clark. Then, with an air of pretended severity, he said, "Janey, you have been a bad girl. You do not lie on your bed and rest. You run out in the cold air in your thin moccasins. You stand outdoors for hours watching our men at their work. You eat entirely too much rich soup and rare meat and savory vegetables."

"He says you eat too much," interpreted Charbonneau.

"I will have my servant, York, bring you warm teas and thin broth and stewed fruit. And you must eat nothing else today—no bread, no roots, no meat. Tomorrow you will feel better. And you must stay in bed." He turned to Jessaume's squaw. "Keep the children as quiet as you can, so she can rest. She is very feverish."

"You will put high notions in her head," said Jessaume angrily. "These savages are not like our women. They have children as the wild beasts drop their young. You will spoil her with such fussing. She will grow lazy and proud."

"She is sick," Clark said with great finality in his tone. "If Captain Lewis's dog, Scannon, is sick, we feed him carefully, give him medicine and let him rest. We will certainly do as much as that for our little interpreter.—Keep the children quiet, I say.—And, Charbonneau, stay away from her for a few days. Let her rest. There is much excitement around here for one in this condition. I will send York.—Janey, be a good girl and do as I say, or your commanding officer will have you tried by court martial." He smiled kindly at her.

"He says he is the boss around here and if you do not obey him, he will beat you," explained Charbonneau.

But Sacágawea smiled contentedly at the door through which he had passed. The sad eyes were shining now and no longer showed her pain. Let him beat her! Still she would smile at the door through which he had passed.

"That was a sneaking low trick," said Jessaume angrily, when the door had closed behind Clark, "using your squaw to win favors from him because she is young and handsome. He is but a great soft man and no real soldier."

"Jessaume," said Charbonneau pleasantly, unable to repress his smile of satisfaction, "you must remember that my squaw is not like your woman. She is young, she is very fragile. She must have attentions and waiting upon. Your *femme*, who has a baby every year—of course she has no pain, she is a log. Sacágawea is not like that."

"She will not only be made good for nothing herself, she will spoil all our squaws," complained Jessaume. "They will all be demanding of us fine foods and servants to wait on them. These savages must be kept in their place."

"Sacágawea," said Charbonneau, highly pleased at Jessaume's anger, "you must do as the Red Head Chief says. He is our commanding officer and must be obeyed. He will send his black servant to wait on you, and if the squaw does not keep her brats quiet, we must report to the Captains. In all things, do as the Red Head commanded."

And he went off about his business, well satisfied. But Jessaume's squaw, unwilling to be a party to such proceedings, packed up her brood once more and flounced away to the village in high dudgeon.

Early in February, when their winter supply of meat ran low, Clark took a large party of hunters out into the prairies for game. Six days they hunted, and, having killed immense quantities, loaded as much as they could pack on three horses and dispatched Charbonneau—who could most easily be spared from the hunt—to take it to the fort. Not even that could Charbonneau accomplish. The ice was slippery, the road was difficult, the horses were unshod; Charbonneau left them and proceeded to the fort to hand in his report in place of the wanted game.

On the next day, Sacágawea was ill.

"It is nothing," said Jessaume, "a little pain—then a little more pain—and then the little one."

But the pain dragged on, hour after hour. Charbonneau had been sent back with a detail to bring in the meat he had left en route, but his other squaws, the Mandan woman and Little Rabbit, tried in vain to relieve her. An orderly, going into the room with a message, saw her lying on her bed, moaning, half delirious.

"How long has she been like this?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, just today. It started this morning," explained Jessaume cheerfully.

"But it is nearly night now," protested the man and went at once to Lewis.

"Captain, sir, excuse me," he said, "but I was in the interpreters' room just now, and it looks to me as if the squaw, Janey, is very sick. She has been so all day and cannot see out of her eyes."

Lewis went in. "Why was this not reported to me?" he demanded angrily.

"We would not bother you from your work for this," said Jessaume apologetically. "It will be nothing. It is because it is the first child, they come harder. When squaws have Indian babies with Indian husbands, they feel nothing. It is only with white husbands they have pain. It will soon be over."

Lewis went to his medicine chest and read the labels and the notes distractedly.

"The great doctors in Philadelphia," he complained, "were sadly remiss. They taught me to cure fevers and sunstroke and ulcers; they taught me what should be done for sun blindness and ague and snake bites. But they gave me no course in obstetrics. I do not know what to do for this poor woman."

He tried warm applications and bark poultices; gave her hot drinks; but the pain continued. He was greatly alarmed. Jessaume was assiduous in his efforts to assist.

"I have seen a good deal of such cases," he said. "My experience has been among squaws for many years, and I've had to do some doctoring among them by odd turns. A little finely powdered rattle of the rattlesnake always produces the desired result—though I never saw one as long delayed as this."

"Rattle! Of the rattlesnake!" ejaculated Lewis. "Are you sure?"

"But, yes, I am sure. I have used it many times. It hastens the birth. If I had a few rattles, I would show you."

"I have some rattles," said Lewis anxiously. "Are you sure it will not harm her, Jessaume?"

"Oh, but quite sure," he promised. "It cannot harm her."

"Let me see how you would fix it," said Lewis, uneasy, but anxious that she be relieved.

Jessaume broke off two rings of the rattle, crumbled them to dust with his fingers, stirred the powder into a little water. Lewis watched these preparations anxiously.

"You are sure it will not injure her?"

"It has never given harm, but only help," declared Jessaume.

"Try it then," Lewis decided. "And report to me how it turns out."

He told Clark about it that night when he returned.

"You mean you let him give it to her!" ejaculated Clark.

"Yes. He swore it would be effective. Now I am not testifying to its effectiveness," he protested, "but Jessaume told me she had not taken it more than ten minutes before she brought forth the child. Though, I admit, I still want faith in its efficiency."

"At any rate, she has the child—a fine strong boy," said Clark.

"Baptiste,"¹⁶ his father said he should be called. "We have many Baptistes in the family of Charbonneau. And my first child, the son of the Mandan woman, is called by my own name, Toussaint. This child shall be called Baptiste."

Sacágawea had her primitive layette ready; the flat piece of carved wood, brightly decorated, fitted with a small hoop to protect the head and a footpiece for the tiny feet to rest upon; soft mosses to bind its feet, a blanket to wrap it in.

Sacágawea herself—for it was a soft woman who would allow others to perform these important tasks for her—wrapped her small son in a bit of soft doeskin, stretched him on the carved wood, secured the small head and feet; wrapped him well in his warm blanket and tucked him carefully into his cradle. And in a couple of days the little interprestress was walking about the fort again, her baby on her back.

Sacágawea was very proud of her baby's carrier; for its decoration the men had given her beads and bits of colored ribbon, and from the carrying handle swung a little rattle of tintillating beads and shells to please its ears as she walked.

"Great gosh a'mighty, Janey," protested Patrick Gass, when he saw her hang the cradle, baby and all, lightly on the limb of a tree as she worked. "It'll fall off and bust itself!"

But Sacágawea, smiling with motherly pride, showed him that the bed was so arranged that even if it fell—and it would not fall—the small body would be protected at every point, and could not suffer so much as a bruise from its tumble.

"And pretty smart they are, them savages, in their own way," admitted Patrick Gass. "I couldn't 'a' built that bed better myself."

As spring approached, every hand was busy from morning till night getting ready for the big departure: building canoes to take with them up the Missouri, writing notes and letters, preparing reports and collections to be sent on the batteau down to St. Louis on their way to Washington.

Sacágawea was busy, too, preparing a wardrobe for herself and her child appropriate to this momentous journey. She fringed her skirts, she beaded her belts, she braided her collars. She embroidered the baby's blankets with her finest handiwork.

Charbonneau was dispatched to the Northwest traders with a strong letter from the explorers, warning them, in behalf of the new owners of this country, to cease their attempts to stir up ill feeling among the Indians against the Americans.

The traders jeered derisively at Charbonneau.

"And you," they declared, "a gentleman like you, a man of languages; a great interpreter, famous among all tribes—you are going with these low Americans for a paltry sum, to push their boats and gather their wood and dress their skins—the menial work of a poor squaw! It is not so that we use our in-

terpreters. Our interpreters are like officers among us, with orderlies to attend them. Our interpreters give commands instead of doing a squaw's work about camp. You are a fool. We would give you a better job than that."

Charbonneau, innately loathing labor, returned sulkily to the fort where the men made their preparations; where Sacágawea sewed and embroidered and dreamed. It was an insulting thing, this job they had given him. He went to the Captains.

"It is too much you ask of me," he protested. "I am no slave like your black man and like these squaws to work with my hands, cutting wood and hauling boats and packing game. I will go as an interpreter only. And I must have more money. Why, you pay me but little more than these common men who know no languages. It is a disgrace, the low job you give me."

The Captains looked at each other with instant agreement.

"Take a day to think it over before you decide, Charbonneau," said Lewis quietly. "We shall be glad to have you go with us, but only on the terms of our contract. We will not change our agreement in any way."

"There is no room for slackers on this expedition," added Clark. "One who is unwilling to lend his hand at any job that needs doing does not belong in our party. Our men are not like that."

"On the terms of our agreement we will take you, and on no other terms. Otherwise, you may move out of the fort as soon as you like," concluded Lewis curtly.

Charbonneau strode furiously down the corridor and flung open the door of the interpreters' room. Sacágawea, cutting deep fringe on her leather skirt, looked up with a happy smile which froze on her dusky face at his angry look.

"Take my leather lodge and erect it where we had our fire with Jessaume before we moved into the fort," he commanded the cowering women in a harsh voice. "Pack up my belongings

and remove them there. We do not go on this journey. We go back to our own lodge today. These officers would make a dog of me, to do their labor. Act quickly! Get my lodge prepared, have my fire ready." He turned to Sacágawea. "Put away that trumpery! Take the child and my baggage, and go from here at once."

CHAPTER SIX

FORT MANDAN was agog with preparations for the great departure. The baggage, well aired, had been freshly packed; the guns repaired, the canoes built, the pirogues overhauled. The last letters had been written; the reports were ready for the President; the batteau was equipped for her passage down the river.

But in the grimy leather lodge at the interpreter's fire was moody discontent and smoldering rage. Charbonneau had believed he could gain his point by showing a strong and unflinching front. But the Captains made no reconciling overture. He became uneasy, increasingly irritable and unreasonable, venting his ill temper on his helpless women.

Sacágawea worked no more at her embroidered collars, her fringed skirts. She would have no need of such finery in the Mandan town, poor slave of a poor Frenchman, digging roots, pounding corn, dressing meat. She dragged heartbrokenly about the lodge, downcast and low-spirited. Not even the ruddy Baptist could bring a smile to her sad eyes. She had so hoped her child would have this honor—to go on the great journey with the noble white chiefs. He would not remember it, he was too young, but she could tell him. She did not care to boast of her travels at campfire and feast—she wanted only to tell little Baptist what things had occurred in her life. It was all over now.

She had tried to remonstrate with Charbonneau. "You promised to go on this great journey with the white chiefs," she reminded him, with reproachful eyes and reproving voice. "They

will tell their great Father that you speak with a forked tongue."

"I will go with them as an interpreter only. Am I a dog of a squaw to haul their wood and build their fires?—No, I am a gentleman, I am a free man. I will be no man's slave."

"You will not get to see the Great Water," she reminded him cleverly, knowing Charbonneau. "It will be great talk they have when they come back after crossing the Shining Mountains and going down the great river that runs full to the brim with salmon and on to the Big Water that lies at the Sunset."

Charbonneau winced. It would be great talk, great talk indeed. Jessaume would have no such tale as this to silence all competitors around the campfire.

Jessaume's squaw, who had resented the favors shown Sacá-gawea, came to pay a polite call of sympathy, with false words lacerating the sad heart anew.

Jessaume came, too, to jeer at Charbonneau. "You were a fool," he said, "to throw down this fine chance. These Captains are no weaklings, they will never give in to you. If you had gone on the trip as if in good faith, you could have arranged to shun much work; there would have been little you must do. Drouillard and the Fields brothers hunt the game; their good woodsmen and the carpenter, Gass, do their building; Cruzatte and the boatmen handle the boats. And for all the big talk of the Northwesters, did they not treat us like dogs in their employ? With what richness did they ever reward us? What servants had we to attend us?"

Jessaume had been well pleased that Charbonneau was to take this trip. There was not enough work for the two of them in the Mandan towns. With Charbonneau gone, he would be the one resource for all comers; he could raise his wages, they would have to pay his price. He doubted that the foolhardy band would ever return from the West. They did not realize the terrible tribes they would encounter on their way, the fierce

Minitarees of the North, the treacherous Blackfeet, the thievish Crows. They would never come back.

"You were a fool to miss this chance," he repeated.

"I would go now on the same terms if they would but ask me," Charbonneau admitted. "But they have sent me no word since I left the fort."

"They will soon be gone. They have all things ready. You had better not put this matter off. Shall I tell them you are sorry you played such a bad part and are willing to abide by your contract as an honorable man?"

Charbonneau brightened. "Jessaume," he said gratefully, "that is a good idea. You are a good friend to do this thing. Go to the Captains quickly—tell them the Northwesters made me big offers and I was simple enough to listen to them. Tell them I will live by my first agreement. Go at once, will you?"

"But surely," said Jessaume. And in this case he was as good as his word.

"The man Charbonneau is but a foolish fellow," he said to the Captains. "He is sorry he acted with such simplicity. He will go with you on the expedition for the exact terms of his first bargain, and hopes you will excuse him for his low acts."

"Mmmmmmm," said Lewis thoughtfully.

"Thanks very much, Jessaume," said Clark.

"And will you now take these certificates over to Chief Black Cat with our compliments?"

When he had gone they smiled at each other.

"The Frenchman was not quite slick enough for us," said Clark. "He ought to know we are on to him by this time."

"Let him worry a little longer," said Lewis. "A little sweating will reduce his fever."

"A good bleeding might help, too," said Clark. "He's got proud flesh."

They were interrupted by Sergeant Ordway, reporting that John Newman desired to speak to them.

"Send him in, of course."

They looked at each other regretfully.

"At heart, Newman is a good man," said Lewis.

"He has certainly done all a man could to make amends."

"Captains, sirs," began Newman anxiously, "may I ask you please to reconsider my expulsion from the company? I wish to go on the expedition. I will do any drudgery, I do not ask to be restored to my old standing, I ask no pay. I will go as a mere servant to the rest. At least, it would save the strength of better men for more important work. I was a great fool, sirs, I am very sorry. I will try to make up for it in every way I can. I want only to go on the expedition."

The Captains' eyes met swiftly, in perfect understanding.

"Newman," Lewis said gravely, "I believe every word you say. You have done good work this winter, you have taken your punishment like a man. But your trial was just and according to military regulation. We have no legal right to rescind the sentence."

"It is not that we do not trust you, Newman," said Clark. "But our party is small, and the rules must be enforced with unflinching regularity. The men must realize that they are going to be enforced at all cost. Otherwise we shall lose our lives in attempting this thing."

"But, Newman, we want you to know we are sending letters about you, recommending you to executive clemency and putting up a good case for you. We feel sure you will be restored to good standing on our advice. We are even asking that your pay continue up to the moment of your arrival, and that you receive your share of land with the others. But to do what you ask is impossible."

"I am sorry, sirs. I do not blame you."

Both Captains shook hands with him, cordially, and with regret. "We've not forgotten your good year's work, Newman. We shall never forget it."

"Thank you, sir. It's been a hard lesson."¹⁷

Charbonneau waited in a fever of impatience. No word from the Captains. Then, suddenly as always, his mood changed. He lost hope. He would not submit himself to the indignity of skulking in his hut at the moment of the triumphal departure, with bugles blowing, guns firing, flags flying.

He turned roughly on the women with curt orders to pack, pack everything, quickly.

"Be quick about this," he commanded. "Take down this lodge. We go to the Mandan town at once."

"If you would wait but one more day," pleaded Sacágawea faintly. "Perhaps the Captains will change their minds."

"Shut up, Dog. Mind your labors and obey my words. Pack everything, quickly. I will get canoes to take us across the river."

The officers, watching from the fort his sudden movement toward departure, laughed.

"He needed a good lesson," said Lewis.

"And got it," added Clark.

His baggage was piled on the river bank; his horses were led to the opposite shore; the first load of his baggage was taken over. The Captains watched amusedly until they saw Sacágawea pass down to the shore, the infant on her back. Her feet dragged leadenly; for the first time the small head was humbly bowed. Not once did she turn her sad eyes toward the great fort which had been the home of her short-lived honor.

The Captains could not endure the sight of her sadness.

"Sergeant Ordway, send a man to the shore at once. Tell Charbonneau to come up and talk this over."

When that message reached the dejected party, Sacágawea's heart ached with the weight of surging hope. Her eyes smarted.

She could not speak. If only she could go to the Captains and speak for Charbonneau! But hope came, too, to the Frenchman, and he went swiftly up the path to the fort.

The squaws sat down on the bank, their blankets around them, and waited. Little Rabbit and the Mandan woman discussed the probable outcome.

"I think they will give him more money," said Little Rabbit, who was always optimistic.

"I think they will make him give back the tools he has been using in our lodge," said the Mandan woman. "They will not let him keep their rich goods."

"What do you think the Captains will say, Sacágawea?"

Sacágawea shook her head. How could she express mere thought when every pulse in her body was pounding with passionate desire? And hope, she knew, was no trustworthy guide to thought.

Charbonneau came back soon, his head high, his step alert.

"He is well pleased," said the Mandan woman. "Perhaps they gave him the tools."

"Perhaps they promised he shall do less work," said Little Rabbit.

But Sacágawea smiled. What childish thoughts those were, of Little Rabbit and the Mandan woman! Sacágawea knew.

"We are going back to the fort with our baggage for the expedition," Charbonneau said briskly. "You and I, Sacágawea. You others go on to the lodge I have got for you in town. Our journey begins soon, so you must get settled at once. Take your baggage, Sacágawea; go back to our old room in the fort, and wait for me!"

At four o'clock on a Sunday afternoon the expedition left Mandan. The banks of the river were thronged with friendly Indians, imploring them loudly to stay but two days longer, one

day longer! To stay one night, at least, for a great feast! There were weeping maidens among them; there were some gratified husbands, glad to see them on their way; there were some moody and downcast wives. Several offered, nay importuned, frankly, to go with the party, asking Sacágawea to use her influence with the Captains on their behalf.

"Oh, no," said Sacágawea gravely, "we can have no women on the journey. Only me, for the interpretress. No women."

A few were bold enough to make their offers to the Captains, who smilingly but inexorably refused. There were the last gifts, the last speeches, the last presentation of medals. And then, in a final burst of oratory, Lewis presented the village with an ultimate token of affection—the handsome corn mill from the batteau, which the Indians had so admired.

"When you grind your corn and the corn of your friends and your families, remember your White Fathers, the Americans, who spent a happy winter with you and will be your friends till death!"

Chief Black Cat wept as he accepted this treasure for his tribe. He held it lovingly in his arms and the natives crowded about him, to touch it, to see it more closely, to be convinced that it was the genuine mill and now their own. Black Cat's voice trembled with emotion as he thanked them for this last and most positive proof of their fraternal spirit.

"All that our White Fathers have told us, we will do," he declared, "and all that our Great Father has commanded will we obey."

And the tribe shouted loud endorsement of his words. To be sure, within a few weeks they dismantled the mill to use the metal for arrow tips, but that showed them none the less grateful.

The batteau, manned by the French *voyageurs* and the temporary recruits from St. Louis, set off down the river; the two

pirogues, the red and white, were tugging at their cords; the six frail cottonwood canoes were drawn to shore.

"All aboard," called Peter Cruzatte from his post on the white pirogue. The men marched to their places. The Indians cheered and wept and surged out into the water to remain as near to them as possible to the last moment.

Dressed in her handsomest leather skirt, with the longest and neatest fringe, wearing her embroidered collar and her tinkling earrings, Sacágawea stood erect in the stern of the white pirogue, the baby dozing at her back. It was the hour of her triumph. The dusky face gleamed, the dark eyes glowed. No militant queen of ancient times leading her embattled forces out to victory felt greater pride than the little Bird-Woman, poor savage slave, now guide and interpreters for this heroic band, going where no man in all the world had gone before. She would revisit her native land, from which she had been dragged away head downward over the war-horse of a hostile brave; nor in ignominy would she return, but at the head, as it were, of her own fleet and her own army.

The Captains stood together on shore. The moment had arrived. The men stood at their posts. Lewis was to walk on shore that day to the point of their evening camp, paying farewell calls on the chiefs as he passed through the towns, leaving Clark in charge of the advance.

They shook hands. Both were smiling.

"It's a great day, Lewis," said Clark.

Lewis glanced at the boats. "Our little fleet," he said, "although not so respectable perhaps as that of Columbus or Captain Cook, is still viewed by us with as much pleasure as those deservedly famed adventurers ever beheld theirs; and I dare say with quite as much anxiety for their safety and preservation."

Clark laughed. "No argument. This fleet, small as it is, means the difference to us between life and death."

"Between success and failure," said Lewis. "Still, entertaining as I do the most confident hope of succeeding in this voyage which has formed the darling project of my mind for ten years, I esteem this moment of departure among the happiest in my entire life."

"The boats may fail us, but we can reckon on our men. They are as eager to proceed as we are."

"And not a whisper or murmur of discontent to be heard among them. They act in unison and with the most perfect harmony. There has not been one break since poor Newman."

"And please God there'll be no more," said Clark devoutly. "Well, shall we be off?"

"Yes. Good-by, my friend. God be with you."

"Good-by. If you run across a fat beaver, bring his tail along for our supper. Good-by."

Every man's hand was on his oar. Sacágawea held her breath. Oh, pitiful that little Baptiste should be nodding, asleep, at her shoulder, instead of gazing, as his mother gazed, brilliant-eyed, into adventure, into history, into fame!

Captain Clark stepped aboard the white pirogue. Lewis waved his hand.

"Let's go, Cruzatte!"

Cruzatte gave the signal. The men burst into one of the rollicking boat songs they had learned from the *voyageurs*. The crowd on the bank swept forward to follow their idols as far as they could be seen.

The fleet was off up the river.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE white pirogue, the larger and safer of the two boats, carried their most valuable merchandise, their instruments and papers, their medical supplies. It was also the general headquarters of the officers who shared a leather lodge on deck with the interpreters, Drouillard and Charbonneau, and with Sacágawea and her child.

Clark recorded the dramatic moment of their departure in his Journal. "Two Cpts." he wrote. "Three sergeants. Two interpreters." To complete the record he included a roster of the men. Of the original twenty-nine who started from St. Louis three were gone; Sergeant Floyd slept on his bluff above the river; Reed and Newman had been sent to St. Louis in disgrace. Le Page had been recruited at Mandan in place of Newman and Charbonneau had been added; Charbonneau and Sacágawea. Sacágawea! Clark hesitated. He scratched his head.

"Charbonneau," he said, "spell your squaw's name for me. I want to put it in my Journal. Spell slowly."

"I cannot spell the Minitaree," admitted Charbonneau, with his habitual shrug of disability. "Nobody can spell the Minitaree. I will say it slowly.—Sa-ka-ka-we-a."

"Oh, that wasn't half slow enough. I didn't get it at all. Try again, slowly."

"Sa—ka—ka—we—a."

Clark was almost in despair. "Wait. Take it a syllable at a time. It begins with 'Sa.' That's easy. Now what? Sa——"

"Sa—ka——" said Charbonneau carefully.

"Sa—kah," repeated Clark, writing slowly. "Go on."

"Sa—ka—ka——" said Charbonneau with a guttural French roll at the end of the syllable where no *r* should be.

"It sounds like a gargle," said Clark. "'Kah'—no, I guess it is 'ga. Sa—kah—ga——' Go on."

"We—a," finished Charbonneau triumphantly.

"Sa—kah—gar—we—a," duly reported the Journal.

When Lewis joined them at camp, Clark's first question was, "How did you spell that squaw's name in your Journal?"

Lewis laughed. "I didn't spell it. I just called her Charbonneau's Indian woman. I don't intend to spell it. The President wants me to keep my mind on scientific data and not get mixed up with Frenchmen's squaws."

"I spelled it," said Clark with considerable pride. "It was not easy, but I did it. She's got a right to go in the record along with the rest of the party."

They missed the gay and experienced Canadian *voyageurs*, missed their merry songs, their happy-go-lucky acceptance of boating hazards. Although they had not now the big batteau to man, the six cottonwood canoes required unremitting attention as they were but frail craft to navigate the upper reaches of the Missouri. Minor mishaps were of almost hourly occurrence. Canoes overturned. Others took in water. Their rudders broke. Hidden sawyers snagged their bottoms. But the crew was undaunted; undauntable. They hauled out their wet baggage, dried it, repacked; they repaired the boats; they went on.

Usually they stopped for the main meal of the day at two o'clock. Then, while the cooks prepared food, Sacágawea wandered in the woods, searching for small grains and vegetables. She discovered wild artichokes, hidden in holes by the mice for winter provender. She raided their nests, prodding in the earth

about small collections of dead wood with a sharp forked stick until she had collected all she could carry, and was sufficiently rewarded by Clark's warm smile.

"Janey, what an unexpected asset you are turning out to be!" he declared. "I dare say in the end it will be you and no one else who keeps us from starving, saving our lives and our expedition."

She flushed happily. Poor Sacágawea! If only she could understand the important words that went with the friendly smiles. She tried hard to pick up a little English, but it was not easy. Not only Charbonneau's own imperfect knowledge made it hard, but the odd dialects of the men themselves—Scotch and Irish, rough frontier vernacular, Yankee, and pleasant Southern drawl.

Game was abundant, and they feasted magnificently on venison steak, beavers' tails, fat antelope and the succulent buffalo tongues. Sacágawea found a great patch of wild onions of an agreeable flavor which lent a pleasant variety to their cuisine.

Sacágawea was a breathless, thrilled, attentive witness to every small detail of their life—understanding nothing, delighted with everything. Never had she feasted so richly, nor tasted such strange delicacies. The fine flour of the white men, baked into delicious and delicate bread, was magic in itself. She watched with increasing anxiety the lavish use and careless waste of it by the cooks of the three messes. It would soon be gone, the lovely flour, and how would she ever be able to explain to little Baptiste how exceedingly fine it was, finer than the dust of the prairies?

"It will be gone," she thought wistfully. "And he will not believe my words. He will say no flour could be as fine as that."

She went shyly to the cook of the officers' mess; it was her mess, too.

"Could I have a very little of the fine flour?" she asked tim-

idly. "Just a small amount to put away and take care of, to keep among my treasures?"

"Sure," said the cook, with great good nature, for Sacágawea was a favorite with all. "There's the barrel. Help yourself. Take all you want."

Sacágawea took out a modest portion, folded it up carefully in a piece of coarse white cloth and wrapped it in a piece of dressed skin. This she put safely away in the most secure and secret part of her baggage.

The cook smiled at her. "Want anything else?" he asked pleasantly.

Sacágawea blushed to a dusky rose. "Could I have but one thing more?" she asked.

"Sure. If I've got it you can have it. What do you want?"

"Could I have a lump—just a little lump—the smallest of all the lumps in the big bag"—she stammered, apologetically—"of—the su-gar? It is very good of the taste. The su-gar."

The cook smiled. All women loved sweet things—savage or civilized. And this was the first sugar she had ever tasted.

"Take a bagful and put it away," he said kindly. "Then whenever you get an ache in your sweet tooth and want a nibble, you'll have it handy. Take all you want."

"Yes," she said gratefully, "I will like that."

Her heart swelled with childish gratitude. How generous these white men were—giving away like this, for nothing, those great treasures, the fine flour and the sweet sugar! She worked herself almost into a fever trying to find more wild onions for them, more artichokes, seeds and roots.

The Captains adhered to their determination to make Charbonneau bear his full share of the labor, which was prodigious. He was the least capable member of the party but they would accept no excuses. He might bungle his work, but work he must. Like the others, he was detailed to take his regular turn,

standing guard at night, rowing, steering, towing, hunting, cooking food, leading the horses. Yet his inefficiency often cost them dear.

On one day, having a favorable wind, they hoisted both sails in the white pirogue—the small square sail and the spritsail—which carried her up the river at a good rate. The men, pleasantly released from the toil of rowing, lolled about, singing, in good spirits. It being a favorable time, with fair wind and good water, and Charbonneau's turn, he was required to steer.

Clark had walked on shore that day and Lewis told him the denouement in the evening.

"It was about two o'clock. All of a sudden, a squall rose right out of the river, it seemed, and struck us square on, throwing the pirogue over on one side. Our matchless mariner, Charbonneau, immediately lost what head he has. He was white with terror. He threw the pirogue violently against the wind, sideways, gibing the spritsail and came within an ace of upsetting the pirogue."

Clark looked anxious. "With all our papers, our instruments, our medicine, and the best of our merchandise."

"Yes. And with three men on board who could not swim a stroke, besides Janey and the child. They must have perished in that water if she overturned. The waves were mountainous, and we were well over two hundred yards from shore."

"What did you do?"

"I did the only thing to do. I appealed to the man who has never yet failed us in emergency. I yelled, 'Quick, Drouillard, the helm! Take in the sails.' Drouillard, unruffled by the excitement, swept Charbonneau out of the way as if he had been a feather; executed the order; steered the pirogue adroitly before the wind, and saved the day."

"I suppose," said Clark slyly, "that our good Charbonneau will henceforth be excused from duty on the boat."

"He will be excused from nothing," said Lewis sternly. "The other men have learned to do everything required of them. And Charbonneau has got to learn."

The pleasantest period of the day came at their evening camp. Then, relaxing from their arduous labor, they lounged comfortably about, smoking, comparing notes on the doings of the day, amusing themselves with extravagant tales of what had occurred and might have occurred. The Captains mingled with the men on these occasions, exchanging tale for tale.

For some time, their talk had been chiefly of the famous bear which infested the region, the bear the Indians called "white," although it was a yellowish gray, or light brown in color. This white bear was the horrible grizzly, the terror of the frontiers.

Great tales they told of the ferocity of this brute, the Indians considering it a greater feat to kill one of them than two white men or three savages. They never attacked one singly but only in parties of six or eight and even then, more often than not, lost at least one of their group.

"When they go after the white bear," said Peter Cruzatte, "they paint themselves up and go through all their religious rites as if they were going to war. The white bear is Bad Medicine."

"With our fine arms and unparalleled marksmanship," said Lewis complacently, "I cannot feel greatly alarmed at the prospect of encountering them. After all, gunfire is deadly."

"The white bear can take a lot of gunfire though," said Le Page, who knew what he was talking about. "He eats up ammunition as if he liked it and goes raring right along full of brimstone."

But the men, whose confidence in their guns equaled Lewis's, were eager for the encounter, which they now daily anticipated.

Coming to a small creek, Charbonneau declared it marked the farthest western advance of white men.

"I came here with a party of hunters," he said. "We came exactly to this creek at this point. No white man has been farther."

"I came here with another Frenchman," said Le Page. "We went up the creek a mile or two. No white man has been farther on the Missouri."

"Then from this point," said Lewis in a pleased voice, "we are on virgin soil, explorers in good truth. From this point we blaze a new trail for the advance of civilization."

Every day one of the Captains walked on shore; Lewis with his dog Scannon, frequently accompanied by his favorite, Drouillard, or the lad, Shannon; Clark sometimes went alone, but often took Charbonneau, Sacágawea with her baby trudging patiently along. Both officers questioned the Indian woman extensively about her people, their customs and temper, trying to learn some words of their language, as it was essential to make friends with that tribe to procure horses for the passage of the mountains.

"When you see my people," Sacágawea told them, "tell them quickly that you are white men. *Tab-ba-bo-ne*. That is the word. *Tab-ba-bo-ne*. White man. Tell them at once. For you are now burned black as the Indians, and no Indians come here except to fight and steal their horses and their women. Pull up your sleeves and show them your white skin, quickly, and cry, '*Tab-ba-bo-ne*.'"

Their hardships increased as they went forward. Blinding storms set the fine sand swirling before them in great clouds like smoke until they could not see the banks of the rivers, nor the islands and sand bars before them. Unfavorable winds delayed them daily, rising in one sudden gust and blowing with hurricane force for hours at a time. The men's faces were blistered, their flesh cut and bleeding, their eyes half-blinded.

Yet when they reached the next famous landmark on their

route, the junction of the Yellowstone River with the Missouri, their spirits soared triumphantly. They laughed and sang. They saluted the spot with a discharge of rifles, pleased as boys. In sympathy for the hardships they had endured, and eager always to add to their high *esprit*, Lewis issued a dram of spirits all round. Small as the libation was, the abstemious life they had led rendered it quickly effective. They forgot their exhaustion, called for Cruzatte's fiddle, and fell to singing and dancing with great hilarity.

"Forgetful of past toils and regardless of those to come," Lewis remarked.

"A very good thing," said Clark. "If a drink no bigger than that can make them forget the hardships of these weeks, it is spirits well spent, though our supply runs low."

They soon had their wish to encounter the dreaded white bear. Lewis, walking with Drouillard on shore, came suddenly upon two in a clearing straight ahead. Each fired in the same instant, striking both. One wheeled and made his escape, the other, though wounded, pursued Lewis at top speed for seventy or eighty yards, when, having opportunity to reload, he turned and fired. Drouillard repeated his fire at the same instant. The bear, an immense creature and extremely ferocious, fell dead.

"They are bad playfellows," said Drouillard gravely. "No wound except through the head or heart is mortal, and they fight to the last gasp."

"And they would rather fight than avoid a man," Clark added warningly. "That's the worst of the creatures."

Lewis was still unconvinced of their deadliness. "The Indians," he said, "with their bows and arrows are wise to shun them. But in the hands of skillful riflemen, they are by no means as formidable or dangerous as they have been represented. See how promptly we felled that monster."

"Yes, but we had a good shot and we both hit a mortal

spot," said Drouillard. "I got him in the head, you in the heart. We can't count on such good fortune every time."

"I have great confidence in our guns,"¹⁸ said Lewis complacently. "And also in our marksmanship. And in no one's in the world, Drouillard, more than your own."

But Lewis was destined shortly to regard this prairie terror with less equanimity.

On days when the head winds made it impossible to proceed, Lewis worked on his scientific data while Clark walked on shore, drawing maps and charting the courses of the rivers. Sacágawea worked, too, racking her childish brain for new ways to lend assistance to the expedition; scouring the land for fruits and vegetables, mending the men's moccasins and their leather shirts, and always waiting upon her lord, Charbonneau, who never turned his hand to anything except by express command of the Captains. In camp he kept his handmaiden busy every moment, mending his garments, preparing his bed, cleaning his moccasins, handing him food and drink and tobacco.

Although the foliage was rich in the river valleys the hills were still covered deep with snow and the nights bitterly cold, so that even in May their moccasins froze stiff beside the camp-fire. The concurrent streams abounded in beaver, and the hunters had no trouble keeping them well supplied with that choice delicacy, their tails.

Engagements with the white bear became unpleasantly frequent. Clark and Drouillard discovered one on shore, the largest they had seen, and were obliged to shoot again and again before they could bring him down. Even then, with five balls in his lungs and five in other parts of his body, he swam more than half-way across the wide river to a sand bar. Fortunately, this bear chose to flee instead of attack.

"He ran," Clark said, "but he kept up the most tremendous roaring from the moment we shot him. He was extremely hard

to kill. Just look at him, Lewis. He must weigh five hundred and fifty pounds."

"You are too modest," said Lewis. "That bear will weigh six hundred."

"Oh, I hardly think so," said Clark conservatively, but highly flattered. "Not six hundred! But he is a tremendous-looking animal."

On that same day, with Clark and Drouillard sharing the immediate honors, Scannon was not to be relegated to the background. In a fair fast race, while the watching men cheered him on, he caught alive one of the swift-running antelopes and set the camp ringing with his praises.

"It was a good race," Clark admitted, "but the antelope is poor and with young."

When they were alone, Lewis sometimes chaffed his friend on the doting preference of the gentle Bird-Woman.

"I can never hold my own with you," he said. "We started fairly even, you with your York, I with my Scannon. Already you have left me far behind, having acquired a new follower in Janey, to say nothing of the little red baby."

"Poor soul," said Clark sympathetically. "She has good stuff in her, that Indian woman."

"She has!" agreed Lewis heartily. "She is worth two of her liege lord."

"Two! She's worth a dozen of him," declared Clark.

A few days later they had what approached the proportions of a major catastrophe in dealing with the ferocious freebooter, the white bear. The six men bringing up the rear in the two last canoes saw a large one lying in the open ground about three hundred paces from the river. Good hunters all, they resolved to attack. Taking advantage of a small hill which concealed them, they managed to work their way up to within forty paces unperceived by the bear.

By previous arrangement, two reserved fire for the expected emergency, while the four others fired at the same moment, each putting a ball into him, two passing straight through both lobes of his lungs. Immediately the monster charged, running straight at them with open mouth. The two who had reserved fire discharged their pieces and both struck, one inflicting but a slight wound, the other breaking his shoulder.

This deterred him but a moment. He gave them not an instant to reload their pieces, but put the entire party to flight, pursuing them hotly, roaring hideously, and nearly overtaking them before they could reach the river. Two managed to get into a canoe, and the others, separating, concealed themselves among the thick willow brush, taking advantage of the brief respite to reload their guns. Every man fired whenever he had a possible opportunity, striking him again and again. But the firing served only to direct him to the spot where they were hidden. Two he pursued, separately, so close they were obliged to throw away their guns and fling themselves twenty feet down the steep bank into the river.

So furious was his charge that he plunged into the river only a few feet behind the second man, churning the water into a frothy whirlpool as he continued his frenzied pursuit, when a man on shore shot him in the head and killed him.

This encounter increased their respect for the white bear, all now rating him a foe well worthy of their best mettle.

"That the bear is so hard to die," Lewis admitted, "rather intimidates me. I must confess I do not like the gentleman and had rather fight two Indians than one bear."

Yet he frequently walked on shore alone, armed only with his rifle and esparton. At Clark's urging that he take an escort he laughed.

"Well, don't go leaving cards on any white bears," Clark said.

"I still feel myself more than an equal match for one provided I get him in the woods or near the water," declared Lewis, "but I confess I feel a little diffidence with respect to an attack in the open plain."

"You may not be able to choose your vantage ground," Clark persisted, genuinely anxious for Lewis's safety. "It is bear come, bear served. And no time to send a call for reinforcements."

Lewis was not yet daunted. "However, to please you," he promised, "I will act on the defensive only if I meet one of the gentlemen in the open country."

One afternoon, again thanks to the inefficiency and cowardice of the pitiable Charbonneau, occurred a disaster which in one moment came near to wrecking the enterprise. Having but the slightest regard for his ability, realizing he was both timid in action and unresourceful in emergency, they were yet entirely unwilling to release him from his share of the labor. The only safeguard they allowed themselves was that when assigned to any position of real responsibility, it should be at the most auspicious moment when there was scant likelihood of any unexpected crisis.

"Do you suppose," Lewis asked, "that our good Charbonneau is smarter than we think, and makes a botch of his work on purpose, hoping to be released from further duty?"

"No, I do not think so," said Clark. "If he was smart enough for that, I would think more of him. In my opinion he botches things because he is too clumsy and too cowardly to do anything else."

Sharing the leather lodge on deck with the interpreters and Sacágawea, the Captains' only opportunity for private conversation came during the infrequent quiet hours when they could walk on shore together. On this day, having the most favorable wind and the fairest water, they availed themselves of the serenity and left the boat to walk on shore. Cruzatte was in charge of

the pirogue, which, taking advantage of the wind, was under sail. Charbonneau, admittedly the most timid waterman in the world, who lost his head in any emergency and could not swim a stroke, was at the helm. But the river was like velvet, the wind straight with them, the sky serene and cloudless. It did not seem that even Charbonneau could get in trouble in that peaceful paradise. On the boat all was quiet and content. In the stern sat Sacagawea, the baby dozing in its cradle, her dreamy eyes turned to the shore where the beloved Captains walked together.

A sudden treacherous squall of wind swept down from the northwest, contrary to the course they were so sweetly sailing, striking the boat obliquely and turning her full about. At the first roaring rush of wind, the officers stopped short in their track, and their eyes went instinctively to the precious white pirogue in mid-stream.

Charbonneau, stricken out of his wits by the unexpected blast, instead of putting the pirogue before the wind, luffed her directly up into it. The violence of the wind drew the brace of the square sail forcibly out of the hand of the man in charge, upset the pirogue, and would have turned her completely upside down except for the resistance of the canvas against the water.

The Captains, with one thought, fired their guns to attract the attention of the crew.

"Cut the halyards!" boomed Clark's strong voice. "The halyards—the halyards!"

"Haul in the sail!" roared Lewis. "Haul in the sail!"

But the men on the boat could hear nothing for the screaming wind. Their consternation was so great that for a full half minute they allowed the pirogue to lie helpless on her side, until she had filled with water within an inch of the gunwale. By some miracle she then righted, but Charbonneau, completely unnerved, making no effort to re-collect the rudder, dropped on his knees in the water and began crying in a loud voice:

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! God have mercy! God save us! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu."

He paid no attention to the furious orders of the outraged Cruzatte, but continued wringing his hands with renewed supplications for divine assistance.

Lewis, seeing "his darling project of ten years" tottering on the brink of complete ruin by the cowardice of the Frenchman, involuntarily dropped his gun, threw aside his shot pouch and unbuttoned his coat, ready to throw himself into the river to swim to the rescue of his boat.

"Lewis—my friend—what folly!" Clark ejaculated warningly, through set teeth. "You can never make it."

The boat was three hundred yards away, the waves so high that a pirogue could scarcely live in any situation, the stream rapid, and the water bitterly cold. Without removing his eyes from the laboring boat, he laid a restraining hand on Lewis's arm.

"Better lose a boat than a commander," he said.

Lewis, quickly brought to his senses, picked up his rifle. "You are right," he said dully. "It was a mad idea. It would have cost my life. But, Clark, if the white pirogue is lost, I shall no longer care for my life."

But the intrepid Cruzatte was not daunted. Seeing Charbonneau completely hysterical, depending on God alone and not turning a hand to correct his blunder, Cruzatte raised his gun.

"Charbonneau! Damn you!" he shouted. "Pick up that rudder and do your duty, or by God, I'll shoot you. I'm running this boat!"

Charbonneau, tossed suddenly between the Scylla of the storm and the Charybdis of the one-eyed Cruzatte's rage, tremblingly picked up the rudder. The waves were running high and wild by this time, but Cruzatte knew his business.

"Bail out the water with those kettles there, you men in front.

Here, Whitehouse and Ordway, grab an oar. We'll pull in! All together now! One—two—— Bail for your lives! To shore, boys!"

In the stern of the boat, silent and motionless, Sacágawea awaited the outcome. In the first crash, when the boat heeled before the wind, she fell sideways, instinctively tightening her hold on the straps of the baby's cradle to protect her child in any emergency. When the boat righted, she quietly resumed her position. The water reached to her waist, crept higher.

She glanced back at the head of the child—it was level with her chin. She looked at the rising water. It came almost to her breast. Yet she neither cried out nor stirred in her place. She raised the child higher on her shoulders and watched the rising water.

Cruzatte and the two oarsmen pulled with strong sweeping strokes, but the shore was a long way off. The men bailed frantically with their kettles, but their best efforts could not keep pace with the inflowing water. Tight-lipped, white-faced, hardly breathing, the Captains watched the pirogue as she settled into the water, and waded out, waist deep, their arms already outstretched to lend a final hand. The boat swayed dangerously now.

Again Sacágawea measured the water with her eyes. It was almost to her shoulder, flowing freely through the boat. Small articles, loosened from their places, floated to the surface—books, bottles, compasses, medical and scientific instruments—all the mysterious Great Medicine on which her Captains set such store—now at the mercy of the river.

Cruzatte and his oarsmen pulled for their lives, for the life of the boat, for the expedition! The bailers kept their kettles flying. But the white pirogue sank lower and lower, and they were still a hundred yards from shore.

CHAPTER EIGHT

SACAGAWEA, in the stern of the white pirogue, gave no sign of fear when the boat heeled and began filling with water, slowly settling. But when the water loosened from their places all the precious small articles by which the Captains set such store, and set them floating on the surface, her eyes clouded anxiously.

She did not at all understand why her Captains so prized these curious objects, which could not grind flour, catch game, cook food, nor kill enemies. Their love for the useless things was quite incomprehensible to her. But she realized that for some reason of their own they valued these things almost as their own lives. And here they were, floating on the water which was now passing freely in and out of the boat!

Her lips compressed into a determined line. These were her Captains' treasures, they must not be lost. Watching the flowing tide, she saw that every floating article must pass where she sat in the stern. Without a word to any one, she began retrieving them as they drifted by, her strong hands darting to the left, darting to the right, swiftly, catching books, papers, boxes, instruments—everything the water loosened. One by one she caught them and thrust them, one after another, inside her blanket and into her leather skirt.

As they neared shore, the boat scarcely above water, every man plunged overboard and, with the vigorous help of the Captains, dragged her to land, and not a moment to spare.

"Cruzatte, thank God! You have done well!"

"Much is lost, but more is saved, and for that thank God!"

Not until the pirogue was beached high and dry, did Sacágawea move from her place. When she rose, her shoulders were bowed, she moved awkwardly, staggering a little.

"She's hurt!" cried one. "Look at the squaw!"

"Something's happened!"

They ran to help her, Clark first. "Janey," he cried, "are you hurt? Let us help you."

She smiled happily. "Not hurt. But very full in the blanket—much stuff I carry. Small things that spill when I move."

She opened her blanket and showed them their rescued treasures: medicines, instruments, books and charts. They greeted the sight with a roar of laughter and a hearty cheer. The Captains, laughing, shook the small brown hand with grateful fervor.

"Janey, you are a good soldier!" they declared. "You are a great mariner! How did you get all this stuff?"

"I picked it out of the river," she said simply. "As it went swimming by, I caught it with my hands. It is our Great Medicine. Our Great Medicine must not drown."

"Janey, you should be captain of our fleet—no, our admiral! You are a real hero! You have saved the expedition!"

Gratified at having saved the boat and merchandise, which in their hearts they had given up for lost, the Captains consoled themselves and cheered the men with a gill of spirits, and then set all hands briskly to work, emptying the pirogue, bailing out water, drying merchandise. They made much of Sacágawea, for her courage and her resourcefulness at that dangerous moment, and she exulted in their show of admiration and respect.

"The squaw is a good woman," they said to each other. "She is no coward—like some."

Hardships and hazards increased as they advanced toward the Muscleshell. The country was hilly and broken, with little timber; sand bars and willow points disappeared from the river bed. Rattlesnakes became the most common of their camp call-

ers. Clark discovered one coiled between his legs as he walked on shore. One of the men, catching a branch in his bare hand, was shocked to find that with it he held a live rattlesnake which had lain stretched out upon it, unperceived. With the surprising good fortune that attended the party, he had caught it directly back of the head and was able to kill it before it had a chance to use its fangs.

The "book-writers" kept faithfully at their Journals. Whitehouse, who had abandoned his literary pursuit at Mandan—"too busy with his Indian amours," the men said—was persuaded to commence anew. Ordway and Gass were still punctilious in their efforts, Ordway treasuring his written words next to his very life.

"You know why Ordway keeps his book inside his shirt," the men said. "It is not to save the book, the book is in no danger. It is so we cannot read what he writes in it."

"What did you write in your book today, Ordway?" they inquired of him nightly.

"Nothing about you, if that's what you want to know."

"Yes, but read it word for word. We may have some ideas for you. You don't know everything."

Sometimes Ordway would read, interrupted with terse comments, queries, objections, often with bitter criticism.

"Friday 17th May 1805," he read one night. "A clear pleasant morning. Saw Spots of pitch pine but the knobs are washed so that there is not ever any grass on them the River hills look mountainous and make near the river on each Side we saw large gangs of elk which are getting more plenty than the buffaloes we saw a number of geese and goslings in the River about 2 o'clock P. M. we halted to dine at a narrow bottom on the S. S. where there was some old Indians camps. about 3 we proceeded on. toward evening I and several more of the party killed a female brown bear, the first female——"

"Listen to him brag!"

"What do you mean, 'I and several more'? Why didn't you put our names in, too! I helped kill that bear, didn't I? I shot the first ball into her."

"It was my shot killed her," declared another. "I put a ball straight in her head."

"It was too many names to write them all," was Ordway's defense. "If you want your names put in a Journal, write your own."

"I suppose you think the President will give you a medal for helping seven of us kill that brown bear."

But the raillery was good-natured. The Journals were always generous to the unfortunate, glossing over what was discreditable, omitting specific details and names. Charbonneau was anything but a favorite, yet his cowardice in jeopardizing the white pirogue was not dwelt upon, nor his name mentioned except in the Captain's own records.

One night the shrill cry of the sentinel brought every man to his feet, gun in hand. An immense tree, directly over the officers' tent, was blazing from top to bottom, kindled by a spark from the campfire. No order was issued, none was needed. Every man in the party leaped to the rescue of the lodge and in a trice it was removed to a safe distance, and in the nick of time, for almost immediately the blazing tree fell with a resounding crash and with a meteoric shower of sparks on the spot where the Captains had been sleeping.

Not till the danger was past was one word spoken. The Captains smiled comfortably at each other.

"I dare say it is as well that our good Charbonneau was not doing sentry-go tonight," said Lewis.

"He would have left it to God to put the fire out, and we would have been crushed to atoms or burned alive," assented Clark.

All night the party was harassed and pursued by the fire which spread to fallen timbers and could not be extinguished and, when they continued their route the next morning, was still raging furiously behind them.

Always in pursuit of the beaver, for their skins as well as for that delight of the epicure, their tender tails, the men shot one in the river, and Scannon, bold retriever, dived after it. But the beaver, not killed but wounded, turned on the dog for his life, biting him viciously in the hind leg, severing an artery. Scannon, without releasing his hold, turned toward shore, dragging the beaver with him. But he was bleeding badly, and swam more and more feebly.

"He's hurt!" cried one. At the word, half a dozen were in the water and off to their comrade's rescue.

He was Lewis's dog, and to Lewis they carried him in their arms, for he was unable to walk, could no longer lift his head, and the blood came profusely in great red jets. It was only with difficulty Lewis could check the flow of blood, and for several days despaired of his life. The men showed as much concern for him as if he had been one of their fellows, as indeed he was. The morning inquiry on every lip was, "How's Scannon?" until he was reported out of danger, when their relief and satisfaction was the joy of brotherhood.

In mapping the tributaries of the Missouri, Clark suggested that they name a creek for Sacágawea, in recognition of her resourcefulness and courage in salvaging their goods from the river.

Lewis readily acquiesced. "She well deserves it," he declared. "It is an honor more than earned. Though, in one way, I am sorry to do this. All these weeks I have shunned her name like a plague, but after the high service she has rendered, the least I can do is to cope once with the intricate syllables of her name."

"Sar—ca—ger—weah," he wrote laboriously.

"Come here, Janey. See what I am doing," Clark called to her when working on his map that evening.

She went at once, shy, but delighted with the small attention, and gazed in mute admiration at the bit of parchment with its incomprehensible lines and letters.

"Now, watch closely. Do you see this big strong line? This is the Missouri River. It is a picture of the country I am drawing, to go to our Great Father, the giver of the flags and medals.—So! This is the Missouri, and this line here is the Muscleshell River. Right there."

"Right there," she repeated, pleased but puzzled.

"And do you see this fine little river up here—this nice wavy line? It is a river that comes into the Muscleshell on the upper side. Right here! It is a nice handsome river, but it has no name. Captain Lewis—the Long Knife—and I must give it a name. What do you think we are naming this pretty river?"

"I do not know," she said, with simple truth.

"We are naming this fine river in honor of a brave woman who sat in a sinking boat and caught all our Great Medicine which, but for her, would have been lost forever. We are naming this river—uh—Sa-ka-gar-we-a, in honor of our Snake interpreter."

Sacágawea trembled. She grew quite pale. Her dark eyes widened, became mistily luminous. She leaned over the map and studied it with intense interest, her finger following "the nice wavy line."

"In honor for me," she gasped. "To go to our Great White Father—with my name on it."

"Right. And no one in our outfit has better right to such an honor."

Lewis joined them, smiling warm agreement. "Yes, Janey," he said corroboratively, "we ascribe to you equal fortitude and courage with any man in the party."

Sacágawea could not take her eyes from the map with its curious, curly lines.

"It is a river and called in honor for me, Sacágawea," she repeated. "The Great Father will be surprised, won't he?"

"How are you going to spell our squaw's name in your book, Ordway?" the men asked him that night. "You've got to put names to the rivers or the Congress won't give you that medal you're after. Let's hear you spell her name."

"I didn't try to spell it. I just said there was a river came in there," said Ordway. "I don't have to do the naming. I'm just a sergeant, I'm no Adam."

They were skirting the northern boundary of the Black Hills. "The hills and river cliffs now exhibit a most romantick appearance," Clark wrote enthusiastically. "On each side of the river is a white soft sandstone bluff which rises to about half the height of the hills, on the top of this cliff is a black earth, in many places this sandstone appears like antient ruins some like elegant buildings some like towers."

The timber was small now and scarce, and with the timber went the beaver also. There were but few buffalo. The river was strewn with rocks and dangerous rapids, banked with rugged white bluffs.

Travel was hard, mostly with cord and poles, forcing the way by brute strength over the riffles, in constant danger of dashing against the rocks. The tow lines, except one, were of elkskin which stretched easily and broke often, so that eternal vigilance was the absolute price of their lives.

On Sunday, May twenty-sixth, Lewis walked on shore alone with Scannon, arduously climbing to the peak of the river hills, where suddenly, on the summit of the highest point, he beheld the Rocky Mountains in the distance for the first time. They were covered with snow and the setting sun shone upon them with brilliant reflections.

"That is why the Indians call them the Shining Mountains," he thought.

Captain Lewis, whose life was now inextricably bound up in this expedition, stood silent a long time, gazing and wondering, a little awed, deeply stirred.

"My chief feeling," he told Clark, "was one of pleasure in finding myself so near the head of what had long been conceived the boundless Missouri. But then, reflecting on the difficulties which this snowy barrier would most probably throw in our way to the Pacific, and the sufferings and hardships of myself and the party in them, it in some measure counterbalanced the joy I felt in the first moment I gazed upon them."

"The sooner we get into them, the sooner we'll get out," said Clark, with his usual practical philosophy.

"Yes." Lewis smiled. "And as I have always held it a crime to anticipate evils, I will believe it a good comfortable road until I am compelled to believe differently."

Clark laughed. "Don't depend on it strongly enough to throw away your moccasins and take it barefoot," he advised.

Almost every day brought fresh physical agonies, almost every night new alarms. One night a huge buffalo bull, swimming the river, came alongside the white pirogue and, mistaking it for the bank, clambered clumsily aboard and crossed to land. Alarmed at his unnatural surroundings, he turned suddenly and ran up the bank at full speed toward the fires, within two feet of the heads of the sleeping men.

The sentinel, brandishing his gun and shouting at the top of his voice, managed to turn him from his course. Still more alarmed by the sudden clamor, the buffalo turned straight toward the flimsy leather lodge where the officers lay, passing between four fires and within a few inches of the heads of one range of men who had not awakened. But that lodge was Scanlon's to protect. At his noisy approach the tireless dog dashed

out, barking fiercely, and, causing the buffalo to change his course a second time, saved the lodge.

By this time the camp was in an uproar, the men, rifles in hand, loudly inquiring the cause of the alarm, anticipating nothing less than a massacre by the Blackfeet. The officers, shouting alternating orders and inquiries, eventually got the true account from the sentinel. Upon examination they found that the only damage wrought was the bending and breaking of a rifle York had carelessly left on board, the breaking of a pivot and shattering of the stock of a blunderbus.

Relieved that no man in the party had been hurt in what might easily have resulted in serious injury or death, they were so well content with the outcome that they did not even chide York for his carelessness.

"That white pirogue has a devil inside her," said Clark.

"An evil genie at the least," assented Lewis. "Perhaps we were wrong to blame Charbonneau for his misadventure. After all, mere mortal man cannot cope with unfriendly spirits."

Exploring alone far up one of the tributaries of the Missouri, Clark came upon a beautiful river about seventy-five yards wide, with a clean gravelly bed, without rocks or riffles. The swiftly flowing current was clear and sparkling, the sunshine glinted on the rippling waves. Wild roses and honeysuckle, mixed with the graceful small red willow, fringed its banks in fragrant profusion against a background of box elder and cottonwood willow.

The sun cast myriad jewel-like sparkles on the clear water, which rippled softly in its swift course, with a sound like the low gurgle of happy laughter.

Clark, standing in the fragrant profusion of flowers, looking at the sparkling stream, suddenly no longer saw the river, nor the flower-lined banks. He was transported back in memory, many miles and many months, to a pleasant white house among

the low green hills of Kentucky. He saw a lovely child running over the velvety grass, roses and honeysuckle in her hair and hands, laughing in the sunshine, with solicitude behind her laughter. Little Judy!

Clark smiled. There was sudden homesickness in the smile.

"I do not see that I am ever possibly to deliver her that Indian," he thought whimsically. "I will give her this river instead. I will call it Judith's River. Laughing water—roses and honeysuckle—sunshine. Judy's River."

Lewis had already decided to name this river the Big Horn, but yielding as he always did to Clark's preference, the river was duly christened "Judith's."

Since the episode of Sacágawea's creek, the Indian woman had taken a passionate, personal interest in the making of maps, hovering interestedly near when Clark was engaged on them, as one who had a vital part in that important business. Clark, always willing to humor her, permitted her to gaze silently as he worked and gave brief explanations of what he did.

"This," he said that night, "we call Judith's River."

Lewis laughed, and unaccountably Clark felt himself flushing.

"What is it—Ju-diths?" Sacágawea asked interestedly. "What does it mean?"

"Oh, it doesn't mean anything. It is just a name."

"Is it the name of a person?"

"Yes. The name of a little girl I know at home. A mere child," he explained. "Daughter of one of my friends."

"Is it a girl-child?" she persisted. "How old is the little child?"

Conscious of the amusement in Lewis's eyes, Clark was short in his answer. "Yes, a girl-child. Very young. Oh, about thirteen, I guess."

"Thirteen," repeated Sacágawea gravely. "Thirteen snows

and thirteen summers." She shook her head sagely. "She is not a girl-child when she has thirteen summers, she is a child-woman.—Ju-diths."

Clark folded his maps hurriedly away. "That's all tonight," he said, and did not meet the laughter in Lewis's eyes.

Day by day the passage of the river became more labored. Rapids were frequent, almost continuous, and very fast. The river bed was thickly strewn with rocks. The banks and bluffs were so slippery with mud the men could not maintain their footing but were obliged to discard their moccasins and go bare-foot, dragging the heavily laden boats over riffles sometimes several hundred yards at a stretch. In many places the shore afforded no footing at all, and they had to wade in the icy water up to their armpits. Their feet, cut on the rocks, were bleeding and sore. The tow rope of the ill-starred white pirogue broke at a dangerous point and she nearly upset. The men, without waiting for an order, leaped into the water and secured her with their hands. Not a word of complaint was heard. However Clark decreed was the way to carry on, they carried on, grimly, with dogged determination and undiminished spirit.

While Clark and the boat crew labored like so many Titans up the river, Lewis was concerned with a pet invention of his own contriving. Anticipating the hazards of the upper Missouri, at the United States Arsenal at Harper's Ferry he had superintended the construction of the metal frame of a canoe, easily portable, light, strong and capacious, which he designed to cover with elk hides to constitute a hardy leather boat. As the time was near when, if ever, the curious contrivance must justify his expectations, he kept the hunters busy from morning till night bringing in game to provide the needed skins.

The men were inclined to regard this device with small respect. "Our iron boat," they called it.

Lewis admitted that she was only an experiment, but one in

which he had high hopes of effective service. "If she succeeds," he said, "our iron boat will be worth her weight in gold, a hundred times over. And if she fails—well, she is only an experiment, and all scientific advance lies along the experimental road."

Clark cheerfully relinquished Charbonneau from the boating crew to join the huntsmen.

"I am never quite sure," he admitted, "whether he is pushing with the rest or being pulled by them. After all, if he goes ashore with a gun, he is almost sure to hit something once in a while. At least, he can help pack home the game."

In the course of hunting Drouillard found himself suddenly face to face with a huge white bear. He fired, and the wounded beast charged madly. Drouillard ran at top speed—and Drouillard ran, as he did everything else, exceedingly well—and managed to get safely up a tree. At a little distance, Charbonneau, who had been an interested spectator of the exciting foot race, suddenly found himself in the painful rôle of active participant.

The bear, losing Drouillard, wheeled headlong and made for Charbonneau, who, as always in an emergency, frightened out of his wits, forgot to fire, but turned, screaming to God to lend a hand, and ran for his life. Not daring to turn for a good shot, although his gun was loaded, he fired into the air in a faint hope to frighten the monster. Not succeeding in this, he managed to reach a thick clump of brush in which he secreted himself securely, while Drouillard came down from his tree and proceeded to kill the bear. So securely, indeed, had Charbonneau effected his concealment that Drouillard had trouble locating him when the foe lay dead.

One morning they came most unexpectedly to the mouth of a sturdy river, quite as large as the one they had ascended, sweeping down from the North. Great was their consternation. They

had never heard of such a river. No Indians had mentioned it. No general chart of the country indicated its existence.

Which of these two great streams was the real Missouri? They must not mistake their course at this critical juncture.

They appealed to Sacágawea.

"What river is this?" they asked her. "Where does it come from? Which of these streams is the true Missouri and our right course?"

"I do not know this river," she admitted, almost weeping that she was unable to satisfy them, "I do not know any rivers until we come to where the Missouri becomes Three Rivers. From there I know. My people do not come on this river."

A mistake at this moment would prove disastrous, if not fatal. Pursuing the wrong course, they might penetrate far into the Rockies before discovering their error; obliged to retrace the labored miles, with two months of the traveling season already elapsed, the entire summer would be wasted on a fool's errand.

The psychological effect on the men was also to be considered. Confidently courageous as they were while continuing their steady though painful progress, bearing its terrific vicissitudes without demur, they would surely become disheartened by a serious setback, might even deliberately abandon the project. The Captains realized fully that their success depended on maintaining, not military morale alone, but the ardent co-operative enthusiasm of every member of the party.

The Indians had assured them that the Missouri approached very near to the head waters of the Columbia on the western slope. They must discover and follow the true Missouri, and no other.

"Let's camp here and have a good rest while we settle this thing," said Lewis, with a cheerfulness he did not feel.

Three men in light canoes were sent up both rivers to take observations, while others explored the land in all directions.

"We are bound to know the Missouri eventually," Lewis said, "The Missouri has the Great Falls. In the end, we shall be sure."

The Captains, with their books and charts and courses, tried vainly to solve the teasing problem, while the men in camp worked good-naturedly dressing skins for the *Experiment* and for clothing. Their feet were so mangled and bruised it was only with great pain that many of them could walk or even stand. For days they had gone barefoot, unable to endure the soft pressure of their moccasins. Haggard, gaunt and sore, they still maintained their miraculous good nature, even their zeal for the magnificent adventure. Sore feet would soon heal. But the expedition was a man-sized job for any hero!

The returning scouts could not settle the question. The North Fork was deeper, not so rapid, offering easy navigation. Its waters were of the same yellow, muddy quality as the Missouri, the current boiling and rolling, like the Missouri. The South Fork was wider, but very swift, difficult of ascent, the water clear and cold.

For the first time the men showed uncertainty and doubt, their confidence wavered. Determined to satisfy them at all cost, the Captains resolved to continue the investigation themselves on the following day, each with a small party. They made great sport of preparing baggage to take the trail.

"If I continue with this party long enough," Lewis said, "you will finally make a man of me. This is the first time in my life I have had knapsack and blanket happerst in readiness to swing on my back to take the trail."

"From present indications it will not be the last," said Clark.

"Oh, I am fully aware of that," Lewis agreed cheerfully. "This is just a preamble to break me in for a worse future."

On the next day, Lewis, with a party of six men, went up the North Fork while Clark turned south, leaving in camp those too

feeble and sore to travel, who occupied themselves making moc-casins and nursing their bruised feet, while a few of the hardier ones limped painfully out to hunt.

The plan was for each party to advance one and a half day's journey and return with their observations. Clark's party consisted of Gass, the Fields brothers, young Shannon and York.

"I done gotta go, Marse Billy," York had argued in his own behalf. "Didn' ole Yawk promise Miss Judy and promise eva-body at he go evah whah Marse Billy go?"

Their first day was significant only for the comparatively trivial incident that a white bear nearly got Jo Fields, who, beset suddenly, could not fire because his gun was wet. The bear pursued him so closely that he struck Fields' foot with his open jaw as he ran. The chase having taken them quickly behind a high cliff, the others could not assist, but by yelling at the tops of their voices and firing repeatedly in quick succession, by some divine miracle they alarmed the bear until he abandoned the chase and took off.

On the next day they had their revenge. Three white bears calmly approached their camp as if bearing a flag of truce, but the men, in no mood to accept social amenities from this redoubtable species, fired simultaneously, killing all three and celebrated their victory by lingering in camp long enough to enjoy a ceremonial feast of part of the meat. At noon, reconnoitering from a high rise of ground, Clark perceived that the river ran west of south for a long distance, with a strong rapid current, continuing its width, depth and rapidity.

"We need go no further," he declared. "This is the true Missouri." And they turned back.

In the meantime, Lewis, proceeding up the North Fork, at the end of a day and a half's hard marching, observed that his branch continued wide and of easy ascent, veering far to the north.

"This," he said, "is not our course. It is some other river, not the Missouri."

"Well, sir, begging leave to differ with you," said Peter Cruzatte, "I figure this must be the Missouri. It's wide and smooth and keeps the yellow mud color of the Missouri, and heads off easy to the mountains. As I see it, this must be the Missouri."

Cruzatte, the best riverman in the party, held the implicit confidence of the men. Hearing his views, they wavered doubtfully, feeling that he knew his business. They loved Lewis, he was a great commander and a loyal friend; but Cruzatte was a riverman.

"We will hear the report from the other party," Lewis compromised agreeably. "I have great confidence in you, Cruzatte, but I cannot believe this is the Missouri."

To shorten their return, they worked their way dangerously over high bluffs above the river where the night rain had soaked the surface, making it as slippery as ice. Passing along the face of one of these bluffs, Lewis slipped in a narrow pass and only adroit use of his esponton saved him from being hurtled down a craggy precipice into the river. He had scarcely gained a foothold where he could stand with comparative safety, thanking God for his narrow escape, when he heard a cry of shrill terror behind him.

"God! God, Captain, what shall I do?"

Turning he saw Windsor, who had slipped in the same pass and was lying prostrate on his belly, his right hand and arm extending clear over the precipice, clinging precariously with his left arm and foot. It was a ghastly situation and looked hopeless.

"First Floyd—Newman—Windsor," the shocked thought raced through Lewis's mind, expecting at any moment to see Windsor lose his feeble hold and slip off the precipice into the river. Alarmed as he was, the Sublime Dandy downed his fears

and forced confidence into his voice, which rang out clear and calm.

"You're all right, Windsor, you're all right! Hang on! You can get out of there. Don't be afraid, just do as I tell you. Take the knife out of your belt—move slowly—use your right hand. Good! Dig a hole in the face of the bank—it is not hard. Don't hurry. You've plenty of time. Now put your right foot in that hole and raise yourself on your knees."

Windsor, with the divine blindness of faith, obeyed to the letter.

"That's good! Now take off your moccasins. Take your knife in one hand, your gun in the other. Come forward slowly on your hands and knees. Come slowly. Don't lose your head. You are in no danger. I can see from here that you will make it."

Windsor, unhesitating, did as Lewis directed, and escaped from what had appeared to be certain and terrible death.

Lewis, almost overcome with relief and gratitude, clasped his hand. "Windsor, my boy, well done," he cried. "You can thank God for a narrow escape. I thought you were gone."

"You thought I was gone!" ejaculated Windsor. "Why, you said I was in no danger."

Lewis laughed. "Danger passed is no longer danger," he said. "It was a close call."

But they had had enough of the treacherous slippery bluffs and struck inland. That night they camped in an abandoned Indian stick lodge and slept on willow boughs after a good supper, feeling well repaid for the toilsome day, even Windsor making light of his dangerous adventure as they lay snug and safe about their fire.

"So much," said Lewis, "will a good shelter, a dry bed and a comfortable supper revive the spirits of the wearied, wet and hungry traveler."

The next day in good spirits they continued down the river bottom through mud and water and rejoined Clark and the main party at the Two Forks.

"And what did you make of the rivers?" Lewis asked anxiously. "Did you discover the true Missouri?"

"The South Fork is the true Missouri," said Clark.

Lewis smiled. "We are in perfect accord even when we are separated and must reach independent conclusions," he said. "I entirely agree with you. The North Fork is not the Missouri. I should like, if you do not mind, to call that river for my cousin, Maria Wood. After all, I cannot permit you to reserve all such honors for your own favorites. It is true that the hue of the waters of this turbulent and troubled stream but illy comport with the pure celestial virtues and amiable qualifications of that lovely fair one; but on the other hand it is a noble river. Let us call it Maria's."

To lighten their advance, they determined to make a cache of all supplies not absolutely essential to their progress, leaving the red pirogue there also. Whitehouse, puzzling over his Journal that night, encountered some difficulty.

"I want to put in that we are going to cash our supplies here, as they ordered," he said. "What is it to cash our supplies? What is a cash?"

Charbonneau explained in great detail, Whitehouse listening attentively to every word.

"To cash means to dig a hole," he duly recorded in his book.

Although the Captains were fully agreed as to their true course, most of the men, following Cruzatte, still inclined to the belief that the North Fork was the Missouri. Lewis offered a friendly compromise.

"Captain Clark and I," he said, "believe the southern fork to be our route. But we may be mistaken and you men have the right of it. So I shall take a small party and proceed up the river

as fast as possible until we obtain positive proof. Captain Clark will remain here to complete the cache, and then—being a better boatman than I, as you know—will proceed leisurely with the boats until we either discover the Falls or reach the mountains. If my advance party finds we are on the wrong route, we shall return with all haste to set you right.”

But the busy and exciting day was not due for so agreeable a close. As they were preparing to retire, Charbonneau came up with his characteristic helpless shrug.

“The squaw says she is sick,” he said. “Is it that she could perhaps have some medicine?”

“I will come and see her,” said Clark.

“We will both see her,” added Lewis, as they went together.

They were shocked and alarmed to find her extremely ill, with raging fever, lying with both hands clasped over her abdomen.

“I have pain,” she moaned. “I hurt. Help me.”

She looked trustfully up into Clark’s encouraging kind eyes.

“We will help you,” he promised gently. “Don’t be afraid.”

They questioned and examined her, and then, consulting, agreed upon the best treatment.

“You’d better do her doctoring, Clark,” Lewis said, and smiled. “She trusts you. She feels—as all the Indians feel—that there is some mysterious magic in that red head of yours that puts you far ahead of me with my Philadelphia education.”

“All right,” Clark consented agreeably. “You tell me what to do and I will do it.”

“Sah-cah-gah-we-a our Indian woman is very sick, this evening,” Lewis wrote in his Journal that night. “Captain Clark bled her.”

But her fever and her pain increased, and not the combined magic of Clark’s red head and Lewis’s medical studies at the feet of Rush could afford relief.

CHAPTER NINE

"TAKE good care of our little squaw! If we have to dispense with any member of the party at this stage, let it be her *bon homme*, not Janey!"

These were Lewis's last words to Clark when he set off up the river with his party of reconnoiter.

"If we could get rid of him—temporarily at least," said Clark moodily, "she would get well faster, I am sure."

By the time the men had finished the cache and reloaded the boats, Sacágawea was much worse, moaning, tossing restlessly, half delirious. As her own place in the bottom of the pirogue was exposed to the sun and very hot, Clark had her moved into his own quarters in the stern under the leather awning. This pleased Charbonneau as it permitted him to enjoy the more comfortable situation and he was assiduous in his presence if not his exertions on her behalf.

Many of the men were ill, weakened by the hardships of the ascent, afflicted with fevers, tumors and boils, but in spite of their own discomfort they shared Clark's solicitude for the Indian woman.

"You want to put in your books about our squaw," they reminded the book-makers. "That's very important."

"So it is," said Whitehouse gratefully. "I am glad you reminded me."

He wrote rapidly. "Our squaw is very sick and I am very sick myself."

The *esprit* of the party had undergone a significant change

since the departure from Mandan. Up to that point, the expedition had been strictly military, regulated on rigid regimental lines. But after Mandan, where the temporary recruits returned down the river, those who set their faces west on the untraveled river, were no longer so many units of a military detail, but now formed a united band, men of one purpose, inseparably joined, presenting a solid front to the unknown hazards ahead. Every man had implicit and unwavering confidence, not in their officers only, but each man in every other, realizing that upon him, and upon every one, depended both the success of the enterprise and their own lives.

It was no longer, "The Captains are writing," "The Captains walked on shore;" it was "our Captains." It was not "Captain Lewis's dog" which gave the night alarms and retrieved the wounded beaver; it was "our dog." And by the same token, it was no longer "the Frenchman's squaw," or "Charbonneau's Snake woman," but "our squaw," "our Snake interpreter."

The sole exception was Charbonneau, who never entered into the inner spiritual harmony of the group. Yielding to necessity, he accepted his share of the labor, but under protest. The others, seeing a job that needed doing, set quickly about it, got it out of the way. He waited for explicit orders. It was not merely that he was inefficient; he was unwilling. The men would have preferred to bear his share of the labor than accept the hazards of his carelessness and lack of skill, but the Captains were doggedly determined he should not be spared. They had no place for a sluggard.

"Me, I do not know how to handle the oars," he would say.

"You, you can learn," was Clark's grim answer. "The other men learned. You can learn, too."

And he did learn, after a fashion, though always at great risk to the boat and to the expedition.

Their advance on the South Fork was incredibly difficult. The

current grew more and more swiftly turbulent, "the rapidest water I ever saw any craft taken through," Ordway declared. The boats shipped water continually, were ever on the point of overturning with their precious lading; every man stood by, alert at every moment, for any emergency.

Sacágawea moaned and fretted. Clark remained with her almost constantly, trying every remedy his ingenuity suggested or his anxiety prompted. He made warming poultices of barks and applied them to her abdomen, where, even in delirium, she moaned, "hurt, hurt." Her pulse was scarcely perceptible, fast and irregular, her fingers and arms twitched constantly. He tried "cataplasms of barks and laudanum," but could see no improvement. Charbonneau was satisfied to remain near her, glad of so good an excuse to escape the drudgery of dragging boats up the dangerous river.

To the last man, they were beset with doubts as to whether this was indeed the true Missouri, and in dread of having to retrace the dreary miles so agonizingly gained. But the joy of certainty rewarded them at last. One afternoon the bowsman spied a man high on the river bank before them, waving his arms, shouting unintelligibly. They could not hear the words, but pressed on, their eyes on the solitary, gesticulating figure.

"It's Fields!"

"Hold up—come to!" was the order.

The boats stopped.

"Hurray! Hurray!" came his words of triumph. "It's the Missouri! We have come to the Falls! It's the true Missouri!"

Suffering, sick, exhausted as they were, a cheer went up from the little fleet. The bitter miles had not been suffered in vain.

"You've got to give our Captains credit," declared Peter Cruzatte. "Our Captains were right."

"Our Captains are always right," was the loyal concensus, and the men smiled with a complacency that was strictly personal.

These were their captains, these wise men who did not make mistakes.

Sacágewea missed the excitement of that dramatic pronouncement from the bluff above the river, did not hear the ringing cheers of the boatmen. She was lying, thin hands clasped helplessly above her pain, hardly conscious of anything, hearing nothing.

"Hurt—hurt," was her murmured plaint, and the men, remembering her, cut short their joyous cheering.

It was the distant roaring of the great falls that gave Lewis and his little party their first appraisal of success. Lewis stopped short.

"Listen!"

A smile of relief brightened his tired face and the tired faces of every man.

"That roaring," he said positively, "is too tremendous to be mistaken for any cause short of the Great Falls of the true Missouri. This is our river. We have taken the right course."

Day after day they had staggered on, their feet bruised and bleeding, pierced at every step by the prickly pears which cut their thin moccasins like needles. They had barely given themselves time to eat in their anxiety to relieve the laboring crew on the river at the earliest possible moment. Now, relief had come! Forgetting their aching muscles, their weary bones, their bleeding feet, they hurried on and presently saw great clouds of feathery spray jutting up in the clear air!—Still on!—The Great Falls!

Lewis, awed and admiring, tried to depict their majesty and was so disgusted with the inadequacy of words he was tempted to cross out all he had written and try again.

"Oh," he sighed, "for the pencil of Salvator Rosa or the pen of Thomson that I might be enabled to give to the enlightened world some just idea of this truly magnificent and sublimely

grand object which has from the commencement of time been concealed from the view of civilized man."

Sending Fields to bear the good tidings to the river crew, the exhausted party of reconnoiter refreshed themselves with the first real meal they had allowed themselves.

"Could there be a more sumptuous banquet," Lewis wondered, "than buffalo humps, tongues and marrowbones, fine trout, parched meal, pepper and salt, and a good appetite? And the last, my friends," he added soberly, "is not the least of the luxuries."

Setting one man to prepare a scaffold and collect wood to jerk their meat, he sent the others in search of more game, while he set off up the river, alone, armed with his gun and esparton, to explore the region and see how long a portage would be required.

From childhood, Lewis had been a solitary man. Even in the midst of the social life in Washington, his happiest hours were those spent alone in the surrounding forests. As a child, at eight years old, he had frequently spent the entire night in the woods, hunting, walking, dreaming, a happy solitary child.

His walk up the river, alone, through that untrod land, was a pleasure so great it was a passionate ecstasy within him. But when he rejoined the party, the account of his adventures struck chill to every heart.

"He bears a charmed life," they said among themselves. "He cannot be killed."

"He's got this job to do," thought Clark. "Not even death can stop him till it's done."

But before Lewis would gratify their curiosity for details, he went to see Sacágawea, now thin and pale, so weak she could not move on her bed, nor lift her head. He was shocked at her condition.

"It is a pathetic situation," he said, deeply touched. "Sad for

her, so young, and with that helpless child in her arms. And sad for us, too, my friend, because her presence is our sole dependence for a friendly negotiation with her people."

"See what you can do for her, Lewis. I am at my wit's ends. If she dies, it will be Charbonneau's fault, I am convinced. He kept her waiting on him, jumping up and down, until she was unable to stand, and for all my orders, he would not desist. When she became so violent I expressly told him to keep away and leave her entirely alone. But you can do nothing with Charbonneau."

"I suppose he considers that she is only his squaw and that is her sole purpose in life."

"If he soon has no squaw it will serve him right. Why, I believe the man would have her do his share of work on the boat if I would permit it. And the poor creature obeys him expressly whatever he commands. The law of the tribes comes before her own good. She is completely terrified by him."

"She is his slave," said Lewis. "She has to obey."

"She was sick and fairly out of her senses, moaning and talking. She would not take her medicine. But Charbonneau swaggered up to her bed, stood over her, and said in his short way, 'Here, Dog, what does this mean? Open your mouth. Drink this.' And the poor creature obeyed without a murmur."

Lewis, constituting himself her personal physician, continued the cataplasms of barks and laudanum extraneously and gave her a mixture of bark tea and opium, which had a good effect, strengthening the failing pulse. Men were sent to a distant sulphur spring to bring water for her and she was permitted no other drink.

"If you can keep Charbonneau away from her, you're a better man than I am," said Clark grimly.

"Perhaps I can find some mild occupation that will engage him, away from the pirogue," Lewis decided thoughtfully.

When Sacágawea, soothed by the opium, was asleep, and the men were lounging comfortably in camp, Lewis yielded to their demand for a full account of his adventurous stroll up the cascading river.

"It was a long walk, longer than I had anticipated," he said cheerfully. "Seventeen miles, each way. I like solitude, but I do not take it fasting. Deciding to procure game, I succeeded very well, selecting a fat buffalo and shooting him through the lungs. As I stood gazing at the poor creature, discharging blood from his mouth and nostrils, expecting him to fall every instant, having entirely forgotten to reload my rifle, a large white bear crept on me within twenty steps before I discovered him."

"The first rule of a frontiersman, as I have often heard my particular friend Lewis remark," interrupted Clark slyly, "is to keep his rifle loaded ready for action."

"Right!" Lewis smiled. "At first I drew up my gun to shoot, but recollected that she was not loaded and that he was too near for me to perform this operation before he reached me, as he was advancing briskly. It was an open level plain, not a bush within miles nor a tree less than three hundred yards. The river bank was sloping and not more than three feet above the level of the water. In short there was no place by means of which I could conceal myself from this monster until I could charge my rifle. In this situation I thought of retreating in a brisk walk as fast as he was advancing until I could reach the tree three hundred yards below. But I had no sooner turned myself about than he pitched at me open-mouthed and full speed. I ran about eighty yards and found he gained on me fast. I then ran into the water. The idea struck me to get into the water to such depth that I could stand and he would be obliged to swim and that I could then defend myself with my esponton. I ran hastily into the water about waist deep and faced about and presented the point of my esponton."

"We can see that by some miracle you survived," said Clark; "otherwise I should declare you a dead man at this moment."

"At this instant he arrived at the edge of the water within twenty feet of me. The moment I put myself in this attitude of defense he suddenly wheeled about as if frightened, declined the combat on my terms and retreated with as great precipitation as he had pursued me. As soon as he ran off I reloaded my gun, but he continued across the plain into the woods at full speed, sometimes looking back as if he feared pursuit. The cause of his alarm remains mysterious and unaccountable, but I feel gratified that he declined the encounter."

"Perhaps you were the first white man he ever saw," said Clark. "He seemed to take no fancy to you on close inspection."

"It seemed that all the beasts of the neighborhood had made a league to destroy me," continued Lewis. "As I proceeded I saw a tiger cat crouching and peering at me as if ready to spring. I fired and it instantly disappeared in its burrow. I had not proceeded more than three hundred yards when three bull buffalo feeding with a large herd, separated from the herd and made at me at full speed. I thought at least to give them some amusement and turned to meet them. But when they came within a hundred yards they made a halt, took a good look and retreated."

"And what then?" demanded Clark.

"I gave up my idea of camping alone at this place and though the prickly pears piercing my feet assured me it was not all a dream, as I was inclined to believe, I made the best of my long way to camp."

"What, was that the end of your adventures?" ejaculated Clark. "Only a bear, a tiger and three buffalo bulls! What a dull time you had of it!"

Lewis laughed. "One more trifling episode," he admitted. "When I awoke from my good sleep this morning I found a

large rattlesnake coiled on the leaning trunk of the tree under which I had been lying and only a few feet away. I killed him."

"I wonder he did not run off, too. You must bear some secret charm that drives wild beasts from your presence."

"The best charm to drive off wild beasts is a gun, and a gun that's kept primed for action," declared Lewis.

While Clark with a small detail planned the portage around the Falls, Lewis, having set the men to packing the baggage in bundles suitable for carrying, devoted himself to Sacágawea. Acting upon Clark's suggestion, he appointed Charbonneau on the detail preparing a second cache, and for this, or some other reason, Sacágawea, with the rugged recuperative powers of youth and natural good health, quickly regained her strength.

When she was once more able to move about the camp, the men praised and congratulated her, showering little attentions upon her, to her childish surprise and pleasure. Charbonneau resented favors shown her in which he had no share.

"You need exercise, that's what you need," he said to her roughly, coming in from his work. "You will never gain strength if you get no exercise. These men make a baby of you, not permitting you to turn a hand to anything. Go to the Captain and ask if you may go with me for a little walk on shore. Tell him you need exercise."

Sacágawea obediently sought out Captain Lewis. "May I walk a little on the land?" she asked shyly. "I am tired of the sitting and the laying down. *Mon homme* will go with me."

Lewis was gratified at this proof of her recovery. "Of course you may go, Janey," he said kindly. "But do not walk far. Do not get tired. Tell Charbonneau to leave his work and go with you."

Charbonneau, pleased, led her into the low brush in the river bottom, out of sight of the camp and the men at work.

"Let us lie here in the shade and rest," he said. "There is no

rest for man or beast around those Captains. There is no satisfying them. I am much fatigued."

Sacágawea sat beside him on the grass.

"Orders, orders, orders," he grumbled. "Do this. Do that. Do anything so you keep at the work. It is not enough they go ordering me about—they even tell me what I must do with my squaw."

Sacágawea released the baby from his cradle board and gave him her breast. She was very happy. The pain was gone from her head and her body, the blood coursed healthfully through her veins again, the burning fever had left her. She was proud, too. Painful, it was, being sick, but pleasant to remember how every one in the camp had worried about her, how well they had treated her, all the pleasant attentions shown her. When she was sick at home in the Mandan town, Charbonneau went off about his business and slept with his other women, leaving her to get over it as best she could.

But the noble Captains had sat by her and held her hand. They had given her great quantities of their rare, costly medicines. They had done as much for her as if she had been a great hunter, like Drouillard, or a fine gun-maker, like Shields, or even a writer in the books, like Ordway and Gass. All this for her! Special foods had been cooked for her. The black monster York had been set to wait upon her. The Long Knife and the beloved Red Head had rubbed her, and drawn her blood, and applied hot barks to her pain. With their own hands they had done these things, charging her nothing, not so much as a robe or a weasel tail.

"We should return now," she said, remembering their countless kindnesses. "The Long Knife said I must stay but a short time only."

"We will not go back yet," said Charbonneau. "I am greatly fatigued."

He fell asleep. Sacágawea nursed the child until it slept, too. Replacing it carefully in its carrier, she swung it over the limb of a tree near Charbonneau and wandered off alone in the woods. Coming upon a patch of that delicious root, the white apple, sick as she was, still yearning to be of service, she set to work, slowly, careful not to tire herself as the Long Knife had commanded. A great quantity she gathered and piled in a little heap beside Charbonneau.

"They will cook them with their meat for supper," she thought, smiling at the fruit of her industry. "They will be well pleased. They will say I am a useful member."

When Charbonneau turned over, yawned and sat up, Sacágawea was sitting beside him on the grass, eying the forbidden roots with hungry eyes. The Captains had been most good and attentive, but it was little they had given her to eat; such a very little broiled venison, such tiny portions of soup. "Starvation," they had said, "is the best diet." Sacágawea was sure they were right, but she was too young to let wisdom rule her appetite. Her mouth watered for a taste of the pungent white apples.

She fondled one in her hand wistfully, toying with temptation as her famous predecessor in sex and weakness had done in another garden, centuries before.

"Would one small root harm me?" she asked.

"But certainly not. How should it harm you?"

"The Captains," she admitted reluctantly, "said you must not permit me to eat anything but the little meat and the thin soup they give me."

His resentment flared. "Who are these Captains, to give orders to my squaw? I give orders to my own squaw. Are you their woman? Are they your master? Eat all the apples you want. I am your only master."

Only an instant the hungry little savage hesitated. Then her

teeth were in the forbidden fruit, her palate tingling pleasantly under the tartness of it. She ate another, and another.

"The Captains," she said, "will never know."

"It is none of the Captains' business what my squaws eat," Charbonneau said angrily. He opened his knapsack and took out some dried fish, adding it to her forbidden feast, sharing it with her. When she had eaten her greedy fill, she gathered the rest of the roots in her blanket to carry back to the cooks.

But alas for Sacágawea and her youthful gluttony. She had taken but a few steps when a swift pain struck her, and the fever began to race again through her veins and pound in her pulses. She walked staggeringly but, true to her trust, retained her load of roots and dumped them silently on the ground beside the fire, not able to speak, only smiling faintly in return for the cooks' warm thanks. She crawled timidly back to her low bed and lay there, moaning, ashamed to ask for help.

But Lewis did not neglect his patient. Going to see how she felt after her walk, he found her quite collapsed, suffering intensely, scarcely able to speak.

He took her hand. "Janey," he chided gently, "what did you do that I forbade you? Was Charbonneau rough with you? Did you walk too far? Or did you perhaps eat something I have forbidden?"

"I ate—a white apple or two—or just a few. Some," she admitted shamefacedly. "And a little dried fish."

"The way of the transgressor, Janey," he said sadly. "Having erred, you are now assailed with pain and fever. The way of the transgressor."

"Yes," she assented meekly, without the faintest idea what he was talking about but convinced he was quite right.

Lewis did not reproach her. He gave her broken doses of diluted nitre until a perspiration was produced, and at bedtime gave her thirty drops of laudanum to insure a good night's rest.

But he was less tolerant with Charbonneau.

"Charbonneau," he began indignantly, "Captain Clark is right. If this woman dies it will be entirely your fault. I told you expressly what she must eat, and yet you deliberately break my orders and allow her to do herself this injury."

"These squaws are not like white women," Charbonneau said defensively. "Coddling is bad for them. It makes them lazy and indifferent. They must learn to eat what they can get and be satisfied. They must not be humored in this manner!"

"While Janey is a member of this party, she is under my orders," said Lewis sternly. "Just as you are under my orders. And you have got to obey, Charbonneau, whether you like it or not. When she is sick she shall eat only what I permit. See that this does not happen again. It is you I hold responsible, not that poor woman."

On the next day she seemed fairly recovered and was able to walk about again.

"You can go ashore when you wish," Lewis told her. "But go alone. I shall have work for Charbonneau hereafter, much work. You are better off by yourself. If you want more pain and more medicine, little Indian Eve, eat some more white apples."

"Did you say I must eat more apples?" she asked wonderingly.

"It was a form of humor," he said gently. "Janey, these are my serious orders. Do not eat anything but what I give you myself. If you do, you will have more pain."

"I will not," she promised. "I will eat hereafter only what you give me—or the Red Head Chief gives me. Nothing else will I eat."

Clark, returning to camp after completing his arrangements for the portage, expressed great satisfaction at her recovery.

"You are a better doctor than I am," he admitted. "Evi-

dently the medics have something that a mere red head lacks.—I had some bad luck on this trip, Lewis,” he said gloomily. “I had drawn a good map of the river at the Falls, and a sudden gust of wind caught the papers right out of my book and blew them away. The men dropped everything to run in pursuit but they could not recover them. I am much annoyed. It makes a bad break in my charts.”

“And what did you think of the Great Falls, Clark?” asked Lewis interestedly, remembering his own unsatisfactory efforts to do them justice.

“Lewis,” Clark said solemnly, with unwonted elegance of diction as became the magnificent subject, “I beheld those cataracts with amazement. We could hear their roaring miles away. It was a deadly sound.” He lapsed then into his ordinary tone and language. “They were nearly deadly to me in good earnest. When I was taking the survey I slipped on a ragged rock on a high point and was like to dive head first straight into them.”

“It would have been deadly to us, as well as to you,” said Lewis. “You must take better care of yourself, my dear Captain, out of regard for the expedition, if not for your own life. We could not proceed without you.”

Clark laughed. “A little flattery works wonders with us rough pioneers,” he said.

“There is no flattery in what I say,” declared Lewis. “I mean every word of it. I tremble to think what would have become of this project had any other shared it with me. No other man in the world could do what you have done.”

“Speaking of men,” said Clark, flushing with pleasure at Lewis’s words, “we could have combed the world and not found a finer crew. Every man in the party is a hero in his own right.”

“There is God’s truth in those words. There must have been some divine influence back of their selection. I have never seen such a crew of men. They are completely one—almost, but

not quite—as you and I are one. They have made up their minds to succeed in this expedition or perish in the attempt. And yet they realize, as we do, that we are about to enter the most perilous and difficult part of the voyage.”

The portage around the Great Falls was a terrific undertaking. Cascades and rapids continued without intermission for seventeen miles, making it necessary to pull and pack every pound of merchandise, ammunition, clothing, arms and food; the canoes also. The white pirogue was left there safely moored below the Falls.

From this point they would no longer have the protection of their gallant fleet, with its flags and swivel guns, but must depend henceforth on the hands and guns of thirty men.

“With our little Snake interpretress in reserve,” added Clark.

“And she not the least of our men, by any means,” said Lewis.

At this moment, with the services of the iron boat so soon to be needed, Lewis confessed to deep anxiety as to its successful operation.

“The difficulties pile up on me,” he said. “We have not nearly enough undamaged skins to cover her. We have not proper timber and bark to prepare her for water. And above all, we have no pitch to pay her seams. That is a deficiency I do not know how to surmount unless by means of tallow and pounded charcoal.”

“It sounds insufficient,” Clark admitted. “And yet I have seen it serve good purpose on our wooden canoes when we sprung a leak.”

Clark took charge of the camp at the lower point of the portage, Portage Creek Camp, they called it, while at the upper end, seventeen miles away, Lewis established his headquarters at Whitebear Island in a pretty grove of willow surrounded by a profusive growth of wild rye. With him were Gass, Fields and Shields working on his iron boat, the *Experiment*, for which

hunters brought in fresh skins daily. The half-way point on the portage was Willow Run, their only resting place on the hard route.

The portage was conducted under almost insupportable hardships. The cottonwood truck wheels were totally insufficient for the demands made upon them, breaking always at the most difficult points; axletrees and tongues had to be replaced every few miles. The prickly pears growing thick on all sides lacerated their feet at every step. Only by clutching with their cut and bleeding hands at weeds and grass, clinging with brute strength to knobs of trees and projecting stones, could they pull the heavy wagons over the trail. The men went naked, bare-headed, perspiration streaming from their bodies.

"If they stand this portage without a revolution," Clark thought sympathetically, "they are ours for life."

Mariners to the last, they found that when the wind was favorable they could advance more swiftly and with less effort by hoisting sails on the canoes.

"Sailing on dry land in every sense of the word," Clark said, smiling approval of their ingenuity.

Swift rains came up suddenly, beating down with great fury until the water stood high above their moccasins. They drank gratefully from the puddles about them, splashed the cool water refreshingly over their burning bodies, and, halting for rest, flung themselves into it, full length, and fell asleep from exhaustion. All limped painfully, many fainted in their harness, unable to stand erect longer than a few minutes at a time. Yet no man uttered word of complaint, but rose bravely at command, took up his load and went on.

At Whitebear, Lewis installed himself as cook to relieve all hands for more arduous labor. When the portage crew arrived with their load, he had a dram waiting to refresh them, and the most bounteous repast his skill could compass. After they

had eaten, Peter Cruzatte played his fiddle and the men sang.

"And what useful work is our friend Charbonneau engaged in at the lower camp?" Lewis inquired with interest.

A glimmer of a smile brightened the haggard faces.

"Captain Clark made him cook," they said. "He has to do it alone. Janey is only allowed to pass things—nothing more. Captain Clark ordered him to have good food and plenty of it ready against our return."

On one day Lewis spent hours concocting a rare feast for them, a rich suet pudding with dried buffalo meat, but when they arrived at last, staggering from weakness, half fainting, hardly able to speak, Whitehouse suffered a complete collapse on the threshold. The banquet had to wait on emergency treatment. The medical supplies not having arrived, Lewis bled him with his pen knife and he was soon relieved.

"A good thing it happened, Whitehouse," the men chaffed him good-naturedly when he had recovered. "Gives you something to write in your book."

"I forgot to put it in," he said gratefully. "Glad you reminded me."

He pulled out his field book with considerable gusto, but, dismissing his misfortune with the philosophical indifference common to them all, merely remarked:

"I got bleed, etc."

At the lower camp, Clark made it his particular business to see that Charbonneau, virtually useless on the drudging labor of the portage, kept busy at something.

"And what was Charbonneau doing today?" was Lewis's un-failing inquiry when the men arrived.

Always the question brought fleeting smiles. "Captain Clark made him render out three kegs of buffalo tallow yesterday," they proclaimed cheerfully. "Charbonneau said it was a job for six men."

On the day the last load was scheduled to go over the road, they were disappointed to find there was more baggage than could be carried in one trip. Clark considered, reached quick decision.

"There's too much for one load but not enough for two. We will go to Willow Run with all we can carry. Sergeant Ordway can come back with a detail to bring the rest to that point." Then he added quickly, "And a very good thing. While you are bringing up the last load, I shall tramp over to the Falls again and re-chart the part of the river that blew away.—That's good."

Following this plan, the expedition was divided into three camps; Lewis and his *Experiment* crew at Whitebear; Clark with a small detachment at Willow Run; and Sergeant Ordway in charge of the party bringing up the last load of baggage from Portage Creek.

And on that day the very elements conspired to defeat the expedition.

Lewis, having prepared a banquet for the arrival of the portage crew, set out with Drouillard to visit a beautiful fan-shaped spring which cascaded down from high rocks into the river. In the foothills, overtaken by a violent gust of wind and rain, they took refuge in a little gully to protect themselves with stones against the hail. It was not heavy at that point, and they sat calmly in the wet gully, chatting cheerfully, rain and hail beating upon them. When it was over, thoroughly chilled but uninjured, they made their way back to camp.

A blinding barrage of prodigious hailstones at Whitebear had obliged the men to abandon their work and fly to shelter. The ground was covered white in every direction, the stones six or seven inches in circumference, in weight a full three ounces. Relieved at the safe return of Lewis and Drouillard, they expressed anxiety for the fate of the belabored crew on the portage.

"Don't worry about the men," Lewis said cheerfully. "Our incomparable Clark is with them. Get me a bowl and the biggest hailstone you can find. We'll have some ice punch ready to buck them up when they arrive. I cannot worry about them as long as they are in Clark's hands."

But they were not in Clark's hands. At that moment, Clark, with Sacágawea and her child and the helpless Charbonneau, was in imminent peril of his life, and theirs.

The men under Sergeant Ordway trudged weakly along under their load toward Willow Run, exhausted, but doggedly bent on finishing their task. A huge black cloud rose swiftly before them in the west. They watched it gloomily.

"Rain!" they muttered. "More rain!"

"Speed up, boys," Ordway encouraged them. "We're not far from the Run. Maybe we can beat it."

They had gone but a little way when the first shower struck them with great fury, and, as if by concerted arrangement, the hind axletree broke at the same instant. With the rain beating upon them, they struggled to repair the damage, but the rain turned suddenly to hail of huge size which beat upon them so fiercely they could only abandon the load where it lay and make for camp. The downpouring hail knocked them headlong, again and again. One fell flat on his face three times in quick succession. The ice cut their flesh and blood streamed with water from their bodies.

They staggered on, blindly, in confusion and pain, falling, fainting, brushing the blood from their faces with bloody hands, helping one another as well as they could, until they fell panting and exhausted into the camp at Willow Run.

Clark was not there. Grimly determined to replace the lost portion of his chart, he had made an early start for the Falls. Sacágawea expressed a shy wish to see the great spectacle, to which he readily consented, allowing Charbonneau and York

also to accompany him. Arriving at the Falls, which Sacágawea beheld with breathless gasps of awed amazement, York, soon satisfied with the sublime beauty of the scene, went on in advance to do a little independent hunting, for never yet had York had his fill of shooting big game.

Clark regarded the swiftly moving black cloud in the west uneasily.

"We'd better find shelter," he said. "That storm means business."

But there was no shelter. Steep and rocky ledges rose high above the river on every hand.

"We've got to get out of here," he said. "There will be wind with that cloud, and we're in danger of being blown into the river."

A little above the Falls he observed a deep rocky ravine and, pushing his party on as swiftly as possible, took shelter in its dry bed near the river, placing guns, compasses and other instruments under a shelving rock to secure them from rain.

They sat down on the rocky bottom to wait till the storm had passed, and Sacágawea, taking the baby from its carrier, took advantage of the opportunity to give it her breast.

The first shower was moderate, accompanied with a violent wind which did not penetrate the ravine, and they felt themselves well protected. And then, suddenly, the very heavens opened in a terrific cloudburst. The rain fell like one volley of water, quickly discharged, and in a moment down the steep dry ravine from the mountain came pouring a wall of water in a roaring, rushing flood, sweeping everything before it, rocks, trees and crumbling masses of earth.

At the terrifying sight and sound, Charbonneau made one feeble leap up the side of the ravine, wringing his hands.

"*Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu!*" he shouted hysterically. "We are lost! *Mon Dieu!*"

Clark, with the unerring instinct of hunter and soldier, caught his gun and shot pouch in his left hand, and with his right, lunging toward Sacágawea, shoved her before him up the side of the ravine.

"Charbonneau! Damn you!" he shouted. "Charbonneau! Help, here! Give her a hand up!"

Charbonneau, petrified with fear, was incapable of motion.

"Charbonneau!"

Charbonneau reached down a trembling hand.

"Pull, man, pull!" Clark cried, pushing her before him on the steep bank.

But Charbonneau was too terrified to pull. "God save us—the good God—save us," he muttered, with chattering teeth.

"Pull, I tell you, pull!"

And then the flood was upon them. It caught Clark, who stood lowest, about the waist and almost swept him from his feet.

CHAPTER TEN

REGAINING his balance, Clark steadied himself against the rushing torrent and pushed Sacágawea ahead of him, step by step, shouting furiously to Charbonneau to pull. But Charbonneau could not pull even himself up the steep bank, and only the persistent pressure of Clark from below got them above water, which now stood ten feet deep directly below them, a raging flood, terrible to behold. By the time they reached the top of the canyon it had risen to fifteen feet in the spot where they had lain.

Sacágawea, recently recovered from serious illness, although she smiled bravely and declared she was neither frightened nor harmed, was in a pitiable condition, shivering, cold and wet. The baby's drenched body was blue with cold. The little cradle which held all his clothing had been swept away.

With no thought for her own chilled body, Sacágawea set to work at once on the child, rubbing it warm and dry with her strong light hands. A moment later York bore down upon them, running, in great agitation, half weeping, having feared for their lives. Stopping short when he came up to them, seeing their situation, without a word he opened his canteen and handed Clark his flask of spirits. Clark nodded, smiling.

"You first, Janey," he said. "Drink deep. You need this."

Alarmed both for Sacágawea and the child, he hurried them to camp as quickly as possible, where they found their men lying about the fire, many of them barely conscious, with bruised and bleeding bodies, every muscle stiff and sore. The

return of Captain Clark relieved their anxieties for him and, disregarding their own sufferings, they dug into the baggage for dry clothing and robes for the bedraggled newcomers. Clark issued them all a dram of spirits.

"It was an amazing escape," said Ordway, in a voice of solemn reverence. "I tell you it was a miraculous escape all round."

"Yes," agreed Clark. "So it was. But we lost an elegant fusee in the ravine. And the compass—the large compass. And a tomahawk, and my humbrallo."

"And my shot pouch and gun," said Charbonneau. "And all our moccasins."

Sacágawea had lost her baby's cradle and its entire wardrobe; her own robe as well and many of her treasures. But she said nothing of that. She looked steadfastly at Clark as she remarked gravely:

"We lost some things. But we did not drown in the river."

Clark smiled at her. "Right, young hero. For which let us thank God.—But it was an elegant fusee I lost."

On the next day the men could move only with pain and difficulty and Clark allowed them to lie in camp to recuperate. Two, less injured than the others, went to the ravine in the hope to recover some of the lost treasures. The big compass was found lying in mud and stones near the mouth. But Clark's "elegant fusee" and Baptiste's carrier and wardrobe were gone forever. It was not until the second of July that they finally reached Whitebear camp, where they were warmly received, richly fed, and refreshed with a dram all round. The exhausting portage was over.

The entire party now worked uninterruptedly at the iron boat, the famous *Experiment*, but the lack of tar was a serious obstacle. They celebrated the Fourth of July with their last round of spirits, saving only a small supply for medicinal pur-

poses, and enjoyed a holiday banquet of bacon, beans, suet dumplings and buffalo beef.

"At least," said Lewis philosophically, "we have no just cause to covet the sumptuous feasts of our countrymen on this day."

But they did not celebrate to the extent of foregoing their work. When at last the iron boat was dry, they carefully payed the seams with coal tallow and beeswax. The *Experiment* was strong and light, and would carry at least eight thousand pounds in addition to her crew. Big as she was, eight men could carry her with the greatest ease and in her centered all their hopes for a swift advance. When first launched she lay beautiful and light as a cork on the water, and Lewis was exultant and proud. But a gust of wind and rain turned his joy into mortification, for she leaked in such a manner that she could not be used.

"In every other respect," he declared, "she completely answers my most optimistic expectations."

"Only one defect," said Clark, "but a fatal one."

The canoes being insufficient to carry their baggage, Clark set off for a timbered point up the river to construct two larger ones to increase their fleet, taking with him a detail of ten men. There they were joined later by Lewis and the rest of the party with the loaded canoes; Clark's boats were launched, the seats and oars put in and found to fit perfectly, and on July fifteenth they joyfully bade adieu to the beautiful region of the Great Falls where they had suffered such infinite hardship and so many disappointing delays. But their fond hope of reaching the coast and returning to the Mandan towns before the end of the season now appeared faint and fatuous.

Their route led through ranges of broken and uneven mountains, the river banks solid walls of rock.

The river wound tortuously through rugged canyons, which in the distance presented an absolutely impassable barrier, but

gradually, on approach, opened narrowly to make way for the rushing river and the little fleet on its troubled bosom.

"The Gates of the Rocky Mountains," Lewis said they were, thrilled by the almost terrifying majesty of the rock-bound canyon.

Their advance was not unobserved. Far back on the rugged cliffs, Snake spies noted their coming with terror. Assured that they were the deadly Blackfeet, they beat a swift retreat into the farther mountains, setting fire to the prairies behind them in warning to other tribes who might wander that way.

Clark, eager to make contact with the elusive tribe, pushed his advance until both he and his men were worn to exhaustion. York could scarcely move one foot before the other. Clark's own feet were a mass of blisters. The prickly pear grew in such abundance they could scarcely find place to lay their aching bodies at night. Both parties alike were troubled with the pestilential mosquitoes, and but for the protection of gauze biers over their heads could hardly have endured their persecution after the exhausting fatigues of the day.

"Our trio of pests still invade and obstruct us on all occasions," Lewis wrote sententiously. "These are the mosquitoes, eye knats and prickley pears, equal to any three curses that ever poor Egypt labored under, except the Mahometant yoke."

To relieve the men, Lewis took regular turns at the oars with the others, and was as pleased as a boy when at last he merited their brief praise that he had learned "to push a tolerable good oar."

On one day when the cooks were preparing their dinner, Sacá-gawea gazed about her with troubled, questioning eyes. Presently she wandered off alone and walked on shore, staring at rocky islands and surrounding mountains. A misty shadow settled in her dark eyes.

Lewis noted her air of abstraction.

"What's the matter, Janey? I hope you haven't eaten too much rich food. You mustn't get sick again at this critical period. Or perhaps you are homesick, as we approach the land of your people."

"This is the land of my people," she said dreamily. "I have been here. Many snows ago. My tribe comes here. The Three Forks is very close. We shall see my people soon."

Lewis communicated this good news to the men, who flocked about her with interested inquiries.

"Are you sure, Janey?"

"Yes, sure. My people are often on this river. We are near the Forks, where the big river becomes three."

On that night they reached Clark's camp to find him and his men exhausted, blistered and gaunt, but determined to continue their route next day. Sacágawea was taken in to tell him her story.

"This is our country," she said. "It is here my people come down to hunt and gather fruits and roots for winter."

"Do you think they will be friendly to us, your people?"

"They would take your guns and your Great Medicine if they could," she admitted, with her usual candor. "But if they are not strong enough to do that, they will be friendly."

"Will they sell us horses for our journey?"

"They will sell you anything for guns," she said sadly. "Every year our nation grows smaller and smaller from the ravages of the Missouri tribes, who have guns while we have not.— But be sure they do not think you are Blackfeet, or they will kill you. '*Tab-ba-bo-ne*,' that is the word."

When Clark, half sick, completely exhausted, persisted in his determination to continue in search of the Snakes, to the surprise of the officers and the men as well, Charbonneau importuned to make one of the advance.

"Well, well, maybe he is beginning to take an interest at

last," said Lewis amazedly, for it was not like Charbonneau to seek any assignment.

"He's jealous," said Clark. "He resents it because we ask Janey so much about her people and about this land. He does not want her to get any credit."

"And it may be," added Lewis, smiling, "that he figures it will be easier to walk ahead than to continue pulling these heavy boats up this demoniac river."

But Clark decided to let him go. "I may as well take him. Walking's all he's good for. He is no hand with the boats—just another dead weight."

If Charbonneau had figured to escape the bitter rigors of boating by joining Clark's party, he was doomed to disappointment. Clark was indefatigable. He drove his men and himself to the breaking point. Two days with Clark reduced the Frenchman to the point of collapse. He declared he could go no farther. Clark, willing to let his men rest, but never himself, left Charbonneau in camp with one man, Fields, and pressed on alone with Potts.

They arrived at a cold spring, exhausted, hot, famished for water. Although Clark took the precaution of wetting his feet, head and hands before drinking, he was soon suffering violent pain. Even then he was unwilling to abandon his project. Returning to their temporary camp, he picked up Charbonneau and Fields and struck over to the North Fork.

"We can cross at this island," he said. "The water is not deep."

Although the water was only waist high, the current was strong, the bed uneven with rocks. Charbonneau, no surer of himself on foot than in a boat, was immediately swept head over heels down into the rushing water with one half-strangled appeal to his overworked divinity for help.

Divinity vested himself in the leather garments of Clark, who,

ill as he was, dived after him and brought him safely to shore. By the time they reached Lewis's camp, Clark was very sick, with high fever and chills. Lewis took him in hand in his most professional manner, bathing his feet in hot water, administering pills, ordering him to bed.

Because of Clark's condition and to enable Lewis to complete his observations at that point, they decided to rest at Three Forks a few days, pitching their camp in a beautiful valley, plentifully timbered, at the mouth of the North and Middle Forks, in plain view of the Shining Mountains where patches of snow still showed in the canyons and on the higher peaks.

As the leather tepee was very hot in the daytime, the men constructed a cool bower of trees for Captain Clark, still confined to bed with a raging fever, to his own unspeakable resentment.¹⁹

Lewis prevailed upon him, not without argument, to take a dose of Rush's pills.

"I have always found them sovereign in such cases," he declared.

"The best way to cure my kind of sickness," said Clark, "is to fast.—I can't eat anyhow.—Starvation diet, that's the way we cured Janey."

"Don't go on starvation diet until you have to," said Lewis. "You are apt to go on it in good earnest one of these days. And the rest of us, too. There will be no game in those mountains ahead of us."

"If the Snakes can live there, with their poor weapons, I guess our men can forage for us," said Clark confidently.

"We've got to find those invisible Snakes," Lewis said un- easily. "Not only for their horses, but to show us the proper road through the mountains. We could wander about there for months without finding the route."

"I'll go after them again tomorrow," Clark promised.

Lewis laughed. "You will stay in bed, my friend, and confine your explorations to Doctor Rush's favorite remedies. I'll go out myself after these yellow gentlemen."

Feeling that they were now justified, since the Missouri had verged into three noble streams, to abandon the name, Missouri, they christened the three rivers with great solemnity, Gallatin, Madison and Jefferson, "the author of our enterprise."²⁰

As soon as Clark had recovered sufficiently, they loaded the canoes and went on, halting for dinner on that day on the exact spot where Sacágawea had been captured by the Minitarees. The men clustered about her, following her from point to point, to hear her exciting tale afresh on the site of its occurrence.

"A man lay there, scalped and bleeding," she said. "He was dead. I could not see his face—perhaps it was my father. This is where I stood when Wild Crow came riding at me. Yonder is where my father's lodge stood. The Minitarees were very happy, screaming with joy, chasing the women and children in and out of the burning lodges."

"Where were your men? Why did they not drive them away?"

"The men had galloped away with their horses. The Minitarees had no such horses—they could never catch my people," she said with pride.

"But why did your men run away? Why did they not fight?"

"To save their horses," she said simply. "The Minitarees wanted their horses. They had to fly to save them."

"They might have tried saving their women and children while they were at it," Gass said bluntly.

Sacágawea was mildly surprised. "They had to save their horses," she said. "They could not hunt without their horses."

"Of course they could find other squaws and have more children," said Captain Lewis. His irony was lost upon the Indian woman.

"Of course," she agreed simply.

"Do you feel thrilled at being here again?" they asked, puzzled by her mild passivity at this spot where had occurred the great tragedy of her life.

"It interests me to see it again and to remember," she said calmly, nibbling complacently at the piece of dried venison in her hand.

For his party in pursuit of the "yellow gentlemen," Lewis selected first his favorite, Drouillard, then Gass whose shoulder had been injured by a fall in the canoe, who, while he could not work at the cord or oars, professed himself well able to walk. Again to their surprise, Charbonneau, although his ankle was yet strained from his grievous experience with Clark, renewed his importunities to go along. Lewis rather reluctantly consented.

"After all, I should have a fourth hand," he said to Clark. "And taking Charbonneau will work no privation on your crew."

"No, good riddance," said Clark.

"It's a great squaw Janey's got," said Lewis.

The little party pressed bravely on, often obliged to walk through boggy water to their waists and eventually driven to higher levels above the river valley, which had become a quagmire. Charbonneau was a hindrance from the first. He complained incessantly. Frequently he threw himself on the ground, declaring he could walk no farther. At last, entirely exhausted, he professed himself unable to travel, and Lewis, leaving him with Gass, went on alone with Drouillard. As the river branched off in two forks, he explored both streams and, finding that the South Fork, though deeper and wider, soon became entirely unnavigable because of the rocks, hastened back to leave a conspicuous note on a tall pole at the forks, directing Clark up the other stream.

Unfortunately, before Clark arrived, a beaver, discovering the pole of fresh green cottonwood, proceeded to gnaw it down. And when the boating party arrived, finding no message, they labored up the wrong fork. The boating was fraught with frightful difficulties. There were riffles every two or three hundred yards, the water often falling over a foot in the length of a single canoe. The water was too shallow for oars, and the men had to drag them forcibly the entire way, using the cords. There was no place on shore to give them footing because of the thick brush, and wading constantly, their feet became so tender and sore they could hardly walk. The gravelly bottoms were so slippery that the men, unable to maintain their footing, fell headlong, bruising and cutting their naked bodies.

Drouillard, hunting alone, saw the boats in their false route, and ran far down to shore to set them right. But the descent was almost as difficult as the advance had been; the boats constantly took in water, one overturning completely in a dangerous place, throwing Whitehouse violently overboard. The whirling canoe passed over his body, crushing him into the sand, and had the water been two inches shallower must inevitably have killed him. The baggage was lost, but Whitehouse escaped with a bruised body and a sprained leg.

Arriving at the Forks at last, they were rejoined by Lewis and his party.

"No Snakes," was his brief report of his adventures.

They agreed that the Middle Fork of the river should retain the name of Jefferson.

"And the vicious stream you struggled up so painfully, being bold and rapid," said Lewis, "let us call Wisdom. And the placid one from the Southeast we will call Philanthropy in commemoration of two of those cardinal virtues which have so eminently marked that deservedly celebrated character through life."²¹

They had confided these names to the book-makers, but by the time Whitehouse was ready to make his record he had forgotten the word.

"It was some very good quality, I remember," he puzzled anxiously. "Sensible. That was it. I suppose because we were sensible of it every minute we were on it.—And Philandrophey, that was the other one. How do you spell that—Philandrophey?" he asked.

His friends ventured no opinion. "Spell it the way it sounds," they said. "The President will know what you mean."

"Phil-an-dro-phey," he spelled laboriously, regarding the result with great satisfaction. "It's an elegant name!"

From their camp that day, Sacágawea pointed out a high plain on the right.

"I know it well," she said. "My people graze their horses there and look for spies."

"Why do you point with your whole hand, Janey?" Clark asked.

"Why, how else would I point?" she asked, in surprise.

"When we point at anything, we use one finger. We shut our hand, like this, and use one finger," Clark explained.

"The Indians do not do that," she said. "They use the whole hand. Always.—That mountain over there," she said, pointing with one finger, her brown hand tightly clenched, "that is near the summer home of my nation. They live on a river beyond the mountains, and it runs straight down to the Sunset." The one slim finger still pointed, Sacágawea smiling pleasurably at the quickness with which she adopted white methods.

"Are you sure your people live there, Janey?"

"Yes. We call that point the Beavershead."

"Will your people be very near?"

"My people," she said firmly, "will probably be on that river on the other side, that runs to the Sunset. There is another river

just beyond that also runs to the Sunset. If they are not on the first, they will be on the second river. I am sure."

Heartened by these good tidings, Lewis determined to advance with another party of reconnoiter on the following day, Clark, deploring the necessity of foregoing the trip, being now quite unable to walk from a tumor on his foot.

"You can't go, Clark, and no use to fret about it. I will keep on this time until I find Indians, if I have to go to the Columbia. I will take Drouillard, Shields and McNeal with me," Lewis said.

"Oh, you'd better take Charbonneau," said Clark. "By all means, take Charbonneau. It will hurt his feelings to be left here in luxurious idleness lolling about the boats with his squaw."

"I should like to," said Lewis. "But I feel I must not again deprive you of his services. You are far too generous."

"If it wasn't for the raging fury of that tumor on my ankle, I should take this trip myself," grumbled Clark. "And let you have Charbonneau."

Determined to scour the country with complete thoroughness, Lewis put two men out in the woods on either side, Drouillard on the right, Shields on the left, while he and McNeal held a middle course. Marching along in this order, Lewis saw an Indian on horseback approaching across the plain and, using his field-glass, knew from his dress that he was of a different tribe from any yet encountered. His arms were a bow and a quiver of arrows and he was mounted on a fine horse, without saddle, a small string attached to the under jaw answering as a bridle. Lewis, overjoyed at sight of him and confident of making friends, advanced until about a mile distant.

The Indian halted. Lewis did the same. Unloosing his blanket he made the signal of friendship Sacagawea had taught him: holding the mantle or robe at two corners, throwing it up in

air, and bringing it to earth in the form of spreading it for a seat, repeated three times.

But the Indian did not advance as Lewis had expected. He had caught sight of Drouillard and Shields on either side, and regarded them uneasily, suspecting ambush. Lewis, unable to make them halt, as they were too far away to hear his voice and a signal would increase the savage's suspicions, took trinkets from his sack, beads, a looking-glass, pieces of clothing, and leaving his gun and pouch with McNeal advanced alone, unarmed.

The Indian remained alert, motionless on his horse until Lewis arrived within two hundred paces when he turned his horse and moved off, slowly, keeping watch over his shoulder at Drouillard and Shields, still advancing.

"*Tab-ba-bo-ne, tab-ba-bo-ne,*" called Lewis hopefully.

But the Indian went on. Driven by necessity, Lewis signed his men to stop. Drouillard halted at once, but Shields, not seeing the gesture, pressed resolutely on.

Again Lewis called, "*Tab-ba-bo-ne,*" holding up the trinkets, and stripping his shirt sleeve to show his white skin. The Indian halted again and turned his horse as if to wait. But when Lewis got within a hundred paces, the Indian gave one last look at the advancing Shields, turned his horse with great suddenness, plied his whip, and in a bound leaped the creek and disappeared in the willow brush.

Lewis was overwhelmed with disappointment and chagrin. He called the men and upbraided them severely.

"Did you not have the sagacity to see the impropriety of advancing when you saw me in parley with the Indian? It is your fault that we have failed to get the introduction so sorely needed. I am much chagrined at your conduct. Why could you not have a little prudence at such a critical moment?"

Disappointed in their hope of establishing friendly relations with the Snakes at this time, they crossed back and followed the

narrowing river, now as cold as ice and clear as crystal. In a short while it was but a step in width and McNeal, bestriding the rivulet, lifted his hand in mock reverence, saying:

"I thank God I have lived to bestride the mighty Missouri River, hitherto deemed endless."

Lewis laughed, but, eager to reach the source, hurried them on until they came to that most distant fountain of the river, in search of which they had spent so many toilsome days and restless nights. They drank deep of the crystal spring and had their luncheon beside it, then proceeded to the top of the dividing ridge, where immense snow-capped ranges stretched away in the distance. Descending the mountain on the western slope they soon came, as Sacágawea had told them, to a bold creek of cold clear water and first tasted the waters of the Columbia.²²

Continuing their search for Snakes, they went on, following an old Indian road through a broken country in a westerly direction. After passing several miles through a waving plain they saw in the distance two women, a man and some dogs, who, observing their approach, viewed them attentively and sat down as if to await their arrival. Lewis and the party advanced slowly, not quickening their steps. Arriving within half a mile, they stopped, and leaving his pack and rifle, Lewis unfurled his flag and advanced alone. The women immediately disappeared behind the hill, but the man waited until he was quite close and then also disappeared. Lewis ran to the top of the hill but could see no sign of them. The dogs came up, sniffing his feet, but when he tried to catch one to send a friendly message, they wheeled away and would not permit him to touch them.

Disappointed a second time, they pressed on, through a series of rugged and steep ravines until, coming suddenly out into a clearing, they found themselves directly in the presence of three female savages, not thirty paces away. A young woman fled away up the ravine, but the elderly woman and a girl of about

twelve remained motionless. Lewis laid down his gun and advanced slowly. The savages showed abject terror, but realizing they could not escape, sat down on the ground and drooped their heads as if expecting certain death.

Lewis raised the old woman by the hand, stripping his sleeve to show his white skin, which relieved them greatly, and when his men came up, gave them beads, moccasin awls, pewter looking-glasses and paint. Drouillard, who knew the sign language used by all tribes, signaled them to recall the young woman, not wishing her to alarm the tribe, and she came flying back, out of breath. Lewis gave her presents also, and painted their tawny cheeks with vermilion, which Sacágawea had said was a symbol of peace with her nation.

When they were quite composed and Lewis asked to be taken to their camp, they agreeably acquiesced. Seeing a party of about sixty warriors mounted on excellent horses coming toward them at full speed, Lewis again advanced alone with his flag, leaving the gun behind.

The chief and an escort of two braves came in advance of the others and questioned the women, who told them proudly, as if they were responsible for this fortuitous event, that these were white men and exultingly showed the beautiful presents they had received.

The three men at once embraced Lewis affectionately, putting their left arm over his right shoulder, claspings his back, and applying their left cheek to his, exclaiming,

"Ab-hí-e, áb-hí-e. [I am much pleased, I am much rejoiced.]"

The whole party then hastened up, embracing the men in turn until they were besmeared with grease and paint and heartily sick of the national salute of the Shoshoni. Lewis produced his pipe, and the savages seated themselves in a circle around the four white men, each carefully removing his moccasins before he would smoke, or even touch the pipe. This, Sacágawea had

said, was indicative of a sacred sincerity in their profession of friendship, meaning, "they wish they may always go barefoot if they are not sincere."

Lewis, glancing at the rough country about them, thought it a heavy penalty even for insincerity.

To their chief, Cameahwait,²³ Lewis presented an American flag, saying it was an emblem of peace among white men, and that now he had received it, he must respect it as a bond of union between them. After smoking, they proceeded to the camp of the Shoshoni and, seated on green boughs and antelope skins, began a long ceremony of pipe-smoking and speech-making, requesting the white men also to remove their moccasins as a pledge between them.²⁴

During the council the women and children clustered about them, gazing spellbound upon the first white men they had ever seen. The chief, Cameahwait, apologized for having no better food to set before their guests, but said they were very poor, rich only in their fine horses, subsisting almost entirely on dried berries. The faces of all, gaunt with want of proper nourishment, and their eyes, glowing with unnatural brightness, bore tragic testimony to the truth of his words.

Lewis, subscribing carefully to all formalities of the camp, explained the purpose of their trip and asked Cameahwait to persuade his people to go back with them to their boats on the river to convey their merchandise and baggage up to their village where they could trade for horses to carry them over the mountains.

"Our boats," Lewis said persuasively, "are coming up the river now, under another white chief. It is to meet them and transport our baggage that I wish you to accompany me."

But for all Lewis's powers of persuasion and Cameahwait's eloquence, the men were suspicious, reluctant to go, fearing ambush, and surmising that they were in league with their enemies.

"We have with our party," Lewis continued pleasantly, "a woman of your own nation—the Shoshoni. She was captured years ago by the Minitarees and travels with us on our boats. She is our interpretrress."

This aroused great interest and went some way toward lulling their suspicions.

"We have also," said Lewis, "a monstrous black man, black from head to foot. He is as black as ebony, and his hair is a mass of crisp black curls—as crisp as prairie grass when the fire has passed over."

Their imagination was unable to picture such a weird monstrosity, but the ruse was successful; they professed themselves eager to see that black monster and the Shoshoni captive; said they would go with them in the morning without fail. And Lewis retired to rest, well pleased.

But by morning their fears had returned upon them double-fold. They hesitated, they made excuses, they asked him to wait another day before going. Lewis, impatient to be off to the relief of his suffering party, tried to hurry them, to no avail. Camemiahwait harangued them passionately again and again, but they hung back.

"They will not go," he admitted at last. "They fear treachery. They are afraid of falling into an ambush. They think you are in league with our enemies to destroy us and take our horses."

The situation was critical, calling for Lewis's best diplomacy.

"I am sorry," he said with an air of grave dignity, "to find you put so little confidence in us. I know you are not acquainted with white men and therefore I can forgive you. Among white men it is considered disgraceful to lie or to entrap an enemy by falsehood. If you continue to think thus meanly of us you may rest assured no white men will ever come to trade with you or bring you guns and ammunition. I am sorry you are afraid to go

with me. I thought there were men among you, brave men, who do not fear even death."

Cameahwait, stung by these words, assured Lewis that he was not afraid of death, and would go with him absolutely alone if need be. He immediately mounted his horse to prove his words, and from that vantage ground again harangued his tribe. Six or eight mounted with great reluctance and followed slowly while the old women ran up and down the village, crying, imploring the Great Spirit to protect their chief and their warriors, never expecting to see them again.

But so mercurial was their nature and so great their curiosity that before they had gone a mile, ten or twelve more came galloping after them, and by the time they reached the creek practically all of the men and most of the women of the village had joined them. Where two hours ago they had looked as surly as so many imps of Satan, they were now very cheerful and gay, singing loudly as they proceeded.

Lewis and his men were taken on horseback with Indian riders, the whites in front handling the single rein while the natives in the rear plied the incessant whip.

Feeling weak and faint from having eaten only dried berries which they found insufficient to maintain their strength, Lewis requested Cameahwait to keep his young men near the main party while Drouillard and Shields advanced alone in search of meat.

"Their singing and shouting will frighten off the game," he explained.

The reasonable suggestion re-aroused their fears. As the hunters went forward, two parties of warriors galloped off on each side of the valley where they could observe their movements and give alarm of any suspicious act. Many left the party at once and turned back. Those who remained withdrew from Lewis and fell silent, regarding him watchfully.

Lewis, helpless against this distrust, could only wait. Their gaiety had died. They became morose and moody. There were no more songs. For perhaps an hour the procession advanced sullenly until they saw a horseman, one of their scouts, galloping toward them across the plain, whipping his horse at every step, yelling at the top of his voice.

The chief stopped short. Every Indian reined in his horse. Some dismounted and loosed their quivers. Every eye was upon the galloping, screaming scout.

Lewis shared their anxiety to the utmost, fearing that by some tragic coincidence they had discovered enemies at this most inopportune moment.

When the spy was near enough to make himself heard, he shouted a single word, entirely indistinguishable to Lewis, and then, in the same instant, wheeled his horse and galloped away in the direction from which he had come. The party was thrown into wild confusion. The entire group swung upon their horses, gave them the whip and plunged forward as if it were a single man and a single horse. Not a word was spoken.

Lewis, totally unaware of what had caused the sudden panic, sitting his horse without stirrups in the greatest discomfort, was borne madly along with the rest, the brave behind him lashing his steed without an instant's pause. Genuinely alarmed, Lewis managed to rein the horse to a stop and sternly forbade the Indian to touch him again.

Having at last a chance to make himself heard, he demanded angrily to know what the trouble was, where the tribe was going in such mad fury, whither he was being so violently carried against his wish!

But the Indian slid to the ground without a word and tore away on foot in the direction the tribe had taken, leaving his horse to Lewis, now far behind and beset with anxious fears.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

SLOWLY up the river stumbled the boating party, staggering with exhaustion, bleeding and wet, dragging the boats with their weary arms. Sometimes cold rains beat upon their aching bodies; sometimes the hot sun blistered them. Yet no man complained.

Sacágawea was in the height of her glory, the center of interest and attention. She had come into her own, and her childish heart reveled in her proud estate. Every few minutes one of the men sought her out—often the beloved Red Head himself—to ask her questions.

"Have you been here before, Janey?" "Did you ever see that mountain?" "What do your people call that point of rocks?"

They asked her about her people, their customs, their character, what was the Snake word for this or that, and did she really think her nation would sell them the horses so sorely needed?

Sacágawea would have been more than savage, less than woman, not to have preened a little in this pleasant popularity and importance. Charbonneau, resenting it, tried hard to keep her in her place. He scolded incessantly, found fault with everything she did.

As they sat at dinner one day, removed a little distance from the main party, he reopened the argument.

"I have told you before, and I tell you again," he said angrily, "I want you to mind your business. You are not running this journey."

"If they ask me questions, must I not give answers?" she inquired.

"You go running after them, offering advice, telling them things they do not ask about. You are getting vain and conceited. You will be a no-good squaw by the time this trip is over. Remember you are my squaw. You take orders from me only."

"But they brought me on this journey to be of help," she protested.

"That is absurd. They brought you because they had to have me for their interpreter and I would not come without one of my squaws to attend me. I am the interpreter for this journey. You take care of your baby, keep my clothes in repair, and leave this expedition to me."

"You cannot interpret the Sho-sho-ni," she said. "You do not know the Sho-sho-ni. Only I can interpret that tongue."

"Shut up!" Charbonneau struck her in the face.

Sacágawea's head dropped. A mist of tears clouded her eyes. It was not being struck—she was used to that. But before the great Captain and all these men, who were always so polite to her, asking her opinion and repeating what she said one to another—to be struck before them!

Charbonneau, thoroughly incensed, lifted his hand again.

"Charbonneau!" The indignant voice of Clark cut through his anger. "Stop that. We have no beating of women in our party."

"She is only a squaw," muttered Charbonneau, his eyes narrowing resentfully at the interruption. "She is my squaw. Squaws have to be beaten. They are no good unless you keep them down."

"What you do with your women in Mandan is none of our business," said Clark sternly. "But don't ever let me catch you laying hand on her again while you are with us. This is a strict

command. If you strike her again you will get a beating you will remember. And the squaw shall stand by and see it done."

Charbonneau glanced at the group of men about him. Their sour mien indicated that they would cheerfully contribute to his discipline. His furious look at the helpless squaw promised ill for the future.

But Sacágawea was too crushed to care. The sun of her little triumph had set in a mist of tears.

In the meanwhile, Lewis, galloping along in the wake of the flying Indian horde, his mind prey to dire forebodings, was presently relieved to see McNeal riding back in search of him.

"McNeal, what in the name of God has happened?" he shouted, when he came within hearing distance. "Has some enemy been sighted?"

McNeal burst out laughing. "Oh, no, sir," he said. "Drouillard killed a deer. That's all. They are so famished for food they are afraid of missing it. Unless you hurry, sir, I am afraid there will be nothing left for you."

"Do you mean to say that all that rout and tumult was because of a deer?"

"Yes, sir. The spy came back and told them and as you saw they wasted not a minute."

When they came within sight of the horrible feast, only hunger that had put a keen edge on their appetites enabled them to partake of food at all. The Indians tumbled from their horses, head-first, scrambling over one another like a parcel of famished dogs, each seizing and bearing away a part of the entrails which had been thrown aside by Drouillard. Each had a piece of some—of any—description, kidneys, melt, liver, and was eating ravenously, blood running from his mouth. For all his frontier experience, Lewis had never realized that human nature could present itself in a shape so nearly allied to pure brute creation,

and he watched the poor starved creatures with pity and compassion.

Mindful, however, that his own men had eaten nothing but the insufficient berries for several days, he directed McNeal to skin the deer and reserve a quarter for their own use, giving the balance to Cameahwait, who divided it as well as he could among his people. They devoured the whole of it, even to the soft parts of the hoofs, barely waiting for the fire to warm it. Fortunately that good hunter, Drouillard, presently brought down another deer, and then another, and each time the scene, but slightly modified, was re-enacted.

After eating and allowing the horses to graze they went cheerfully on until they approached the point where Lewis had said they would undoubtedly meet the river party. Here they insisted on halting. The chief with much ceremony put his own tippet around Lewis's neck, his braves decorating the other white men in the same way, using this device as a disguise against treachery. Anxious to add to their confidence, fearful as he was of an entire abandonment at any moment, Lewis went further. He put his cocked hat with the feather on Cameahwait, and had one of his braves carry the flag. As their overshirts were exactly like those of the Indians, their hair disheveled and their skin well browned, they were now completely savage in appearance.

But when they came within two miles of the place where he had expected to find Clark with the boats, looking through his glasses with great anxiety, Lewis saw that he had not arrived. The Indians stopped short and their looks showed that their suspicions had been rekindled. Realizing that their success depended entirely upon this capricious band, Lewis gave Cameahwait his gun.

"If you find that we have betrayed you," he said gravely, "you may defend yourself with this, or turn it on me if you wish."

The men, following his example, relinquished their guns to the braves which somewhat restored their confidence, but they sent scouts in advance to reconnoiter and proceeded slowly, with great caution.

Lewis, alarmed at the delay of his party and determined to hold this band at his side at all hazards, suggested that they halt and send one of Cameahwait's braves forward with one of his own men to see what had detained the boats. One young man volunteered to go with Drouillard the next morning, and Lewis gave him a knife and beads to reward him for his trust. But while some were satisfied to await developments, others complained loudly.

"Our chief leads us into danger," they protested.

"These men speak with forked tongues, saying first one thing and then another."

"We shall never return alive to our lodges and our own fires," they muttered.

By the flickering light of a fire of willow brush Lewis wrote to Clark, urging him to proceed forward with the utmost haste, as there was not a moment to spare; for if these capricious Indians once deserted them, they would retreat far into the mountains and give warning to all their people not to approach.

Prey to countless anxieties, he managed to maintain a cheerful and confident air and as they sat about the campfire smoking, he rearoused their interest with tales of his Shoshoni interpretress and his black monster; of his air guns, his compasses, his corn grinders.

Cameahwait and a few of his bravest warriors slept with Lewis beside the fire, but the others took themselves off into the brush and secreted themselves at some distance, in evident anticipation of a night attack. Lewis, as uneasy as the worst frightened savage in the group, did not close his eyes that night.

Drouillard and his companion started at daybreak, and at daybreak Clark's party also set off up the river. Clark walked on shore that day, preceded at a little distance by Sacágawea and Charbonneau. Presently they saw several Indians on horseback coming toward them across the plains. Sacágawea stopped short and regarded them closely. Suddenly she began to dance in the road, singing happily in a clear gay voice. Charbonneau, sharing her excitement, joined her song and dance. But even in that dramatic moment she did not forget her duty to her beloved Captain. She stopped dancing and turned back to him, sucking her fingers, as a sign that these were her own people.

Clark, hurrying up, found McNeal among the Indians, dressed as they were dressed, and together they pressed on to Lewis's camp where he anxiously awaited them. Only sixteen Indians now remained with him, lounging comfortably in a cooler made of willows stuck up in the ground in a circle.

The chiefs met Clark with great cordiality, embracing him and seating him on a fine white robe, Cameahwait himself tying to his hair six small pieces of shining shell. Removing their moccasins in solemn pledge, they proceeded at once to smoke the pipe of friendship.

As the men with the boats continued their ascent, crowds of Indians galloped excitedly back and forth on shore, watching their movements and singing gaily, without cessation. Reaching Lewis's camp, they unloaded the canoes, arranged their baggage in a safe spot on shore and immediately set up a council house, using one of the large sails as a canopy and planting enough willow brush to form a comfortable shade.

When all were seated, Sacágawea and Charbonneau were sent for. Sacágawea was nervous and excited, more moved by this return to her own land and race than they had anticipated. Her dark eyes shone, her dusky face was burning bright, her lips trembled with excitement. But she came at once at their request

and sat down on a robe near the Captains, her small brown hands clasped tightly together.

Lewis opened the council. He explained the purpose of their coming, their good intentions toward the tribes, their efforts to make peace among them.

"We want from you," he said gravely, "a guide to lead us to the head waters of the great Columbia. We want also to trade with you for horses. If you will assist us with our heavy loads up to your village, we will camp there and trade with you. In return we will make friends for you with all tribes and protect you against your enemies."

During his speech, Sacágawea had first glanced about the group with casual interest, but suddenly her eyes focused intently upon Cameahwait, the first chief of the nation. She regarded him closely, her eyes shadowing, her lips drooping pathetically. Suddenly she burst into tears. She rose from her place and ran to where he sat, throwing her robe about his shoulders, embracing him and weeping.

"My brother," she sobbed, "do you not know me? I am your sister, who was stolen away by the Minuterees from our camp at the Three Forks. You are my brother. Have you forgotten me?"

Cameahwait, deeply moved, regarded her closely. "It is she indeed!" he exclaimed. "It is my sister, come back. She is returned."

He embraced her affectionately and had her sit on the robe at his side. But when they tried to continue the council, she was unable to speak, bursting into nervous tears and laughter, clasping and twisting her small brown hands.

The Captains glanced at each other. Important as the meeting was and great their need for haste, they must show consideration for the brave woman who had served them so steadfastly.

"We will postpone this meeting," Lewis said kindly. "Our good interpretress is nervous. She must have talk with her brother and receive news of the rest of her family. We will hold our council later, when she is more composed."

Sacágawea, left alone with her brother, was at first too moved for coherent speech, but talked excitedly in a highly nervous strain, and it was some time before she could calm herself sufficiently to ask and answer questions. After hearing the story of her adventures, Cameahwait inquired closely into the condition of the tribes on the Missouri.

"My brother," she told him, "they are rich. They have fine houses built of earth and warmly sodded. They have good beds to sleep in; they wear beautiful clothes; they have many guns and much powder."

"Do they have enough to eat?" he asked.

"Oh, my brother, even their dogs have abundance of food. They have buffalo, elk and deer; they have birds and fish; they plant gardens and raise fine fruit and vegetables."

"Do not the herds leave their hunting-ground?"

"Brother, on the plains farther to the rising sun than the Three Forks, the buffalo and deer are as plentiful as the sand in the prairies, as the stars in the sky at night."

"Do they eat seeds as we do, to keep from starvation?"

"No. They have good food always. Corn and beans and peas, which they dry for the winter. Brother—taste this." She opened her baby's carrier and produced a small bundle wrapped carefully in dressed skin. "Taste this. Is it not delicious?"

Cameahwait tasted slowly, turning the delicate morsel on his tongue. "It is the taste of paradise," he said. "Do the tribes on the Missouri have this rare food?"

"No," she admitted, "this is a food of the white men. It is the su-gar. But they sell all things to the Mandans when they come up the river to trade with them. Is it not good?"

"If we went farther toward the rising sun we would meet palefaces, too," he said discontentedly. "We also could wear fine clothes and eat fine foods. Sister, did these white men speak truly that they told the tribes of the Missouri to make no more war on us and steal no more horses?"

"Brother, I myself helped to make the talk between the white men and the tribes. They told them surely if they continued to make war, the Great White Father would send his warriors and his big guns and wipe them from the earth forever."

"And did the tribes say they would heed their words and make no more war?"

"Yes, my brother. They promised to heed the words of the White Fathers and to live in peace with all. They said they would make no more war unless themselves attacked."

But alas for Sacágawea's loyal boasting! Cameahwait, a true chief to his tribe, turned her words thoughtfully in his mind. After all, these white men were strangers. He owed them nothing. But his tribesmen were as his own children. If only he could lead them away to that fine country where they, too, might eat rich food and live secure in walled cities!

While Clark proceeded in advance with a small party to the Shoshoni village, to explore the surrounding country for a possible water route to the coast, Lewis set the rest of the men to work making pack saddles, repacking their baggage and sinking their canoes in the river against their return. He also displayed a large assortment of goods for barter with the Indians, finding them easy to trade with, exchanging good horses for uniform coats, leggings, handkerchiefs and knives, with which they were delighted, and particularly with the battle axes made by the blacksmiths during their stay at Mandan.

By the time they were ready to proceed, he had secured nine good horses and a mule and hired two others, the Indian women carrying the rest of the baggage on their backs. But

before they set out, he called Charbonneau aside and gave him some articles of clothing and a large knife.

"Go among the Indians," he said, "and with these procure a horse for our interpretress to ride upon when we go up to her village."

Charbonneau was outraged. "Is it," he asked coldly, "that the savage squaw is to ride while her master walks?"

"Sacágawea is a sister of the great chief, Cameahwait," said Lewis gravely. "It is not right that a princess should trudge on foot into her brother's nation. She must have a horse."

Charbonneau nodded an aggrieved assent.

For the first day they proceeded slowly, the Indians hanging back, making small excuses to cause delay, allowing their horses to graze often and long. Lewis found it impossible to urge them to greater haste. But they were agreeable and orderly, not at all beggarly, and very generous with the little they had. When they borrowed any small article they returned it promptly, with grateful thanks.

Before setting forth on the second morning, the chief Cameahwait spoke to Sacágawea in a low voice.

"We have changed our plans, sister," he said. "Our nation is starving and poor. Why should we spend many days helping these white strangers over the mountains when there are many fat buffalo down in the plains on which we could feast in plenty? We go at once to get our winter's supply of food. We shall go farther to the rising sun on this trip, since you say they have made peace for us with the Missouri tribes."

"But, my brother, you promised to help the white men over the mountains on their way."

"My duty is to my own people," he said firmly. "I have done enough for these white men. My first consideration is to save my tribe from starvation. I sent my young runners this morning to summon all our tribes to come and meet us tomorrow. We

will unite in a large party and proceed down the Missouri to the place where you saw the great herds."

"But how will they get over the mountains without your help?"

"That is not my concern," he said. "These men are nothing to us and nothing to you. Tomorrow we turn back to the plains to hunt game. You had better come with us. You can bring your master with you if you wish—the interpreter. He can speak friendly words for us to the Missouri tribes if we meet them."

"Brother, I entreat you, do not play false with these men. They are the sons of our Great White Father, they are friends of the Great Spirit Himself. Nothing can stop these men. War cannot stop them, nor floods, nor sickness. They know everything. And consider how kindly they have dealt with me—a poor slave squaw. They fed me like a princess. They gave me rich medicines worth many fine horses and much corn. They ordered their black monster to pass me good drinks and place warming herbs on my bowels. Do not betray them, brother. Only evil will come to our tribe if you deal crookedly with them."

"My plans are made," he said determinedly. "I have sent the summons to the tribes. Tomorrow they will meet us, and we turn back on the river. You may come with us if you will and bring your master. He does not think highly of these palefaces."

Sacágamea hurried to Charbonneau.

"Go at once to the Long Knife," she said anxiously. "Tell him to act quickly. Cameahwait has changed his plans. He has sent for all our tribes and tomorrow they meet in a great rally and proceed down to the rich hunting-ground on the Missouri. They will leave us with our baggage here on the mountains. We will perish if they do this thing. Go quickly and tell him."

"Mind your own business," said Charbonneau roughly.

"Leave it to the chief to command his tribes. This is not our expedition. If the baggage is lost—it is not our baggage. Let the Long Knife make his own terms with the Snakes. You hold your peace."

"You must tell him my words," she insisted. "Cameahwait is my brother and these white chiefs trust me. Go quickly and tell the Long Knife this thing they mean to do."

"Shut up," said Charbonneau. "I will tell him in my own time. I will attend to this matter."

All morning, Lewis, unsuspecting of treachery, pressed his advance toward the village. At two o'clock they halted for their midday meal. The Indians, impassive and serene, gave no hint of their changed intentions. Clark, far away in the mountains, having found no water route, had already dispatched a messenger to urge him to buy more horses, quickly, as it was impossible to proceed except by means of pack horses.

And Cameahwait's fast riders were galloping away in every direction to summon the tribes to their betrayal.

CHAPTER TWELVE

SACAGAWEA, watching anxiously, observed that Lewis took no action against the impending treachery.

"Did you tell the Long Knife my words?" she inquired, when Charbonneau flung himself on the ground near her to eat his dinner.

"Did the Long Knife ask my advice?" he countered bitterly. "No! He is the captain of this party! He gives the orders. If he came to me for advice, then I would tell him. But he comes to me for nothing except to order me to work."

"But they are so good to us," she pleaded. "Such rich food they give us to eat! Such a handsome horse they have bought for me to ride! Please go to him, and tell him what Cameahwait plans."

Charbonneau gnawed angrily at his venison. "I tell him nothing until I am asked," he said stubbornly.

Then, for the first and the only time, the young savage defied her master. She tossed her dinner to the ground; she stood up.

"I, myself, will tell the Long Knife," she said firmly.

"Sit down and mind your business, *Chienne*, or I will beat you severely."

"You may beat me if you will," she said. "But I shall surely give warning that my brother would betray them."

Charbonneau glanced at the men around him. Lewis, a little way removed, was quietly smoking. Charbonneau had had one experience beating the squaw before these men to his own discomfiture. He was of no mind to repeat it.

"Sit down," he ordered, his voice thick with anger. "I will tell him when I finish my dinner."

"Will you surely tell him?" she asked anxiously.

"I do not lie," was the haughty answer. "I will tell him when I have dined."

But he was spared the trouble of seeking Lewis out for this purpose. Finishing his pipe, Lewis crossed to where they sat.

"How did your horse ride, Janey?" he asked pleasantly. "Was it an agreeable change after the boating and the walking?"

"It was nice," she said, flushing.

"Tomorrow, Charbonneau, we arrive at the village. I want you and Janey to keep beside me at that time. They will send men out to meet us and I shall need all my interpreters."

"But for tomorrow," said Charbonneau thoughtfully, "I am not sure I shall be at hand. I have promised Chief Cameahwait to go with him to the big meeting of the Snake tribes tomorrow."

"The Snake tribes! Are they meeting tomorrow? Where are they to have this meeting?"

"They are to meet us on the road," Charbonneau said nonchalantly. "They are on their way down to the Missouri to hunt game."

"The Snake tribes! But not this tribe? Cameahwait is not going!"

"But surely, Cameahwait is going. He is their head chief. They could not go without Cameahwait."

"How do you know the tribes are coming for this meeting?"

"Cameahwait sent the summons for them. And when Cameahwait sends a summons, the tribes come. He dispatched his best riders early this morning."

"How did you find this out?"

"The squaw told me."

Lewis turned anxiously to Sacágawea. "Janey, surely this is

not true? Your brother would not deal with us in this fashion. Are your people going to break their promise and abandon us here, without horses, in this desolate place with all our baggage?"

"Yes, my Captain Long Knife," she said faintly. "My brother told me."

"Why did you not report it to me, at once?"

"I told him," she said, without a glance at Charbonneau. "I told him this morning as soon as Cameahwait said he had sent his runners with the summons."

"I suppose you had not the sagacity to realize the importance of this information," Lewis said furiously.

Charbonneau said nothing.

But once he had received the information, Lewis wasted not a moment. He summoned the three chiefs to his presence and, having a robe spread for them, himself was first to remove his moccasins before smoking the pipe of friendship. When they had smoked he spoke gravely.

"Are you men of your word?" he asked. "Can I believe the promises you have made me? Or do you speak with forked tongues and crooked meanings?"

The chiefs assured him that he could trust in their promises, that they never spoke with forked tongues.

"And did you not solemnly promise to assist me with my baggage to your village on the other side of the mountains?"

"Yes. So we promised."

"Then why have you falsely sent word to your people to assemble here and proceed down to the Missouri to hunt? I trusted your word, as I expected you to trust mine. I have dealt fairly in all things. I have paid for all that I have received from you. I have smoked my pipes with you, I have given you a full share of my food and my game. Now would you betray me?"

The two inferior chiefs disclaimed all responsibility. "We did not do this thing," they said. "It was the plan of the first chief, Cameahwait. He conceived the idea, he alone sent summons to the tribes. It was against our wish and our advice that he did this."

Cameahwait remained silent a long time, his eyes cast down. Lewis, frowning, with a haughty and surprised air, waited silently.

At last Cameahwait spoke. "It is true, my Father, I have done this thing. It is a bad act that I have done. When I saw my people hungry for food and knew there was abundance for all in the plains below, I determined to sacrifice my honor for my tribe. But I see clearly that my White Fathers cannot be denied. My sister spoke true words. Everything is known to our White Fathers, nothing can stop them. I will do as I promised. I will remain and assist you over the mountains."

"Then send your swiftest rider at once on your best horse to countermand those orders," said Lewis.

"It shall be done, my Father," said Cameahwait, and immediately dispatched a messenger to cancel the summons.

When news of this spread among the natives they worked with great cheerfulness, expediting Lewis's efforts in every way possible, and they proceeded to the Shoshoni village without misadventure.

With sulky rage, Charbonneau watched the joyous Sacágawea with her child, riding triumphantly at the head of the procession. Unable longer to endure the sight, he strode up to Lewis.

"It is not as it should be," he declared, "that a savage squaw should ride a horse while her master, a white man, walks on foot."

"Janey is not merely a savage squaw," said Lewis serenely. "She is really a red princess, the sister of the great chief of this nation. It would offend the tribe for her to walk on foot with

her child and baggage. She must travel with the dignity to which her rank entitles her."

"While her master walks!"

"An interpreter," said Lewis gravely, "does so very little beside talk that it cannot be too much of a strain on his virile manhood to walk a few miles."

As they approached the village of the Shoshoni, a group of young men came out to meet them, riding dexterously, performing dangerous tricks on their horses. At Cameahwait's request, Lewis ordered all their guns fired as they drew near, while a man in advance waved the large flag in greeting.

They pitched their camp in a beautiful level plain near the village, hoisting the big flag. The chiefs followed this example by raising theirs. Cruzatte got out his fiddle and, although Lewis continued uneasy, distrustful of the capricious chief, the men gave themselves up to social recreation. Everything about the white men astonished and delighted this tribe beyond measure, their clothing, their arms, their boats; the monster York; the dog, Scannon, who obeyed every order at one low word of command. The men good-naturedly showed off all their treasures, performed their most amusing capers.

"To keep Indians in good humor," Sacágawea told them with profound wisdom, "do not fatigue them with too much business at one time."

The lodges of the Shoshoni were flimsy structures of willow brush and beside each house was tied the best, the swiftest horse ready for instant use.

It was an orderly village, well maintained, yet with a spirit of unquenchable gaiety. The women were allowed to sit in council with the men and shared freely in the social entertainments of song and dance.

When Lewis had established a trading post to display his goods for barter, the horses were brought down for inspection—

and a gay and colorful scene it was. Charbonneau, watching moodily, went again to Lewis.

"Is it the plan," he asked surlily, "to procure enough horses for all members of the party to ride from this point?"

"Not for riding purposes only," said Lewis imperturbably. "We will have pack horses for the baggage. The hunters will ride, with the advance scouts leading the way. The main party will walk and lead the pack horses."

"Is the squaw to continue to ride a horse while I walk on foot?"

"The squaw has been very valuable to us. We could not have controlled this capricious tribe without her help. She carries all her baggage and that of her child, also most of yours. And the nursing child is a great burden to her. Yes, by all means, Janey must ride her horse."

Charbonneau said no more. He was a stingy man, but it was unthinkable that he should walk that hard trail over the snowy mountains while the savage squaw rode a fine horse. He went through his possessions, and, sighing, selected a bright red coat, procured in trade from the Northwesters. It was a handsome coat and he loved it. But should he walk, while his slave rode? Moody and ill content, he effected a good trade and procured a horse for himself, a good horse, a bigger horse than Sacá-gawea's.

On that afternoon, a man, riding into the trading post from another village down the river, sought out Lewis. His name, he said, was White Bear.

"I have come for my squaw," he announced cheerfully. "They told in our village that you had come and brought my squaw stolen by the Minitarees years ago—the sister of the great chief, Cameahwait. She is mine. I bought her from her father for my best horse and a fine mule."

"But she was captured by the Minitarees and sold to another man."

"In the Mandan town, I could not claim her," he admitted. "But since she has returned to our nation, she is my just property. She is older than a woman should be, to take for a squaw, but she is strong and healthy and hers is a good family. I will not hold it against her. I will take her anyhow."

"Have you no other squaw?" asked Lewis uneasily.

"Oh, yes, I have two squaws and several children. But I will not mind having another. My present squaws are old and busy with their children."

Lewis, realizing that the case called for delicate handling, made him small presents and gave him food.

"Will you wait about our camp a while, until I make inquiry?" he asked courteously. "I realize that the law of the tribes must be respected."

The man, greedily busy with his plate of venison, the first meat he had tasted in many days, nodded agreement. Lewis went to Sacágawea.

"Here is a pretty kettle of fish," he said anxiously.

Sacágawea looked vaguely puzzled. She saw no fish.

"I mean, it's a nice mess we are in. Here is an old man, twice your age, White Bear, who says you are his woman. He says he bought you from your father."

"Yes. So he did," she said. "I remember it well."

"But he has two squaws already and many children. Yet he wishes to take you from us and have you go with him to his lodge."

Sacágawea's dark eyes widened, grew anxious. "And not continue the rest of the journey?" she asked.

"That's his idea.—What do you want to do, Janey? Do you want to stay here in the tribe with that old man for your husband?"

"I would wish to continue the long journey," she said wistfully.

"Well, keep out of sight and I will see what I can do," Lewis promised.

He selected some fine presents and returned to White Bear, just finishing his feast. When Lewis displayed the ornate garments the savage eyed them covetously.

"The squaw admits that her father made the bargain with you," he said. "But she was sold years ago to a white man in our party and has a child with him. Would you wish to take this small nursing infant also to your lodge? Or would you perhaps relinquish the woman and accept these presents from us instead?"

White Bear's eyes shone over the rich laced coat, the military leggings, the beads, the knife.

"What?" he said. "Has she already a husband? And a small child also?—And would these fine presents be in exchange for leaving her with her present man?"

"Yes," said Lewis. "She is useful to us as an interpretress. Here is a bright handkerchief—you may have that, too."

"I will take these presents," he said eagerly. "I would not wish to take an old squaw like that, especially when she has already a husband and a nursing child. Tell him to keep the squaw."

And he hurried away with his treasures.

Sacágawea smiled gratefully when Lewis told her it was all arranged that she should remain with the party.

"I should feel sad," she admitted, "not to continue the long journey."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

ON THE day the expedition loaded its pack horses and, led by Toby, an old Snake guide, and his son, took the trail over the mountains, the Shoshoni set out in a galloping, shrieking horde for the buffalo ranges on the lower Missouri.

Clark led their advance over high rugged hills, passing the heads of many small creeks rushing into the Lemhi from both sides. There was no road. They had to cut their way through dense thickets. The hillsides were so steep and rocky that often the horses, their packs on their backs, missed footing and fell far down into the canyons, turning over and over as they went. The men scrambled down to the rescue and, unloading the packs, themselves bore the burden up to the trail. The horses, by some miracle, escaped further injury than bruises and minor cuts.

"I don't know myself," said Patrick Gass, "but I'd as soon lug a boat up the rapids as push a horse over the mountains and carry his load to boot."

There was no game in the mountains and their food was sadly insufficient—parched corn, portable soup, and a little bears' oil. Their supply of salt was so low they could use it but sparingly. As hungry almost after they had eaten as before, they began to yearn over the three fat colts trotting at the heels of the pack horses.

"How about a little fat colt for dinner?" became their daily inquiry.

"Me, I could eat a house cat and call it good," said one.

"Why isn't young colt as good as young calf?" they wanted to know.

But not yet starving, they put it off. "If we get no game to-morrow, into the pot with the fattest of them," they declared.

On that day Clark brought down five pheasants, the men four more, and these, with parched corn, constituted the evening meal for the entire party.

In the valley of the Bitter Root,²⁵ exhausted after a week's labored marching, they lay up to recuperate their strength. Traveler's Rest, they called their camp,²⁶ and a heavenly rest it proved, for Drouillard brought in two deer on which they feasted ravenously, mourning that it went so fast.

While the men rested Lewis took his celestial observations.

"But this set of observations cannot be depended on," he said to Clark, with great discontent. "Through a mistake I brought the Moon's western limb in contact with the star, instead of her Eastern limb, she having passed into her third quarter, and of course her Western limb somewhat imperfect."

"What does it matter?" sighed Clark wearily. "The only limb that interests me right now is the fat limb of a young buffalo, which alas, I have not got. And as for quarters, I would trade you every one the Moon possesses for one small juicy slice of fresh venison."

Pressing on, over an intolerably bad road, they encountered occasional wandering tribes of Indians, or came to their villages. These received them warmly, with great amazement at what seemed a divine visitation, but could give them only courtesies, having no food for themselves.

In the valleys it rained on them, in the mountains it snowed and hailed. The river abounded with beaver dams, but they could find no beavers. Every night they hopefully set their traps; every morning found them empty.

On one day they killed two pheasants.

Gass shook his head over them dolefully. "Unless you can turn a miracle," he said moodily, "they're no good to us."

"A miracle?"

"They did it with the loaves and fishes," he declared.

"We've had some miracles on this trip," Lewis said. "But what you want in this case is a bit beyond us."

"There would be no basketfuls to pick up afterward, I'll lay to that."

The path grew steeper, more stony, strewn with fallen timber. Clark trudged ahead on foot to blaze the trail. There was cold rain upon them almost daily and snow every morning; always there was gnawing hunger. The horses staggered with weakness. The men were half famished, depending now entirely on portable soup, which did not satisfy their craving.

"How about one of those fat colts, Captain?"

Lewis looked at Clark. Clark nodded wearily.

"Just as you say, boys. If you think you can stomach a colt you can have it."

"Stomach it! I could eat a pack rat!"

"I could do an Indian chore with the guts, myself."

Some killed the colt and dressed it, others prepared the fire; all stood about hungrily, hardly able to wait until it cooked.

"This colt eats very well," Whitehouse declared.

"Appears to me to be good eating," Gass admitted.

"On the whole, I prefer beavers' tails or buffalo marrows," admitted Ordway, "but I must say it ate very well at this time."

No one endured the bitter hardships with more cheerful equanimity than Sacágawea. Never a word of complaint on her lips! When the rain beat upon her bare head, she turned the carrier on her back to protect the child. On cold mornings, she doubled her blanket about it, to keep it warm. She accepted her small share of parched corn and soup with gratitude, nor asked for more. When they stopped, in snow, or rain, or freezing cold,

she rubbed the chill from the baby's body and gave it her breast, always warm for her child, though the rest of her body was numb with cold.

"The squaw," Lewis said, "has most amazing fortitude."

"She is a noble soul," said Clark.

Rugged ranges, covered with snow, stretched about them in every direction as far as the eye could see. The snow obliterated the path and often they had to seek for hours to find it, as it was only distinguishable by faint marks on the trees where packs had rubbed them. The men's socks were worn to tatters and they wrapped rags about their feet to keep them from freezing in their thin moccasins. The hunters, threshing the thicket in advance, could find no game.

"Being the most useless member of our party," said Lewis cheerfully, "another colt must fall sacrifice to our appetites."

They ate heartily of this colt, declaring it fine meat, as well flavored as the best beef.

Often when they halted at noon, it was only to let their horses graze and to snatch an hour's rest. Their food was gone. The last colt had fallen prey to their hunger and they dared not sacrifice the horses so sorely required for their packs.

Still on—stumbling, freezing, famished; and then on a fair cold morning on the topmost mountain peak, Clark saw in the distance below them an immense level plain. There would be game in the valley. The men gave the sight of it a rousing cheer, although it was yet a long way off.

Descending, they suffered as much from heat as from the cold in the mountains, the sun blistering their tender bodies, wet with the sweat of weakness. Staggering through a narrow glade, half mad with hunger, they saw an Indian horse, sleek and fat, grazing contentedly. They stopped short.

"Captain, there's manna," said one devoutly. "We've been praying for it."

"Well, you've stomached colt," said Clark. "If you are game to try horseflesh, kill him."

Without a word they shot him and ate ravenously, but sparingly, hanging up most of the meat to be picked up by the main party in the rear.

At a fork of the Lemhi River they found a tribe of the Chopunnish nation,²⁷ who received them with shy terror, torn between delight and fear. They gave them dried salmon and the quamash roots. The starving men ate ravenously and suffered grievous effects almost immediately.

"Still the pain of being full is better than the pain of being empty," they declared.

They were thin and emaciated now, gaunt and haggard, their eyes too bright, their thin cheeks unnaturally flushed, but, happy to have crossed the unconquerable mountains and to have attained the western plain, their indomitable enthusiasm soared high.

"We've done it," they said tersely. "We've done it!"

The great chief of the Chopunnish was the Twisted Hair, a cheerful man, who received his medals and flags with intense gratification and became at once their bosom friend. But for all his quick-born love, he could not give away the food of his people, who had too little for their own use, and only a small portion would they sell for any priceless treasure—fish hooks, razors or moccasin awls.

On a piece of white elkskin the Twisted Hair drew a map of the rivers for them.

"From this fork to the large fork on which the Shoshoni fish, is south, two sleeps. To a large river which falls in on the Northwest is five sleeps. From the mouth of that river to the falls is five sleeps. And at the falls are establishments of white people and great numbers of Indians on all those forks," he explained.

The Twisted Hair and a second chief, Tetoh, accompanied them on their advance, but they made slow progress. Unaccustomed to the roots, of which they had eaten too freely, the men were sick; Lewis was scarcely able to sit the gentlest horse the generous Twisted Hair could find for him. Many, unable to walk, were obliged to have horses. Every few minutes brought a forced halt when they collapsed by the roadside for a brief respite.

Clark doctored them assiduously, trying every remedy their medicine chest provided, resorting in the end to Doctor Rush's famous pills.

"To see what effect they have," Gass surmised shrewdly.

Reaching the Snake River they pitched their camp and Clark, sick himself but still indefatigable, began building canoes to carry them down to the coast. Too weak to shape the canoes by hand labor, they adopted the Indian method of burning them out.

The hunters, sick, too, but no less faithful, went out daily. But there was no game, and they had to subsist on salmon purchased from tribes coming up the river. Their salt was gone and without it the fish was tasteless and insipid and did not provide the nourishment their hard labor and weakened condition demanded.

"Pick out your horse," was Clark's command. "The men come before the baggage."

"As far as I can see," Whitehouse said, "we ate that horse with as good stomach as ever we did fat beef in the States."

The Frenchmen solved their own food question. They bought a couple of dogs from the Indians, prepared and cooked them. The others sniffed hungrily, eying them wistfully, but could not bring themselves to that extremity.

"It's enough better than lean elk," the Frenchmen told them encouragingly.

"Look, Scannon, old boy! That's what you're coming to! So many chews for hungry jaws."

Except for the Frenchmen, they had nothing but dried fish and roots to eat, both of which disagreed with them excessively. But they finished their five canoes, collected and branded their horses with a stirrup iron, and cached their saddles. The Twisted Hair and his sons had promised to guard their horses until their return.

On the moment of departure, Clark, their faithful physician, was taken violently ill but, intolerant of further delay, ordered them to embark, and, hardly able to stand, superintended the launching of the new fleet—a fleet sadly diminished from the triumphant armada that had left St. Louis a year and a half before. They now had five canoes, a large one for the men and baggage, and a small one for the officers, guides and interpreters.

"We're off, boys! Sing!"²⁸

With flags flying, firing a salute of guns, to the rollicking strains of a boating song, they swept out into the Snake River, amid the cheers of a motley crowd that lined the banks.

The current was dangerously swift, rapids almost incessant, and they were carried speedily down. The boat in which the officers led off sprung a leak immediately, but though they transferred the baggage to another canoe, they did not desert their leaking craft. The route was of fascinating interest, with Indian lodges scattered plentifully along the shore and savages lining the banks, watching their swift descent with awed amazement.

On the second day, in a fast riffle, the boat steered by Gass struck a rock, swung swiftly around and struck another rock, cracking the canoe wide open. She filled quickly. The waves roared over the rocks on every side. Gass was thrown violently overboard into the churning water and only got back to the

boat with the greatest difficulty, for even those who could swim had no chance to do so in the boiling current. The crew clung helplessly to the canoe and waited while another small canoe was emptied of baggage and rushed to the rescue. An Indian canoe scouting alongshore also hastened to their assistance.

The wet baggage was set ashore and laid out to dry, with two sentinels standing guard, while the rest fell to mending the canoe.

While they were busy at this work the old Shoshoni guide, Toby, and his son disappeared and could not be found. Indians said they had seen them running away up the shore at top speed.

"I guess they was afraid of being cast away in the rapids," said Gass gravely, who knew what casting away in the rapids meant.

"But Toby did not ask for his pay. He served us well—he may return home if he wishes, but we want to pay him and make him presents." They asked the Twisted Hair to send a messenger after the runaways, to remind them of their pay and the presents to which they were entitled.

"It would do no good to give them pay and presents," said the Twisted Hair honestly. "If they had anything when they reached my village, my people would take it away from them. Let them go."

But the faithful guide did not go quite empty-handed. Arriving at the Chopunnish village, he and his son selected good horses from the herd left there and proceeded to their own village without mishap.

For food the party continued to buy fish from the Indians, adding two or three fat dogs for the Frenchmen, who stoutly contended it was more nutritious than fish. Gass was a little sarcastic.

"These foreigners prefer dog," he said. "Poor Scannon! You are not long for this world."

It was not long before Gass himself—Scotch-Irish, hence no foreigner—was eating dog with relish.

The Indians along the river were stingy and selfish, demanding large returns for anything they sold. Dogs were cheaper than almost anything else, and within a few days the entire party was subsisting principally on that diet, with the sole exception of Clark, who could not eat it.

"We do not relish fish as a regular diet, but dog meat well cooked tastes very well," Gass finally admitted.

They came to the large fork, as the Twisted Hair had said, where the Clearwater enters the Snake. The water was of a curious greenish cast, surprisingly clear and transparent, the river wide, the current rapid.

The river tribes were suspicious and terrified, but sight of the gentle Sacágawea nursing her child instantly assuaged their doubts and fears. This was a peace party, for warriors never take women on hazardous expeditions. The Chopunnish chiefs, the Twisted Hair and Tetoh, proved helpful also both in making peace and negotiating trade. But Sacágawea was their un-failing pledge of friendly intent.

Realizing this, they gave her the most conspicuous place in the officers' boat and when they landed assisted her first on shore, where her appearance was greeted with cries of interest, relief and joy. When they made their evening camp, the natives flocked about them in perfect confidence, bringing their women and children, trusting in the good faith of these strangers because of the woman and child.

The canoes flashed dangerously down the swift current, striking rocks, taking on water, springing leaks; but, swiftly righted, quickly mended, flew on. The river was alive with fish, the leaping shining salmon; the banks were lined with immense scaffolds of drying fish and the mat lodges of the natives. At the junction of the Snake and Columbia Rivers, they pitched their camp be-

tween the two, running up their flag in recognition of having completed another lap on the long journey.

The Indians of the upper river warned them ominously of dangers to be encountered below.

"When you go down the great river, there will be war," they said. "They are awaiting your arrival. They will ambush and kill you. The Falls Indians are bad Indians! Look out for them."

The Columbia River, alternating swiftly from stately breadth to turbulent falls and rapids, had no terrors for them. The portage around the first falls²⁹ was child's play after their experiences. Not even the threat of unfriendly savages below could ruffle their complacency. They had done the impossible. They had crossed the continent.

With Cruzatte, Clark surveyed the narrows, where precipitous banks allowed no hope of portage and the water was shockingly agitated, swirling in violent whirlpools. Clark regarded it, frowning gravely.

"We can shoot those narrows," he decided suddenly. He looked at Cruzatte.

Cruzatte nodded. "Yes, sir," he assented promptly.

"Cruzatte says we can shoot the narrows all right," he reported to Lewis. "We shall have to send around by land the men who cannot swim and the most valuable of our merchandise."

"It is a bad pass?"

"Yes, it's bad. But we can make it, for all the horrid appearance of that agitated gut swelling, boiling and whirling in every direction."

The men did not question it. If Clark said they could shoot the falls, they could shoot them. And shoot them they did, to the astonishment of the natives who gathered on the cliffs above gazing down on them as they swept by.

Pitching their camp at the falls,³⁰ as they had been warned,

they found the Indians suspicious and unfriendly. Only the military precision of their movements, their display of unremitting forcefulness, prevented open hostilities. Yet they exerted themselves to maintain friendly relations with these tribes, anticipating the dangers of a return over this route on their way home. One chief made them a generous present of bear oil and fresh salmon trout which they fried for dinner.

"The finest fish I ever tasted," declared Clark gratefully.

"Still fish is fish," said Patrick Gass. "It ain't got the nutriment that dog has, as a steady diet."

Clark laughed. Alone in the party he maintained his diet of roots and dried fish. "I still can't go the canine," he admitted.

They suffered tortures from the fleas. Every visiting Indian was a hothouse of them, and their baggage, clothing and blankets were quickly infested.

"I doubt if the land was worth the millions we paid for it," said one of the men. "If you ain't got mosquidoes, you got gnats. If you ain't got gnats, you got sandstorms. If you ain't got sandstorms, you got fleas."

"We didn't have any of them pests in the mountains," another reminded him. "And we didn't have enough to eat, neither. At least, when we got fleas, we got food."

The Indians around The Dalles appeared in a heterogeneous assortment of clothing procured in trade with white men who frequented the river—sailors' hats, jackets and pantaloons. A few were proud owners of British muskets and brass kettles. But all were mischievous and thievish, muttering threats and veiled defiances and the two Chopunnish chiefs, the Twisted Hair and Tetoh, alarmed at the show of hostility, departed for their own villages, deservedly enriched by many presents, for their services had been great.

On one day, rounding a broad sweep in the river they came suddenly upon that scene of matchless beauty, Mount Hood, a

shining alabaster cameo, carved in eternal snows. "Saw a mountain with snow on it," Ordway wrote briefly in his field book.

Clark, with Cruzatte and Jo Fields, walked down the river by land to view the Great Shoot,³¹ where for a distance of half a mile the entire river was compressed within the space of a hundred and fifty paces, the water rushing with unbelievable velocity over the rocks, foaming and boiling in a horrible manner, with a fall of twenty feet.

The men in camp awaited their return with interest.

"How was the sex in those parts?" was their first question.

"Small and homely," said Peter Cruzatte briefly.

"They have swelled legs from sitting on their hams so much," added Fields.

"What kind of clothes do they wear?"

"Mostly none, unless you count beads."

"And a breechclout, but it's not very wide. They are poor, they have to save leather."

"And they have a little apron which is down about to their waists and will almost reach around them if they hold it tight."

"Do they hold it tight?"

"Well, those we saw was all holding something else at the time."

While Clark prepared the baggage for the portage around the Great Shoot—a distance of three arduous miles—Lewis held friendly councils with the Indians, recognized the chiefs with flags and medals, and worked on his Indian vocabularies. And then, on the first day of November, leaving the men who could not swim to guard the baggage, they let the canoes down by slipping them over the rocks on poles placed from one to another. Three were damaged, but to such a slight extent that they declared the passage a complete success.

Clark went with Cruzatte to view the second falls.³²

"We can shoot it with the boats but we daren't risk the baggage," he said.

"Yes, sir. The boats can take it."

Clark smiled. "The real miracle of this expedition," he declared, "is its unanimity."

"Cruzatte says the boats can shoot it," he told Lewis.

"What does Clark say?"

"Clark says Cruzatte is always right."

Those who could not swim were sent by land to the end of the portage, Clark accompanying them every step of the way to insure their safe arrival at the point of re-embarkation and returning to "shoot the falls" with the best boatmen. This miracle accomplished with only minor mishaps, the boats were reloaded and they swept triumphantly on. For the first time, the rise of the tide was distinctly noticeable and from that point the river was an immense tidal stream to the coast.

All was eager joy on board now, gay enthusiasm. They were good-naturedly patient with the Indians, who, assuming and disagreeable, hung about them constantly and could not be shaken off. Here they tasted their first wappato roots, second only to fish in the diet of the river tribes.

At dawn, on November seventh, when the mist and fogs had cleared away, they found themselves confronted with an unbounded stretch of blue water, reaching farther than the eye could see. The sight threw them into transports of delight.

"The ocean is in view!" exclaimed Clark "Oh, the joy!"³³

The men ran from their shelters, cheering, and fired their guns in salute.

"Great joy in camp," Clark wrote feverishly. "It is this great Pacific Ocean which we have been so anxious to see."

Lewis, smiling, said nothing. His joy was not for that broad expanse of ocean, but for the accomplishment of his "darling project." The Sublime Dandy had kept his trust.

The men were immediately happy and free from care. "It's all over," they declared. "We got here."

"We've done it."

"We made the coast."

Happily for their joy of the moment, they were unaware that the most bitter week of the expedition was ushered in with the dawn of the next morning, a cold, cloudy, disagreeable day, with a hard wind from the east. After proceeding five miles they came to an immense bay, with a wind so violent that a direct course across was impossible, obliging them to coast around. At a high point of land the bay narrowed suddenly, the waves running so high they were compelled to lie to, letting the tide lift their canoes on dry ground. The banks were so steep and close they could not ascend to a safe place to make camp but were compelled to remain on shore where they landed, without tree or shrub in sight, while the drizzling rain beat steadily down upon them.

In this situation they were held prisoners for six days, cold, wet and disagreeable. There was no room for a camp and they had to raise their baggage on driftwood logs to keep it clear of the tide. Unable to use the salt water, all they had for cooking and drinking was what they could catch from the drizzling rain. Wind and water loosened the floating driftwood from the sand on shore, tossing great logs about like feathers, so that only by constant alertness and effort could they save their canoes from being rammed. Even at night they could not relax their vigilance and the tremendous logs, some two hundred feet long, were a constant menace to their lives.

They had no cover except their blankets, worn thin and soaking wet, and mats of bark or rushes bought from the Indians. These, raised on poles, formed their only shelter. They had nothing to eat but dried fish, without salt. When the tide or high waves swept in, they saved their lives by scattering about

on floating logs or sheltering themselves in crevices of the rocks and canyons, always in danger of being trapped by higher waves.

The days passed and their miseries continued.

"It would distress any feeling person to see our situation," Lewis mourned. "All wet and cold, our bedding wet, in a cove scarcely big enough to contain us, our baggage and canoes at the mercy of waves and driftwood."

Their clothing, wet for days, rotted upon their bodies, and they had no other with which to exchange. The white people whom they had hoped to encounter in order to obtain supplies had sailed away before the rainy season set in, and would not return during the winter.

When, on the afternoon of the sixth day, the wind subsided momentarily, they flung their wet baggage into their reeking boats and abandoned Point Distress with heartfelt gratitude, proceeding to a point below where there was a sandy beach and a small marshy bottom, in which lay an abandoned village of thirty-six old Chinook lodges, now given over to full possession of the fleas.

On this beach, thanking God, they built a comfortable camp³⁴ with boards from the abandoned Chinook village and settled down, in full view of the ocean.

"More raging than Pacific," declared Patrick Gass.

But it was the end of their voyage. They had reached the coast, and at their feet the entire ocean seemed to hurtle in great waves, breaking thunderously, appalling them with its roaring, foaming fury.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

THE Chinooks who swarmed their camp were vicious and insolent. Clark gave them tobacco and allowed them to smoke but would neither treat nor trade with them. He assigned special guards to watch them constantly, and the presence of these alert, armed sentinels created a profound impression. He adopted a firm curt tone in speaking to them, and threatened with instant death one who touched so much as a piece of rope without permission. For their gifts of fish, roots or liquorice, they demanded twice as much in return, and were still not satisfied.

"It is a bad practice," he said grimly, "to accept a present from one of them. There is no pleasing them in return."

A brave in the party of the chiefs Concomly and Chillarlawil, to whom they gave medals and flags, wore a beautiful robe of two dressed sea otter skins, a shining fur, sleek and rich. The officers eyed it covetously.

"A robe of blue cloth for your fur robe," they offered.

He refused stiffly.

"Two cloth robes!"

"I would not sell this robe for five cloth robes," he declared.

"It is a great treasure. Sea otter is scarce and hard to kill. The skins are hard to dress. The skins in this robe are perfect.—I would, however, like some chiefs' beads. Blue beads."

"We have no more blue beads. We will give you many strands of red and white beads for the robe."

"No red beads. No white beads. Only the chiefs' beads will I have," he said coldly.

They offered knives, moccasin awls, fish hooks. At each offer he shook his head.

"Chiefs' beads," he repeated. "Only chiefs' beads will I have."

His eyes followed Sacágawea about the shelter. The Captains' eyes followed his. Dressed in her best clothes, she was wearing a wide girdle of the beloved blue beads, chiefs' beads, which they had given her at Mandan. The Chinook could not take his eyes off that blue belt.

"A good tomahawk and a dozen steel-tipped arrows," Lewis said.

"And half a carrot of tobacco," added Clark.

The Chinook shook his head, his eyes riveted to the Indian woman's waist.

"For the squaw's belt, perhaps," he said suggestively.

Sacágawea heard it. She smiled. The belt was her dearest treasure and she was inordinately proud of it, wearing it only upon highly important occasions. She looked at the men, one after the other. The chief's eyes were upon her belt. The Captains' yearned over the sleek fur of the robe.

What of Sacágawea's would she withhold from her beloved Captain Chiefs? She took it off, smiling, and handed it to Clark without a word.

"Janey, do you love it very much?" he asked, wanting the robe, but hesitating to deprive her.

"Do you desire the robe so greatly?" she asked in turn.

"It is the most beautiful robe that I have ever seen," he declared.

"The belt is yours to make the trade," she said simply. "It is a poor compliment."

"You are an angel," he said ardently.

In this way the Captains acquired the finest robe in their collection.

When their guests had gone, Clark began searching through their sadly dwindled store of merchandise.

"It was downright noble of the squaw to give us that belt," he said.

Lewis smiled. "She should be noble. It is the blood of kings she has in her savage veins."

"It is the spirit of royalty she has in her savage heart," Clark added. "See here, Lewis, this blue coat. Let us give her this in return for her belt. It is too bad to deprive her of her treasures when she has so few."

"By all means," agreed Lewis. "She well deserves it. You make the presentation, Clark. It will be more precious coming from your hands."

Clark called her. "Janey," he said, "you were a good and loyal friend to give us your belt to buy that robe. And to show our thanks we want to give you this blue coat. It is a nice coat and ought to look very well on you."

Sacágawea's dusky face glowed with pleasure. "Just like a paleface woman," she said eagerly.

"Exactly like a paleface woman."

"Try it on," said Lewis. "Let's see how it looks on you."

Clark held it out and she folded it lovingly about her, preening a little, her face aglow, her lips parted with pleased excitement.

"Do I look like a paleface woman now?" she asked.

"Well, you look some like a paleface woman," said Clark. "A whole lot like one. Not exactly, of course."

"No. Not exactly," she assented reluctantly. "Are they very white, those women? Are they as white as the ashes of burnt wood?"

"Some of them are very white," said Clark. "But they have red cheeks."

"Red is pretty," she said. "I have red paint also."

"Not paint," he added, thinking not of the French ladies in St. Louis, not of the coquettish belles of Virginia and Kentucky, but of a small girl with laughing eyes and rosy cheeks running down the lane with flowers in her hands. "Pink—like roses."

"Is their hair like my hair?"

"Their hair is not as black as yours. It hangs in soft curls about their shoulders."

"Curls, like York," she said.

"No, not like York." Clark's voice was almost indignant. "Just soft waves and little ringlets on their foreheads—especially when they run and their faces are flushed and hot."

"Do they let it hang like the Sho-sho-ni, or in long braids like the Mandan women?"

"When they are grown-up women, they twist it in topknots on top of their heads, and stick pins and fancy combs in it. But when they are young they let it fly about their faces in curls."

"Young! Like Ju-diths," she said.

"Judith!" He was surprised.

"Little Ju-diths, of the river," she explained.

Clark, conscious of the smiling amusement in Lewis's quizzical eyes, flushed under her sober gaze.

"Yes. All little girls, like Judith."

Sacágawea went to her own place. She took her small pewter mirror, and by its reflection, tried to twist her hair into topknots high on her head, as he had said the paleface women wore it. It would not stay up. It did not look very handsome anyhow, she thought. Yet, savage as she was, she knew that white men liked it, else white women would not wear it so. She tried to curl it about her face, but there was no wave in that shining blue-black hair.

She sighed a little, but her smile was quick after it. "My blue coat," she said, "is the same coat that the paleface women wear. I am glad I gave them my blue beads. They were well pleased."

The rain continued. Several times daily the wind rose suddenly to storm fury, driving in from the sea and throwing immense waves over the banks, inundating their camp. The men, who had defied rivers, rocks, sandstorms and mountains, were helpless before these lashing gales. They could not hunt. They could not explore. Soaking wet, day and night, they were confined to their small shelter, the Indians crowding cheerfully about them.

"Oh, how horrible are these days," mourned Clark, chafing at the continued inaction.

Many of the Chinook women had handsome faces, but both men and women were short and illy formed. Many were tattooed in red and blue ink, and the arm of one young squaw bore the name, "J. Bowman." None wore trinkets in the nose, but many had earrings. The women had leather strings tied tightly about their ankles, which resulted in ugly enlargement and discoloration.

This dress consisted of a short skirt, a fringe of bark or twisted rushes, hanging loose, providing scant protection for their charms in that windy climate.

Among their visitors were Clatsop Indians from the opposite side of the river, more courteous, reserved and honest than the Chinooks. They boasted that there was much game on their side of the river, and declared there would be no cessation of the maddening rain and wind for several weeks.

"It's a surprising climate," Clark complained. "A most surprising climate."

"There is no longer anything surprising to me in fog and rain," said Lewis. "A fair day, I must say, would be genuinely surprising."

Realizing that they could not remain in these wretched quarters, where there was neither proper protection nor sufficient game for their maintenance, they called a council to consider the

question of a permanent site. Many had already expressed a wish to abandon this wet and gloomy location and proceed back to the Falls, where there was not only fair weather but much social and commercial activity among many tribes in addition.

"We'll take a vote on it," Lewis said. "You men have a right to your opinion about this. It is a right you have earned by pain and labor and sublime endurance. Ordway, call a meeting in the big shelter."

"Call York and Janey, too," added Clark. "They're not soldiers, but they've stood their share of the hardships and have their right to be heard."

An orderly was sent to fetch Sacágawea.

"Janey," he said, "come down to the big shelter. The Captains want you to vote."

She left the moccasins she was carefully mending—Charbonneau's moccasins, they were.

"I do not know how that is done," she said apologetically. "To vote. That I have never done."

"They want to know where you want to have our winter quarters."

Sacágawea stopped short. She gasped with amazement. "I cannot choose our winter quarters," she said. "The Captain Chiefs will do that."

"Well, they want to know what you think about it. They said to bring you."

"Wait. I will put on my white-woman's coat." Donning it quickly and smoothing her dark hair, she went with him to the big shelter, where all was set out in businesslike array. In front the officers sat on stumps, with Ordway standing beside them. Ordway had the big book in his hand, with pen and ink on a log near by. The men sat erect, hugging their knees, not lolling about full-length as usual.

"Are they going to let me sit in the council?" she asked faintly.

"Yes, to be sure. They say you're the best man in the party and have as much right to your say as anybody."

One shoved a stump forward for her as she entered the shelter, trying hard to turn her toes out as she walked, instead of straight forward, or toeing-in. It hurt her ankles. She wondered why the white men followed that strange fashion when it was so painful. But she wished she walked so, too, because they did.

Charbonneau was furious. Sending for Sacágawea was an outright insult! Asking the opinion of a slave squaw! They had spoiled her—and a good squaw she had been to start with.—Wouldn't allow him to beat her, although she was his! Gave her costly medicines and rich foods! Ordered the black man to wait on her! And now asking her opinion of their winter quarters!—Look at her, he thought angrily, mincing along in her fine blue coat, turning out her toes as if she were somebody!

He turned his head away, frowning darkly. He would not look at her. Once he got her to Mandan, he would take this nonsense out of her in short order! He would show who was running his squaws!

Sacágawea sat stiff and still on her stump while Lewis explained gravely that every man had a right to his opinion in this selection of winter quarters, for the hardships would be theirs to endure.

"We cannot stay here," he said. "There is no game, and we have no proper shelter against rain and wind. We can return to the Falls, but it will be colder there and our clothing is thin and insufficient, our robes much worn. Nor is there game at hand there and our hunters will have to go far to hunt. But there will be company and social life, and we will escape the rain. The Clatsops say there are sheltered locations on the other

side of the river, and much game. Now shall we go directly back to the Falls, or shall we first explore the other side in search of a suitable location?"

"Remember," added Clark, "that in case the boats of white traders put in here this winter, we shall miss them if we are up at the Falls and have no opportunity to trade with them for things we sorely need."

"Our salt is entirely exhausted," added Lewis. "If we remain near the ocean we can establish a salt works and lay in a supply to carry us back over the mountains. We shall have no salt at the Falls."

"But you are not to be guided by our opinion. We want to know each man's genuine wish in this matter."

"Ordway, call the roll."

Sacá-gawea was fascinated. Her shining black eyes were intent upon Ordway, calling the names, not as he usually did, "Irish," or "Bud," or "Pat," but slowly, reading from the book, "Sergeant N. Pryor," "Sergeant Patrick Gass." After his name, the man said something and Ordway wrote in his book with the pen.

But when they called "Charbonneau," he looked away, sourly, and said, "No vote." Ordway made a swift dash with the pen and went on.

Sacá-gawea hardly seemed to breathe, she sat so still and erect. She wished her brother, ~~Cameahwait~~, could see her sitting in this council in her blue coat. She wished the girls of the Mandan towns could see her. But most of all she wished that little Baptiste were old enough to appreciate the honors heaped on the humble head of his mother.

"Drouillard."

"Examine the other side of the river and then go up to the Falls."

"McNeal."

"Ditto."

"York."

"Examine the other side and look out a place."

Then—Sacágawea's heart fairly stopped beating. Ordway's eyes were on his book.

"Janey!"

Janey swallowed hard, sat very still. Now, actually, she did not breathe.

"Janey, the Bird-Woman," repeated Ordway, in a loud clear voice.

The men on either side nudged her.

"Speak up, Janey."

"Say your piece."

Clark, understanding her dilemma, came to her assistance. "Janey," he said, "just say where you would like to have our winter quarters."

"Oh, to live for the winter?" she asked, with a sudden happy smile.

"That's it. Where would you like to live this winter?"

"Oh! Where there is plenty—of potatoes," she said shyly.

She did not mind when the men laughed. When they laughed she knew they were pleased and not angry. It was plain she had said the right thing. She watched Ordway closely—yes, he wrote in the book for her, as for the rest. She was enchanted with the council.

Ordway announced the result of the vote.

"All right," Lewis said. "We'll explore the other side to-morrow."

The men got up, began doing other things. Sacágawea sat still for a while and waited but no one made any important movement. She went shyly to Ordway.

"When do we go on our winter quarters?" she asked. "For the vote."

"Why, we just did vote. You voted! Everybody voted but Charbonneau."

She looked puzzled. "But he said we must go on our winter quarters for this vote."

"No, no, Janey, you don't understand. We were voting on where to establish our winter quarters. That's all. We didn't have to go right onto the winter quarters to do it. That's all to vote is—to say what you think."

He showed her the book. "See, these men wanted to go up to the Falls. These wanted to scout around down here and try to find a place. And their side carried, so that's what we're going to do."

"And I wanted to go where there are potatoes," she said.

"Yes. That's your vote, right there. 'Janey—where there are plenty of potatoes.'"

She glowed with complacent pride. "The book is very precious," she said. "It is Great Medicine. Even before the Captain Chiefs reach for their guns when there is danger, they grab the writing."

"Of course they do," said Ordway. "It's the most important thing in this trip, writing in our books."

A group of men clustered about them, listening, interested and amused.

"When you go back to the country of the white men," she said, "I expect you will put it away very safe in a new, stout medicine bag."

"Oh, no!—Janey, do you know what we're going to do with this book? We're going to send it right straight to the President of the U. S.—right into his own hands."

"Is he a great chief like the Long Knife and the Red Head?"

"He is the greatest chief in the world. He is the Great White Father—the father of all the white men and all the tribes in the land."

"What will he do with this book? Can he read what it says in the book?"

"Janey, do you know what he will do with this book? He will stand up in Congress and read it aloud to them, every word that's in the book."

"What is it—the Con-gress?"

"That's where all the chiefs of all the white tribes put on their best clothes and go and sit in chairs and take snuff out of gold snuff-boxes and the President of the United States will get up and read them the book. It is the biggest council in the world."

Sacágawea was so impressed she could hardly speak. To think of it being read out of the book by the Great White Father to that huge council in their best clothes, that she, Sacágawea, had voted on their winter quarters! She smiled, pleasantly, and her dark eyes shone. "What will the Con-gress say then? What will the Con-gress do?"

"Well, they'll very likely say, 'It's a good job these lads did. Let's give them a thousand acres of land and build them a house.'"

"And, 'Let's give them five thousand dollars in good money as a reward,' " added Whitehouse.

"And maybe they'll say, 'Let's retire the privates as captains, and make the captains generals.'"

"And we'll be strung all up and down with medals and flags and certificates."

"They will be surprised," said Sacágawea, "to read about me in the book in the Con-gress. Could you put in that I wore my blue white-woman's coat, and that I walked to the council with my feet out like the white men?"

"There's a lot about you in this book, Janey."

"More about me besides the vote!" she ejaculated. "What is more about me in the book?"

"Oh, about you being our interpretress to the Snakes, and about you being captured at Three Forks and sold to the Frenchman. And about giving your blue belt to buy the robe for the Captains. And especially about you being so brave in the boat that day, grabbing all our things out of the water when the boat filled."

Sacágawea smiled happily. "The Con-gress will be surprised," she said. "I am glad I gave them my blue belt. That day when the boat filled and I grabbed the books out of the water, I did not know they were such great treasures to go to the Con-gress. I just grabbed them because the chiefs would be sorry if they drowned."

"It's all in the book," said Ordway. "The Captains said you were as brave as any man in the crowd."

She was rosily aglow with pride. "You must be careful of that book," she said. "Or the Con-gress and the Great White Father will be very angry. You must keep it out of the rain and away from the fire."

"Yes, of course."

Charbonneau came up then, angrily. He could endure no more of such nonsense.

"Go back to our shelter, *Chienne*," he said, "and mend those moccasins I gave you."

Sacágawea obeyed, meekly enough, but the small head with its shining blue-black hair was proudly held, the little brown hands held the blue cloak about her as if it were a garment of royalty. And she walked, not straight forward, foot after foot, as the Indians do, but awkwardly turning out her toes. Probably the Pres-i-dent himself, walked like that, and all the Con-gress, with their toes turned out!

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

WHILE Lewis with a detail of five men was scouring the country for a suitable site for winter quarters, Clark, in charge of the camp, chafed futilely at the killing inaction, the frightful discomfort of their life. Everything was wet, their bedding, their stores, their food. The leather lodge was worn threadbare; the sails and pieces of canvas were so full of holes they no longer kept out the rain. They had nothing to eat but the remains of pounded fish bought at the Falls. Their robes and clothing had rotted upon them; they had no others. The lodges were thick with smoke which burned their eyes and scorched their throats.

He was sick, nauseated, unable to eat. Day after day he sat alone, brooding moodily, waiting for Lewis. Sacágawea grieved over him like a mother. She weighed the situation carefully in her childish mind, and then, brightening suddenly, went to her own place in the lodge and from the securest corner in her baggage drew from among her treasures a little package, carefully wrapped in many thicknesses of dressed skin.

Going shyly to the cooks' fire, she asked if she might cook a little—just a small thing—it would not take long. Receiving their cheerful consent, she took from her precious package the little portion of flour she had been saving so carefully that her child might see what fine bread these palefaces had eaten. She kneaded it swiftly into a loaf and baked it in the fire, hovering over it every moment to insure that no harm befell it. The flour was moldy and damp, but it made bread. When it was baked, she took it to the Red Head.

"Eat this," she said. "It is too much dried fish that makes you sick. Eat this, and you will be better."

"Bread! Janey, where in the world did you get bread?" he demanded.

"I baked it," was her proud reply.

"But where did you get the flour? We have had no flour for months."

"I got it from the cooks long ago when there was plenty of flour and they wasted and spilled and lost it. I took a small portion—this much—and put it away for my child when he is old. But when my Captain is ill like this and cannot eat, I bake it for you.—Some day I will tell my child about the bread.—Eat it. Is it not good?"

The bread was heavy and a little sour, but the childish generosity of the act made it sweet and palatable to him. He turned it in his mouth, smiling, much gratified.

"Janey, I do not know when I have eaten anything with so much satisfaction. I feel a different man already."

"It is well I kept that flour," she said complacently.

"I feel very selfish taking it from your child," he said.

"He will not know. There may be much flour when he is big."

Clark, finishing the bread, stared moodily out at the indomitable ocean. "To think," he said bitterly, "that we cheered with joy at sight of this monstrous ocean. It has roared there in front of us like repeated rolling thunder ever since we got here. I do not know why anybody should be anxious to see the ocean. For my part, I shall call it the Great Western Ocean hereafter—there's been nothing Pacific about it since we've been here."

In the distance he could see a party of Chinooks riding safely over the mountainous waves in their cork-light canoes. "Elegant canoes," he murmured admiringly. "Elegant. But I

cannot say as much for the ocean. It is tempestuous and horrible."

That afternoon Jo Fields came in with the marrow bones of an elk he had killed, news which brought instant animation to the hungry party. While one detail set off for the rest of the meat, another built fires to prepare the welcome banquet. But when it was ready, Clark was too ill to eat and, unable to endure the sight of a feast he could not share, walked out on the peninsula and carved his name on the trunk of a great pine.

"Capt. William Clark December 3rd, 1805. By Land. U. States in 1804-1805."

The next day, for a few small fish hooks, he purchased some wappato roots which York boiled up with the marrow bones of the elk, and this he ate with great relish, Sacágawea hovering near and looking on with pleased solicitude. But when he had eaten the marrow and would have tossed the bones away she cried out in pained protest, and took them carefully.

"White men are wasteful," she said reprovingly. "Waste fine flour. Waste fire-wood. Waste good marrow bones. I will make rich oil of these that will do you much good."

"You can't get any oil out of those shanks," he objected. "I've licked them bone dry."

"You watch," she said. And while he looked on, she chopped them fine, boiled them slowly, and extracted a full pint of rich grease, highly flavored.

"Pretty smart, Janey," he said approvingly. "Very smart. This grease is much better than regular elk tallow. Very smart, indeed."

"Yes, very smart," she agreed happily.

When Lewis returned with the report that he had found a suitable place for their camp, accessible to game and to fresh water and convenient to the shore for making salt, in spite of the waves then running high they loaded their canoes and set

out. Coasting carefully around the headland³⁵ they crossed the wide bay—Meriwether's Bay, Clark called it—and ascended a small clear river³⁶ for about three miles, stopping at the first point of high land on the western bank in a thick grove of lofty pines, about two hundred yards from the water and thirty feet above the level of high tide.

Under Gass's expert direction they began construction of their winter quarters, always delayed, in spite of their hurrying zeal, by the incessant and prolonged visits of the Indians. The Clatsops, who lived on the north side of the bay, were more admirable in every way than the Chinooks, and more amiable, but stingy and close in trade, demanding high prices for all they sold. Their chief, Comowool,³⁷ was invariably courteous and considerate, visiting them frequently and exerting himself to do them favors.

They dealt with the Indians cordially and always on fair terms, but were obliged to adopt a firm manner, brooking no impositions; any caught stealing, and many were, were driven peremptorily from camp and forbidden to return.

They called their new home Fort Clatsop and, although less elaborate than Fort Mandan, it was comfortable and answered their needs. Working daily, in spite of the inclement weather, they were able to celebrate Christmas in their new quarters, ushering in the day by the discharge of firearms under the Captains' window, with cheers and songs. The day was spent arranging their rooms and making the hut as snug as possible. In spite of their privations the men were cheerful and gay, accepting gratefully the officers' small gifts of tobacco and handkerchiefs.

The exchange of gifts was but trivial. Lewis gave Clark a pair of fleece hosiery, a shirt, underclothing and socks. Whitehouse had made moccasins for both officers, Goodrich gave them small woven baskets.

Sacágawea, remembering from Fort Mandan what Christmas

signified among white men, wandered about the fort, shy, flushed, obviously trying to raise her courage to the point of bold and decisive action. Succeeding at last, she approached Clark, slim and straight, with shining eyes, a childish tremble of excitement on her red lips.

"Mer-ry—Christ-mas!" she said shyly, but not without pride for her mastery of those difficult syllables.

Smiling, she gave him the most beautiful of all her treasures, a strand of two dozen beautiful white weazel tails, silken and sleek.

"Why, Janey, these are just beautiful! Where did you get them?" he asked, pleased and touched.

"They are nice," she admitted. "My brother, Cameahwait, gave them to me when we were with my people."

"But are you sure you want to give them away, Janey? This is a great treasure."

"Yes. To you I give them. For Mer-ry—Christ-mas. It is a poor compliment."

The good-natured Clatsops, catching the spirit of the occasion, contributed their share in the form of a great pile of black roots.

"They will have to take our word for it that this is a feast day with us," said Clark moodily. "It is not our fault that we have no feast to prove it."

"Ours must be a feast of souls," said Lewis philosophically. "We have nothing either to raise our spirits or gratify our appetites."

"Nice Christmas dinner," Clark went on. "Poor elk so badly spoiled we only eat it from sheer necessity, spoiled pounded fish, and roots. Merry Christmas!"

"And no salt," supplemented Ordway.

"Boys, we are sorry we have no spirituous liquor to elevate your spirits this Christmas," Lewis said regretfully.

"We don't need it, sir," said Gass consolingly. "Far as I can see, we're all in good health. Our living ain't what you might say the best right now—elk poor and half spoiled, and no salt for it. But I guess dying would be considerable worse."

Fort Clatsop consisted of seven rooms, or huts, four on one side of the parade ground, three on the other. It was fifty feet square. The parade ground between the two rows of huts was twenty by forty-eight feet, securely picketed, the only entrance by a guarded gate on the south side. The American flag was floated proudly from a tall staff and when lowered at sunset all Indians were expelled from the fort and the gates locked for the night.

The Chinooks, who had followed them in great crowds, at first refused to leave at evening parade, but the grim armed sentinels proved a conclusive argument, and after the first experience they took great pains to depart before the hours of closing to escape the indignity of a forcible expulsion.

A small detail was established at the seashore with five large kettles to begin the manufacture of salt, so sorely needed, and every day a band of hunters scoured the country for game, finding it hard to keep the party supplied as meat spoiled quickly in the warm wet weather, often before it could be brought to camp.

The first of January, 1806, was celebrated only by a volley of small arms, but their food was better than on Christmas.

"Our enjoyment of this day," Lewis said, "must consist principally in anticipation of January 1, 1807, when in the bosom of our friends we hope to participate in the mirth and hilarity of the day. Then, with the zest given by the recollection of today, we shall completely, both mentally and corporeally, enjoy the repast which the hand of civilization prepares for us."

Lewis spent most of his time at Fort Clatsop working on his Indian data and vocabularies and completing his scientific records, a technical procedure in which Clark took small interest. It

was not a very happy time for Clark, hindered as he was from exercising his natural talents—unable to explore new country, forge new trails, navigate dangerous waters in frail craft. He was homesick, bored and restless. Almost his only pleasure during that dull winter was the chubby, black-eyed, ruddy skinned child of Sacágawea, little Baptiste.

"Pomp," the men called him, or "Pompy," after their custom with the little black slave babies on their plantations in Kentucky and Virginia.

"Hi, Pomp!" or "Howdy, Pomp!" was their greeting when they straggled in from their work. "Pomp, say 'Howdy'!"

He became their pet and their plaything. The rough men shortened their steps to match the toddling first ones of his little feet; their work-worn hands were ready to catch him when he fell. Scannon adopted him as an especial charge, following him soberly about on his little explorations from hut to hut and over the parade ground, nosing him gently back when he strayed too far.

They taught him to dance before he was out of his cradle, after the Indian fashion and after their own, with Peter Cruzatte playing his fiddle. They tried to coax the small tongue to attempt their favorite words.

"My little dancing boy, Pomp," Clark called him. And but for his interest in the adoring happy child, felt he could hardly have endured the monotony of the winter at Clatsop.

The friendly Comowool they found by far the most decent and reliable of all the coast Indians. Not one good word had they for the one-eyed Chinook, Concomly. Comowool enhanced their good opinion by the presents he brought to vary their dreary cuisine—fresh fruits and berries.

"Our very stomachs are grateful for them," Lewis assured him.

He brought them dogs and fresh blubber, of which the Indians were very fond.

"For my part," said Lewis, "I have become extremely fond of dog flesh."

Clark shook his head. "I could eat it better, I think, if the men were not always saying, 'Pass the Scannon,' and 'A little more boiled Scannon.' It takes away my taste for it."

Lewis laughed. "You let your imagination run away with your appetite. You must admit that during the time we lived principally on dog flesh our whole party was healthier, stronger and fleshier than any time since we left the buffalo ranges."

"Oh, I admit it. I just don't like the idea."

"Keep your mind off the idea and upon the meat," advised Lewis. "I have become perfectly reconciled to the dog."

"Every time I take a mouthful I seem to hear a friendly yelp of greeting. I can't stomach it."

"As a matter of fact," Lewis continued, "the meat of the dog tastes a good deal like that epicurean delicacy, the beaver tail."

"So it does. But beavers don't lick your hand."

But while Lewis and the rest of the party suffered acutely for want of salt, Clark had become entirely accustomed to the enforced abstinence and declared it was a matter of mere indifference to him whether he had it or not.

"You will strain at a gnat—a juicy, boiled dog, that is—yet swallow unsalted, pounded, half spoiled fish without demur."

"Salt doesn't wag its tail," said Clark, smiling.

But the rest of the party proclaimed it a gala day when the salt-makers sent them a gallon of their product, a fine white salt, well flavored, but not as strong as common rock salt. And the kettles were kept going day and night to provide enough for the long route home across the mountains and plains.

Their Indian visitors for some days had regaled them with exciting stories of a monstrous fish which had been washed ashore on the seacoast and from which they were obtaining supplies of whale oil and blubber. Being now greatly in need

of oil, and, upon cooking the blubber presented by Comowool, finding it both palatable and tender, Clark determined to go with a party of twelve to the shore where the whale was stranded for the purpose of procuring those valuable supplies thus generously placed at this disposal by Nature. In his detail, he did not include Charbonneau.

But when Sacágawea heard of this trip they were to undertake—to visit the huge cairn of the salt-makers, to go to the very shore of the Great Ocean that lay beyond the immense bay, and especially to see this monstrous fish of which everyone was talking, her small breast ached with longing. She went to Charbonneau.

"I wish much to take this trip to see the Great Water. And never in my life have I seen a fish so monstrous. The Red Head is very good. Will you not ask him if I may go on this trip?"

"I will ask him nothing," said Charbonneau. "If he had wanted me in his party, he would have asked me." Then he added, for he, too, wished greatly to see these rare sights, "But if you ask him and he agrees, I will go also."

Sacágawea hesitated to ask favors but her desire was great. After all, it was but little she had asked of them and the Red Head always listened to her patiently, helped her when he could. Flushing for her temerity, she went to him.

"Could I also go on this trip?" she began shyly. "I have come such a long way on the journey and I have never yet seen the Great Water except this bay. When I go back to the tribes and they ask me, 'What was it like, the Great Water?' I shall feel shame to say I never saw it."

Clark looked uneasy, even embarrassed. "But, Janey," he said, "it is a long hard journey we are undertaking. We do not know what hardships we shall encounter on our way."

"Am I afraid of hardships?" she asked with simple dignity. Then, gaining courage, she went on, "And now that this mon-

strous fish is also to be seen, it is very hard that I must go back to the Mandan towns and say there was a fish here as long as thirty men lying in a row and I did not see it. They will not believe me. They will say, 'Did you see this fish with your own eyes?' And I will say, 'No, I did not see it.' They will say, 'She has a loose tongue, it is an old woman's tale, there is no fish as big as that.' Even I myself, I cannot think how it would look, a fish as long as thirty men. Unless I see this fish, even I cannot believe it."

It was no part of Clark's plan to encumber himself with the helpless Charbonneau, but he could not resist her shy appeal.

"Will Charbonneau go also?"

The light of hope flashed across the pleading face. "Yes. If you agree we may go, he will go also. But he would not ask you."

"Janey," Clark said, "if you really want to go on this trip, it is only fair you should have your wish. It will be a hard trip, and hard work. There will be rain and wind and maybe snow. But you may go if you wish it. Tell Charbonneau we start early in the morning. Tell him to be ready without fail."

"I will walk very hard," she promised happily. "I will carry many things. I will cut up much blubber and boil out oil. I shall like to see a fish so big. They will be surprised when I tell them in the Mandan town. They have no fishes so big in their river there."

Lewis laughed when she had gone. "Wax, my dear Clark, that's what you are. Wax in the hands of a woman and a savage squaw at that."

"Could I refuse her, Lewis? I ask you, could I refuse her? Was it not fair she should go when she wished it so much?"

"Oh, it was quite fair. I only hope you do not have to carry the good Charbonneau in a hammock."

"I do not mind taking the squaw along," Clark admitted.

"She will walk till she drops—no, she will never drop. She will carry her load as well as any man in the party. But I shall have to allow time out to wet-nurse Charbonneau."

They embarked early in two canoes to cross the bay to the Clatsop towns where a guide could be procured. Sacágawea, who had been ready to start a full hour in advance of the time, was pleased and proud. Ah, this would be a tale to thrill them away off there in those ignorant little river villages, where they called a three-foot fish big! And the great ocean, greater even than the tremendous bay! How could it be more great, reach farther, roar more loudly, than the waters they had seen? She could not imagine! But soon she would see with her own eyes. She sat erect, glowing with silent joy, Pomp warm in the robe at her back.

A sudden violent wind compelled them to land and proceed on foot, wading through boggy slashes, waist deep, Janey with them, wrapped in a happy glow for all the cold, wet march. Who had ever heard her complain of hardship? She drew the baby higher on her shoulders, above the reach of mud and water. She would amaze him one day, with the tale of this adventure.

At a fork of two small creeks where they found driftwood they built a great fire and established their camp, feasting on fresh-killed elk. It was a beautiful evening, with a clear moon and myriad stars, the first fair night they had seen on the coast. Sacágawea sat among the men, happy and still, nursing her child, pleased with their contented talk and their rough laughter, not understanding half they said. Her dark eyes glowed like two live coals in the reflected light from the campfires. Tomorrow she would see that monstrous fish and the real ocean. And her child, the little dancing boy, Pomp, would see them also. Was not this glory for a savage slave?

After a cheerful visit with the salt-makers at their steaming cairn, they hired a young Clatsop to guide them and set forth

for the big fish. Clark had not over-estimated the hardships to be endured; they were encountered to the full. The road lay over rocky and precipitous mountains, which they could ascend only by dragging themselves up bodily with their hands, clinging to bushes, roots and rocks. Sacágawea asked no help from anyone. She held the child's carrier tightly in one hand, raising herself, and Pomp with her, as well as she could with the other. But the men, always good-naturedly attentive to her, lent helping hands at the worst points to aid her in the hard ascent.

Two full days they traveled over this dangerous, unbroken trail, and on the third morning, reaching the top of the highest peak in the range, they looked down upon the ocean.

"From this point," Clark told Lewis, with awe in his voice, "I beheld the grandest and most pleasing prospect my eyes ever surveyed. In my front a boundless ocean; to the north and northwest the coast, stretching as far as my sight could be extended, the seas raging with immense waves and breaking with great force from the rocks of Cape Disappointment. As far as I could see to the northeast the Columbia River, with its bays and small rivers, and on the banks of the Columbia and in the prairies below me, the villages of the Clatsops and the Chinooks."

Thrilled as they were with the magnificent view, their first consideration was whale oil and blubber, and they pressed on down a mountain side so steep that one false step must have thrown them directly into the sea or crashing upon the rocks; then out on a beautiful sandy shore to a creek lined with Indian lodges. There lay the monstrous fish.

But alas for their hopes of oil and blubber! They had delayed too long. The forehanded Indians, despite the storms, had lost not a moment and only the gigantic skeleton was left to view. All about on shore were groups of Indians, boiling blubber in large wooden troughs with hot stones, securing the oil in blad-

der and guts, and although they had great quantities they were reluctant to sell any portion of their treasure. With all his most persuasive efforts, Clark was able to secure only three hundred pounds of blubber and a few gallons of oil. But in the low state of their supplies, even this amount was a godsend.

"And I thank Providence for directing this whale to us," he said devoutly.

"It was the wind blew the fish on shore," said Sacágawea practically. "The fish did not know he was coming here or he would have swum away."

"Providence compelled him," insisted Clark. "And he was more kind to us than he was to Jonah, having sent this monster to be swallowed by us instead of swallowing of us as Jonah's did."

"The Indians got more than we did," said Sacágawea regretfully, her childish imagination picturing the great feasts the savages would enjoy, and of which her beloved expedition was deprived.

They spent that night at an Indian village on their route. As Clark was smoking and counseling with the chiefs after their feast, they were alarmed by shrill screams from a cluster of lodges on the opposite side of the small river. The chiefs, deserting their guest, ran swiftly down to the village. Other Indians appeared from every direction, darting hither and thither like sinister shadows in the flickering light of the campfires.

"What's all this?" Clark demanded brusquely, turning to his young guide.

"Someone's throat is being cut," said the guide calmly.

Clark called his men and as they clustered about him, inspecting their guns, his anxious eyes swept the group.

"McNeal!" he said. "Where's McNeal?"

"He went out, sir, alone. He said he had friends in this village."

"Sergeant Pryor, take four men and find McNeal. The rest of you look to your arms and ammunition and stand ready."

Pryor and his men ran down the lane. Upon reaching the river, the first man they met was McNeal, tearing along at breakneck speed.

"McNeal!" shouted Pryor. "What's up?"

"I don't know. Everybody started screaming and running. There's some trouble afoot. Let's get away from here," and McNeal led the swift retreat back to Clark.

"Wasn't your throat cut?" demanded Clark, with an air of surprise.

"No, sir. I didn't see anybody's throat cut. I don't know what happened, but all of a sudden everybody got excited and started to scream and run, so I ran, too."

"What were you doing? Where were you?"

"I was just taking a little walk," McNeal declared. "I met a Chinook who acted very friendly and invited me to go to his lodge, and I thanked him. He locked arms with me and we went in a lodge and I thought he had taken a great shine to me. A woman in the lodge where we went gave us some food. They talked in Indian together but they were very polite. He said he would go to another lodge where we could get something better than boiled blubber, and when we started out this woman caught hold of my blanket which I had on. I pulled hard and got loose—though this woman was an old friend of mine and I had been there before. But she hung on, and I got loose. But when I went out with this Chinook fellow, she ran out and began to scream, and then another woman ran out and screamed like fury. And my friend ran off and left me."

"And you ran home," finished Clark. "And very wise of you after being fool enough to go off alone with a Chinook. You know the Chinooks cannot be trusted.—Sergeant Pryor, take your men and our guide and find out the cause of the alarm."

The rest of you stand by—they may have laid a trap for us in this place.”

But it was not an ambushade to entrap the party as he feared. The Chinook, taking a fancy not so much to McNeal as to his blanket and a few other attractive articles he had on him, decided to kill him to possess himself of these riches—one white man being of small account in the world. But the friendly squaw, who had learned of his vicious intention, failing in her effort to detain McNeal, alarmed the village with her screams in time to prevent the act.

Happily, the village was able to prove that the villain was not of their tribe but lived some distance away and had run home and concealed himself as soon as discovered. The tumult quickly subsided, and after another pipe they retired to rest, Clark posting an armed guard over his party.

“McNeal’s Folly,” he called that pleasant valley.

Exhausted, tired, but well satisfied with their jaunt, they at last arrived in camp, with great tales of their adventures.

“And were you pleased with your trip, Janey?” Lewis asked her, smiling. “Were the great sights worth the hardships?”

“There was not much hardship,” she declared bravely. “Some of the mountains were steep, and the marshes were deep with mud. Not much hardship.—But the tribes got most of the oil and blubber,” she finished sadly.

Almost before winter was fairly started, they began to dream of home and long for their return. They worked continuously at their hides, making clothes for the journey, for their garments had rotted to shreds. They gave Sacágawea dressed skins, of which she made trim leather suits for herself and her child, and for Charbonneau, who loathed the discomforts of wet and cold. Their candles were gone, but Lewis had provided molds and wicks, with which they made lights of elk tallow. Their tobacco also was exhausted, a great hardship, as all but seven were ad-

dicted to its use. But after some experimentation they found the inner bark of the red willow and saccacommis a fair substitute, and used the bark of the wild crab for chewing. But these were not entirely satisfactory. Those who had pipe tomahawks broke the stems and chewed the saturated wood, for a taste of the beloved essence.

They inspected their ammunition, finding Lewis's device of sealing it in tins eminently satisfactory as, after all the rain, it was in perfect condition. Shields repaired their guns. Every man worked feverishly at any slight task assigned him, for uppermost in every heart was the joyous thought, "We're going home!"

The Indians warned them repeatedly that snow was knee-deep in the wide Columbia plains and that even if they lived to cross them, they could not for many weeks traverse the Shining Mountains, where the snow lay twenty or thirty feet deep.

"But we're going home!"

The winter was interminable. "We couldn't stand it without Pomp," the men declared. "Hi, Pomp! Come out and dance to Pete's fiddle!"

"Where's Pomp!"

"Janey, fetch Pomp!"

"What, asleep at this time of day? Wake him up! Hay, Pomp!"

Sacágawea glowed with pleasure at the popularity of her young son. Of all the party, Pomp was never sick, never cross. Sacágawea saw to that. She was wet to the skin herself, often for days at a time and nights as well. But little Pomp, warmly wrapped in thick robes, never slept wet. When they were caught, unprotected, in a drenching downpour, her strong hands rubbed the chill from his veins and her breast gave warmth to his cold lips.

"Oh, what a tremendous day," mourned Clark, gazing wretch-

edly at the weeping skies. "Where's Pomp? Peter, get your fiddle!"

When they had sufficient salt for the homeward journey, the cairn was closed and the detail brought back to the fort. Many of the men were sick. Gibson was so ill he could not walk and had to be carried in a blanket. Bratton was sick, too, not seriously it seemed, and yet for weeks was unable to regain his strength and grew steadily weaker.

"We have no food fit for sick men," the well ones said sympathetically, and walked miles to secure fresh fish, berries and roots for them.

For many reasons, they were counting the days. The elk had left the coast country and game was scarce and poor; it was only occasionally, when the good Comowool came to visit, that they lived sumptuously on wappato roots and fresh sturgeon. Their wardrobes were ready, every man was equipped with moccasins, shirts, overalls, capots of dressed elkskin, and plenty of dressed leather to make repairs. The baggage was packed for departure. Only their fleet was insufficient and lacking suitable merchandise to trade for canoes, they sent Drouillard to bargain as best he could for what he could get.

Drouillard never failed them. He returned with a fine canoe.

"But, sir," he apologized, "I had to give your uniform laced coat and nearly half a carrot of tobacco for it."

"What, my best coat!" protested Lewis.

"They would not trade canoes for anything less than a wife. And we had no wives to offer," was Drouillard's defense.

"None available at present," agreed Lewis, "though the statistics of the future may give us a higher rating. Well, let it go. We had to have the canoe. But the United States is certainly indebted to me for another uniform coat. For it was a good coat and but little worn.—Try to get us another canoe, Drouillard. I still have my breeches and my underwear."

"We cannot get another, sir," said Drouillard. "We haven't a thing they will accept. But if I may make the suggestion—you remember those rascally Clatsops—they stole six elk from us and have made no repayment. . . ."

"We need a canoe very badly," temporized Lewis.

"And they have pilfered many other small articles," added Clark.

"They have canoes in the cove where we could get at them," said Drouillard suggestively.

The Captains looked at each other.

"Get us a boat, Drouillard."

"We leave this matter in your hands."

"After all, they did steal our six elk."

"And from what I have seen of their women, six elk are worth a dozen squaws. Get us a canoe, Drouillard."

Drouillard went at night across the prairie with three men and picked out a good boat, exactly answering their requirements. But on returning to the fort, he was disconcerted to find the Clatsop chief himself a guest, and was obliged to hide it in brush and driftwood until the chief's departure.

The men were bitterly resentful of the delay.

"Champing at the bit," Clark declared they were.

Lewis laughed. "My friend," he said, "you're the biggest champer in the lot."

It was the middle of March. They no longer counted the days, they counted hours, minutes, seconds. They were going home.

They prepared certificates stating the facts of their voyage and discoveries and left them with the Indian chiefs, in proof positive that they had completed the projected tour. They posted one on the walls of Fort Clatsop. They left letters for traders who would make that port later in the season.

To Comowool, their best friend at that place, they presented their furniture and houses, which he used as a winter

residence for many years, basking pleasantly in the reflected light of glory honorably attained. Not Comowool alone, but all chiefs, Clatsop and Chinook, in that entire region, remembered the men of the expedition affectionately all their lives, and when white traders and trappers came later, following in the trail Lewis and Clark had blazed, they said shrewdly:

"The Red Head and the Long Knife were real chiefs. The Americans who came later were *tilikim* [common people]."

The party could not await the first of April. The call of home tugged at their heartstrings. On a Sunday afternoon, the twenty-third of March, they distributed their baggage, loaded and launched their canoes, and bade a joyous adieu to the hardships of Fort Clatsop.

"Going home!"

It is probable that among the thirty-three souls of the expeditionary party, only the gentle one of Sacágewea felt sadness at that moment of departure. To the rest it meant success and honor and rich reward; and best of all, home.

To Lewis, it foretold a triumphal return to Washington—to receive the plaudits of his friend, the President, and the Congress—bearing visible proof that their confidence in the Sublime Dandy had not been misplaced; the thing that Jefferson wanted had been done.

To Clark it promised a return to the much-loved friends of his youth in Virginia and Kentucky, to long evenings over the steaming punch, with every listener intent upon his amazing tales; tales of wolves and white bears and buffalo prairies; of shining mountains and tremendous waterfalls; of the terrific ocean and savage tribes. It promised the admiration and respect of those who knew him; and smiles in the bright eyes of little Judy Hancock. "It's a long time," he thought, "she must be quite a big girl by now."

But to Sacágewea it was the beginning of the end. Soon they

would have crossed the Shining Mountains and the boundless buffalo ranges on the tortuous rivers and come again to the Mandan towns. She would never see them again. No more she a royal princess leading her little troop to conquest, but slave squaw to Charbonneau, digging his roots, lugging his wood, packing his game, tending his fires; the brunt of his ill-temper and sloth by day, and his sordid passion by night. Life would be what it had been before the expedition came to Mandan.

Sacágawea was wrong. It would never be the same. Her body might slave as before at menial tasks, but Sacágawea had been glorified; she had met great souls and been as great as they; she had seen nobility and shown the same; she had found loyalty and courage, had given loyalty and courage. Always, forever after, her eager spirit would find rest from her harassed body through the sun-bright avenues of memory and hope.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

BEFORE the fleet of six canoes, home-bound from Clatsop, had gone a mile they met their old friend the Chinook chief, Delashelwilt, with a large party coming to bid them a last farewell. But the charms of the savage belles now held no attractions for the jubilant crew. Their minds were set on the more sophisticated arts of the French ladies at St. Louis and the merry girls at the army posts of Kaskaskia and Cahokia. They gave Delashelwilt and his dusky enchantresses a ringing cheer and a hearty laugh. But they did not stop. The Armada was going home.

"You must spend a season in Washington, Clark," Lewis said. "It is really very interesting. You would be a great success there among the fair ones."

"I suppose my experience with the tawny squaws would stand me in good stead."

"Undoubtedly. You would be the favorite beau of the season. I should not care to live there again, nor to resume my old office with the President. But Washington has many compensations. I remember with great affection the winding, shady bridle paths along the river; the handsome, high-stepping horses; the beautiful women in their smart riding habits. The memory is pleasant."

"The social life in Virginia suits me," said Clark. "You should take time for a real visit with those royal friends of mine, the Hancocks. I recall many happy nights there—a bowl of steaming punch—chestnuts popping on the grate—and plenty of tobacco, Lewis. I remember the rollicking songs, the good

stories going the rounds, and the witty talk of the ladies and the girls. It's been over two years, hasn't it? Little Judy will be almost a lady herself. Won't she lay me out for not fetching her that painted chief to mind her horse?"

Talking of home, remembering the past, longing for the future, they lost their way among the scattered islands and got into the wrong channel. An Indian, perceiving their error, set out in his canoe to put them right. As he led them back, he eyed one of their canoes with an interest that deepened to annoyed conviction.

"That's my canoe, you've got there," he declared, pointing to the one Drouillard and his midnight detail had cavalierly commandeered.

The Captains were disconcerted; tried, not very successfully, to convince him of mistake.

"It's my canoe," he insisted. "See, these marks on it! I know. I missed it from the cove some nights ago."

Unable to dissemble, they apologized and offered him in exchange an elkskin, some fish hooks and a few trinkets, which he agreeably accepted.

At Indian villages along the river they bought wappato roots for the men and a fat dog for the sick, but bargaining was close. The Indians would exchange anything for tobacco, but having only three carrots left they were obliged to conserve it for the ceremonial peace pipes, without which there was no hope of establishing friendly relations with the Indians.

For all their impatience to push forward, they neglected no part of their commission. Clark explored and charted the rivers missed in their downward course; Lewis continued his scientific researches and added daily to his Indian vocabularies. They stopped at every village, recognized chiefs, presented flags and medals.

The Indians in that region were sulky and unfriendly. In

one large village where Clark vainly tried to purchase wappato roots, they were insultingly curt and declined to deal with him. Clark stood in thoughtful silence a moment, then, silently, took a small piece of port fire match from his pocket, and cutting off an inch, tossed it into their fire. Taking a compass from his pocket he sat down, uninvited, on a mat beside the fire, and removing the magnet from the top of his inkstand, used it to revolve the needle of the compass briskly, first in one direction and then in another.

In the meanwhile, the port fire caught and burned vehemently, changing the color of the flame to vivid and unnatural hues. The Indians, awed and terrified, begged him to put out the wicked fire. The women and children fled away and hid under their beds and behind the men. One old man burst into loud prayers to the Great Spirit. The men hurriedly brought great parcels of roots and threw them at his feet, imploring him to forgive and save them. Clark ignored them until the moment the match was exhausted, then, consenting suddenly, the fire went out at the same instant.

Clark then smoked with them and paid a generous price for their roots, but they showed relief and pleasure when he took his departure.

Approaching the Falls they had many troublesome encounters with the Indians, who were insolent and offensive, stealing everything they could lay hand on, keeping the guards and Scannon busy day and night. Instantly upon making camp, their flag was raised; sentinels were posted; every principle of military rule rigidly observed. It was only by showing unflinching forcefulness that any decorum could be maintained.

The Indians crowded their shelters, jostled them at their own campfires, handled their possessions, helped themselves to their food. One thin, feeble old man caught stealing a spoon was expelled from camp and forbidden to return. The old man built

a fire near their camp and established a solitary vigil. In the middle of the night the sentinel detected him wriggling along on hands and knees, making toward their baggage.

He was hustled away with scant ceremony, and Clark, now quite outraged, wrote passionately in his Journal:

"Last night at a late hour the old amsiated Indian who was detected in stealing a Spoon yesterday, crept upon his belley with his hands and feet, with a view as I suppose to take some of our baggage which was in several defferent parcels on the bank. the Sentinel observed the motions of this old amcinated retch untill he got within a few feet of the baggage at that he hailed him and aproached with his gun in a possion as if going to shoote which allarmed the old retch in such a manner that he ran with all his powers tumbleing over brush and everything in his way."

The portage around the rapids was fraught with difficulties, not only from the turbulence of the river and the thick-strewn rocks, but from the thievish natives who necessitated a strong guard over every article at every moment.

Fortunately, Bratton and other invalids, although too weak to work or even walk, could lie on guard with their guns, and thus assist the labored process. Having only one good tow rope, they had to drag the canoes up one at a time, in spite of their best efforts damaging them greatly on the rocks. One was swept away and carried down-stream, where some Indians caught her and brought her back, receiving two good knives for the courtesy.

For six miles the portage continued, Indians crowding the bank, shouting insulting words, casting stones upon them as they sweated at their work. Returning for the baggage after taking up the canoes, the savages along the road, surly and ill-tempered, crowded and shoved them, muttering threats. Shields, returning alone with a dog bought for the invalids, was shoved

clear out of the road, the Indians catching hold of the dog and attempting to take it. Shields, armed only with his knife, drew it and put himself in a threatening position.

"Come on!" he shouted indignantly. "Try and get this dog! Just try it! Jostle me just once more! I will kill you both before you can loose your arrows."

At his menacing tone and attitude, they took to their heels and disappeared in the woods.

One who could speak the Clatsop language, of which Lewis had learned considerable during the winter, informed him that three rogues had crawled into camp and stolen his dog, Scannon; they were already making off up the river with him. Lewis ordered out a detail of three men and gave them extra rounds of ammunition.

"Catch those Indians," he commanded briefly. "Get Scannon. If they resist or refuse to surrender him, shoot them. Get Scannon!"

The men did not need that order. Scannon was more than Lewis's dog, he was their dog, the dog of every man in the party; he was Pomp's dog; he was the expedition's dog! They set out on a dead run and soon overtook the Indians, who, seeing them armed, and obviously in no mood to trifle, abandoned Scannon in great haste and fled off into the woods. They had stolen an ax also, and Thompson, seeing it, tore after them alone, caught hold of the ax and though they were three to one, wrested it from them. Scannon led the triumphant return to camp and received a royal welcome from his fellow expeditioners.

"Keep all of that tribe from our camp hereafter," said Lewis. "Don't let one of them come to our fire or enter our shelters. If they insult our men again, or steal more of our goods, we will kill them without parley."

The men carrying baggage had to go armed for their own

protection, and were in a frame of mind to brook no more insolence. While Clark conducted the portage, Lewis traded with the natives for two additional canoes and several dogs.

"More dog," sighed Clark.

"Clark, do you deny that it is a healthy, strong diet for our men?"

"No, I do not deny it." But his voice was sad.

"From habit, it has become not at all distasteful to me," said Lewis. "It is preferable to lean venison or elk, and superior to horse in any state."

"I admit it is a strong healthy diet, and I will admit no more. For my part, I would as soon eat Pomp!"

Requiring horses for the ascent, Clark crossed the river to the great trading mart of the tribes, wisely taking in addition to nine men, the two interpreters, Sacágawea and Peter Cruzatte and his fiddle.

"The better their humor," he said, "the easier their trade. And there is no medicine for good humor like Peter's fiddle."

The trading mart was a brilliant spectacle. The Indians were well-dressed, their garments gaily ornamented with beads and porcupine quills, ten different tribes making that point their market for trade. Sociable groups clustered at every fire, with much feasting and smoking. Great stacks of fish were piled on every side, and the horses, grazing near, were galloped in a central arena for display.

The arrival of Clark's party created a sensation. Their fire built, their merchandise displayed, Peter Cruzatte brought out his fiddle, and the men performed a dignified square dance. The Indians thronged about them, too interested in the unusual sight to think of serious trading. Clark's efforts to hasten the procedure were unavailing.

"Tomorrow," they promised, "tomorrow we will trade. More music! More song! More dance!"

He did succeed in buying dogs for his party's dinner and a platterful of roots for his own frugal fare; and eventually, after long and bitter dickering, procured four horses. Only four, and no more could he get.

While Lewis handled the portage around the narrows, where canoes as well as the baggage had to be carried by hand, Clark pushed his negotiations in the river towns. But all his offers were refused; the natives were disinterested, unwilling to bargain, the tobacco, guns, kettles and wives which they prized not being available.

On the next day, to Lewis's surprised delight, Clark returned with two fine horses.

"Clark, this is a miracle!" he exclaimed. "How did you get them?"

"I am afraid you do not fully appreciate my good qualities. I acquired these horses by diplomacy and guile."

"Diplomacy and guile! From you, Clark? Are you turning courtier?"

"I must admit it. I was getting desperate. They would not even talk trade. But I noticed that the principal chief had some bad sores on his face and body. I offered to dress them. He was much pleased. I gave some small presents to his flock of children. He was honored. His wife, a sulky hag, was afflicted with a pain in her back and I thought this a good opportunity to win her on my side. So I said, copying your best Philadelphia manner, 'My dear Madame, have you a pain in your back?' 'Yes, I have,' she said in her sulky way. 'Perhaps I can relieve you,' I said. 'It is sad you should have pain in your back.' So I rubbed a little camphor on her temples and back and applied a warm flannel to the seat of the pain and she said she felt as well as ever. This seemed a propitious moment, and I asked the chief how about selling me two horses which I badly needed—for he has more horses than all the rest of the village put together. He

quickly consented. Of course, I gave him more medicine for his sores. After all, his wife's pain is only the pain of a squaw, but a chief's sores are a national calamity."

He went on to the Great Falls, bartering desperately for more horses, but although he offered a blue robe, a calico shirt, a handkerchief, five parcels of paint, a knife, a wampum moon, four braces of ribbon, a piece of brass, and six braces of yellow beads, the natives stubbornly declined. He added his coat, his sword and plume, but could not tempt them from their huts, where they sat sulkily under their open mat roofs, shivering, without fires as wood was scarce.

"I was half frozen at that inhospitable village," he told Lewis, "and I could get no horses."

Lewis, less patient than Clark, had troubles of his own with the portage. The horses broke their spancels and wandered away, necessitating long search. The Indians continued their depredations, pilfering tomahawks, spoons and skins. Catching one in the act of stealing the iron socket of a canoe pole, Lewis, thoroughly exasperated, struck him several hard blows and had his men kick him out of camp. Adopting a stern and indignant attitude, he told the Indians that the next man who touched their property would be shot.

"We are not afraid of you," he declared hotly. "We could kill you at this moment and set fire to your houses. It is not our wish to treat you severely but you have got to leave our property alone. If I knew who had stolen our tomahawks, I would take his horses, but I would rather lose my property than take the horse of an innocent person."

The chiefs hung their heads, said nothing. But no insults could keep them from camp.

One, however, offered to guide them on the best path, assisting them with two of his own pack horses. At the Falls they found Clark depressed and moody. He had not procured a sin-

gle horse. While his men had fared well enough on dogs, he was half starved, having had nothing but a platter of pounded roots and one dried fish.

The friendly guide, cheerful, obliging and helpful, was their only comfort at this trying period.

"These are bad Indians," he declared sympathetically. "When you have passed the Falls you will come to good Indians. These are all bad."

One of their nine horses was assigned to Bratton, still unable to walk. The others, and the men as well, were loaded to the limit of their strength.

Charbonneau, no marked success under a load, was assigned to lead a pack horse, but before they reached the top of the hill opposite the village, his horse, unobserved by him, threw his load. Taking fright at the dangling saddle and robe, he ran full speed down the hill, where, kicking himself clear of his encumbrances, he galloped away on the plain.

Indians darted out on every side, snatched up robe and baggage, and darted back into their lodges.

Lewis, sending the guide and an extra man to help Charbonneau recapture the horse, went to the village to recover the baggage. The saddle they found, but the robe was nowhere to be seen. The Indians, imperturbable and impassive, swore they had seen no robe.

At the end of his endurance, Lewis halted the party.

"Janey," he said, and his voice was thick with passion, "run ahead as fast as you can. Catch Clark and send him back with all hands to assist me. If the Indians do not produce that robe, I shall burn this town."

Sacágewea nodded understandingly, and trotted off up the hill in pursuit of Clark while Lewis addressed the natives.

"Your defenseless state pleads forgiveness as respects your lives," he said sternly. "But you have gone too far. These out-

rages against us have got to stop. Produce that robe or I burn your village. We will stand no more of your insolence."

His words, his indomitable manner, were productive of good results. One slyly indicated to Labiche to search a certain lodge where he discovered the hidden robe. Lewis, relieved at being spared the necessity of executing his grim intention, gave the order to advance.

But Charbonneau was not satisfied to trudge afoot and lead a pack horse. Notoriously stingy, a veritable miser with his possessions, he could not face the prospect of the long and arduous march on his always aching feet. For a red wrapper, his shirt, a plume and a tomahawk, he bought himself a horse.

"All right," said Lewis. "Ride if you want to. Take as much baggage as you can. You can lead your pack horse mounted."

But alas for Charbonneau's fond and lazy hopes! Although the men had received strict orders that every horse was to be securely picketed at night, on the first morning after his purchase, both of Charbonneau's steeds were gone, his personal mount and the pack horse of which he had charge.

"How did this happen?" demanded Lewis. "Did they break their ropes? Are you sure you picketed them securely?"

"But no. I thought surely they would remain grazing with the other horses. I did not picket them."

"Don't let it happen again," said Lewis. "You have your orders. See that you obey them."

He sent two men with Charbonneau to search for the horses, and although they soon found the pack horse, his saddle horse could not be located and as they would no longer delay for him, he proceeded on foot as before. But having enjoyed even briefly the relief from walking, with commendable persistency he managed before the day was over to buy himself another horse, giving for it a shirt and two of Sacágawea's neat leather suits which she had made with such pride and pains at Clatsop.

Their progress was slow. The sand was light, their march fatiguing. The men's feet were sore and blistered. On the twenty-fourth of April they abandoned their canoes and left the river, striking off through the wide beautiful plains. Hordes of Indians, meeting them, turned companionably about and accompanied them a short distance on their route. Among these they maintained a constant trade for horses until they had enough to provide a mount for all their invalids and to transport their baggage. Then, and not till then, Lewis and Clark allowed themselves the luxury of a good horse each, in which they took great pleasure although they had small use of them personally, surrendering them daily, for hours at a time, to the exhausted and footsore men.

"Still, it's nice to have horses, whoever rides them," said Lewis complacently.

They rejoiced to have left behind the mischievous river tribes. Those in the prairies were courteous and helpful. The Walla Walla, prompted by their good chief, Yel-lept, received them royally, showered attentions upon them, helped with their baggage, loaned them canoes, exchanged good horses for poor ones.

To those who were sick in the tribes the Captains ministered as well as they could, distributing eye lotion, setting broken bones, dressing sores. This unusual service enchanted the Indians, who would gladly exchange a good horse for a small bottle of the coveted "eye water," and call it a bargain. This unexpected source of income enabled the Captains to conserve their almost exhausted store of merchandise. Clark was the favorite physician among the savages, who followed him for miles to receive additional treatment.

"Although I went to Philadelphia for training," Lewis said, smiling, "and sat long at the feet of the medical fraternity, they prefer you."

"It's my red head," said Clark modestly. "They think it puts

me a step closer to divinity. I'd give every red hair in my head for another horse like that gray gelding I got today."

He opened abscesses, treated tumors, rubbed aching bodies with volatile liniment, administered purgatives, receiving his pay in food of which they were now greatly in need.

In the country of the Chopunnish, their old friend, the Twist-ed Hair, renewed his courtesies, rounding up and delivering their herd of horses left in his care. Other tribes poured in from every direction to share the great councils, to enjoy the feasts and dances, and to receive their share of certificates, medals and flags.

But it was only the middle of May, and there was no hope of crossing the mountains under their glittering mantles of snow until at least a month had passed. Impatient, disappointed, they yielded to necessity and built a temporary camp at the remains of an old Indian village on the north shore of the Koos-koos-ke River. At Camp Chopunnish,³⁸ chafing under the strain of dreary waiting, they remained longer than at any other point on the expedition, excepting only Mandan and Clatsop.

The men made snug lodges with willow poles and grass, in the form of wagon awnings, perfectly secure both from sun and rain. The Captains had a comfortable bower in which they could write by day, and sleep at night; the baggage was secured under good shelters of grass and the entire fortification was strengthened with pine poles and brush. The rich plains around the camp afforded fine grazing for their large herd.

Sacágawea did not waste time while the men were engaged in this good work. She scoured the plains for roots and berries; she gathered great stacks of a curious root called "year-pah," which they found nourishing and tasteful whether eaten fresh, roasted, boiled or dried. She found another strange root, a species of fennel, with a flavor like that of annis, which proved effective against the digestive disorders brought on by use of the

kowse and quamash. She gathered enough wild onions to carry them a long way on their journey through the fruitless mountains.

But in spite of the comforts of their camp, they were feverishly impatient to be on their way. Each day was more painfully tedious than the day before. Every morning, before breakfast, Clark hurried out to survey the prospects—how much snow had melted, how high the river had risen overnight.

"Watchman, what are the chances today?" was Lewis's smiling inquiry on his return.

Clark sighed dolefully. "The icy barrier which separates me from friends and country and all that makes life sweet, is still white with snow and many feet deep," he admitted mournfully.

"Patience, have patience!" Lewis adjured him. "The reunion will be all the sweeter for this delay."

Knowing there would be no food of any kind in the mountains, they endeavored to provide as much as possible in advance, but there was now so little game in that region they could scarcely find daily rations without reserving any for the future. Dividing the last of their merchandise among the men, they sent them in small parties to the Indian villages to trade for what they could get; but with their best bargaining it was little they could obtain for one awl, a knitting pin, half an ounce of vermilion, two needles, a few skeins of thread and a yard of ribbon.

Soon that, too, was gone, and still they had not sufficient food.

"Necessity is a provident parent," said Lewis cheerfully.

The Captains cut the bright buttons from their coats, prepared small bottles of eye lotion, gathered up empty tin boxes and bottles, and sent McNeal and York to try their luck. The results were no less amazing than gratifying. The Indians were charmed with these things, coveting particularly the boxes and bottles for the safekeeping of their small treasures, and delighted

also with the bright buttons and the miraculous "eye water." This opened up a new avenue of trade, and every unessential button in camp was sacrificed to the cause.

On one day, Sacágawea did not go out into the field to gather roots. She sat alone in her shelter, nursing the child, who was ill and feverish, trying in her own way to relieve it, without effect. When the Captains returned she went to them, not shyly, now, for it was for Pomp she must ask this favor.

"What is it, Janey?" they asked kindly, noticing her troubled air.

"The little one is sick," she said. "All day I have nursed him and he is no better."

Pomp was teething. The change in his mother's diet had affected him adversely; the variable weather was not beneficial. The glands of his throat were swollen and inflamed; he was feverish, could not digest his food.

Lewis shook his head over him pityingly. "The good doctors were again remiss," he said. "They gave me no course in the treatment of infants."

They gave Pomp cream of tartar and flour of sulphur, and applied a poultice of boiled onions to his throat, as hot as he could bear it.

"Your foresight in gathering the roots is well rewarded," Clark said to Sacágawea, hoping to cheer her. "Your little son is first to reap the benefit."

"Yes," she said politely. But she did not smile. Her eyes were upon her suffering child.

They removed Sacágawea with the child into their own shelter which was more comfortable than hers, warmer by night and cooler by day. They made a comfortable bed for Pomp, and one remained with him constantly, renewing the hot poultices on his throat both day and night. Sacágawea, unquestioning, obeying every order, was unremitting in her attentions. She might break

the rule, to her sorrow, when she was ill; for her child she broke no rules but followed their instructions to the letter.

The men, softened by her sorrow, exerted themselves to "do something for Pomp," "to help Janey." There was no more dancing or fiddling around the campfire. The cooks prepared delicate, strengthening broths for him and for her. Any sudden noise was quickly hushed.

"Shut up, over there! Pomp's asleep!"

Scannon, true to his trust, lay for hours at a time motionless and still by the child's bed. The men made him trinkets and toys, jingling rattles, little carved animals, tiny stick houses, miniature tepees. His fever abated gradually, but he continued for days restless and moaning, and could not sleep.

Their minds thus turned in medical channels, they renewed their efforts to relieve Bratton, who, although he had entirely recovered from his rheumatism, remained feeble and weak, unable to walk or even to stand erect. The men offered countless suggestions. "This might help." "Maybe that would do him good." The Captains tried everything, to no avail.

"Well," said John Shields, "it's a kill or cure remedy, but I've seen it worked. Sweat baths. I've seen sweat baths set paralyzed men right up on their legs again."

"Try it," begged Bratton. "By all means, try it."

"It's no child's play," Shields warned him. "It hurts like the devil."

"So does this," said Bratton, and urged the Captains to make the attempt.

Under Shields's direction they prepared a large circular hole, kindled a great fire in it until it was well heated, and then, removing the fire, placed a seat in the center for Bratton to sit on. The top was covered with blankets to form a thick close roof. Bratton, stripped, was seated under this awning and given a vessel of water with which to sprinkle the bottom and sides of

the hole to create as much steam as he could endure, at the same time drinking a strong tea of horse mint. After twenty minutes he was removed, plunged suddenly into cold water twice, and returned to the sweat hole for three-quarters of an hour; then taken out, in a state of complete collapse, he was warmly wrapped in several blankets and allowed to cool gradually.

The Indians gathered in interested crowds to witness the amazing performance and would not leave camp until the result was determined. Bratton hardly moved that night, but on the next morning sat up and declared he felt better. A little later he took a few experimental steps, the first in many days.

"Well, I'll be dogged!" he ejaculated. "I hardly feel it."

A young chief, half paralyzed, besought them to submit him to the same treatment, but his condition was such that he could not even maintain himself in the chair.

"What, is that all?" inquired his father. "Is my son to be denied this great chance because he cannot sit? I will go into the hole with him and hold him in my lap."

"But you are not sick," protested the Captains. "It will be extremely painful, it might cause you to collapse, might break your health. It is not safe for a man to go into the sweat hole when he is not sick."

"A father," said the old man gravely, "is surely sick when his son suffers. I will go into the hole. If it pains, the pain will soon cease. If I become ill, I will soon recover. I shall surely carry my son into this hole."

Lewis, with quick appreciation, thrust out his hand. "Sir," he said, "you are a great man and a good father. Your son shall certainly have the treatment."

To the surprise of the Captains far more than the patients, not only Bratton, but the young chief also recovered and within a week both were walking about, and Bratton was taking his turn trading in the villages.

Pomp improved slowly, the inflammation gradually disappearing but the glands remaining swollen and sore a long time. Clark treated him daily, holding the little copper-colored baby in his arms, chatting to him affectionately as he applied a salve made of the resin of the long-leaved pine, beeswax and bears' oil. Pomp submitted to his ministrations with absolute lack of fear. The Red Head was his great friend, his hero; now his savior.

As he gained strength, Scannon, neglecting his usual duties, remained constantly by him, following every trembling step of the weak little feet, licking the small face with sympathy when he fell exhausted. The men tried in many ways to amuse him; Peter Cruzatte played soft melodies on his fiddle; others sang, strange songs, not classed as lullabies. But Pomp loved them.

"Were you afraid he would die, Janey?" Clark asked when Pomp was out of danger.

"No," she said simply. "I felt sad that my child had pain, but I knew you would make him well."

When Bratton was virtually recovered and the child out of danger, they felt they could wait no longer. Surely they, who had done everything, succeeded in all they had undertaken, could cross that snowy range. It would constitute but one more miracle to add to their impressive list.

They set out, singing jubilantly, through verdant and beautiful flats, where the quamash was in full blue bloom. But their eyes were not on the pleasant meadows, but raised to the white heights ahead.

"I shudder with the expectation of great difficulties of passing those mountains, from the depth of snow and want of grass for our horses," Clark admitted. Yet no man was more anxious to proceed than he.

They left the plain and started up the mountainside. The trail was slippery and wet from the melting snow. Fallen timber

strewed their way. The march was slow and laborious. In every little hollow snow lay two or three feet deep, though they had scarcely begun the ascent. Little streams, which on their descent in the fall had been but dwindling creeks, were now torrential floods, the water transparent, cold as ice.

For two days they pressed on, Clark leading the way, finding himself at last in snow from twelve to fifteen feet deep. The trail was entirely obliterated. From snowy range stretched other snowy ranges, in endless and terrifying succession. He halted the party and rode back to Lewis's side. He shook his head.

"This is winter with all its rigors," Lewis said gravely. "If we get lost in these mountains we shall probably lose not only our papers and instruments but no doubt our horses as well."

"Our horses cannot travel for five days without grazing—they could not sustain it," Clark added.

"We would run the risk of losing all the discoveries we have made," Lewis continued the discussion.

"Even if we were lucky enough to escape with our lives."

Lewis nodded. "You are right. It would be madness to proceed. We must go back and secure guides."

They hung up their baggage on poles, tied to the trees from bough to bough, covered it safely with deerskins, and turned back, disappointed and melancholy, to the flowery quamash flats. There was no singing and no laughter. Neither was there complaint. So completely were they in harmony that every man, the most impatient, the most foolhardy, realized it was the only thing to be done.

"Better let the snow repel us for a week," Lewis said philosophically, "than make it our permanent sepulcher."

Drouillard and young Shannon—the most experienced hand and the most youthful—were sent ahead to procure guides from the Indian villages.

"Give them rifles if you have to," Clark said tersely, "or give them horses. But get guides."

When they stopped for dinner a storm came up, thunder, lightning, rain and hail, continuing for over an hour.

"The god of nature," said Lewis, "mocks us for our faint-heartedness in turning back."

"He laughs best who laughs last," said Clark grimly.

Drouillard and Shannon, who had never yet failed in what they set out to do, returned with three good guides, men who had been their friends at Camp Chopunnish, highly respected in their tribes. And a week later, with renewed confidence, they set forth again.

Although but one week had passed, when they came to their baggage on the mountainside they found that the snow had sunk four feet and was now but seven feet deep at that spot. The guides were efficient and unerring. With uncanny instinct, they found the best trail over the unbroken snowy range. From one stupendous white mound to another they pressed swiftly on, traveling on top of the snow which, though deep, was so coarse and firm it supported the heavily laden horses. Day after day they proceeded, coming out at last on a low ridge which gradually diminished until suddenly they were out of the snow, and the Shining Mountains had been conquered.

When they came again to their old camping ground at Traveler's Rest, there were none of the shouts of joy nor firing of salutes with which they had greeted each new triumph on their outward journey. They returned in a silence that had much reverence in it; great, unvoiced gladness, gratitude, devout thanksgiving.

But there was anxiety also. For the first time the party, which hitherto had presented a solid front to the hazards of exploration, was to suffer a serious and prolonged separation. Lewis was to go north with one detail to explore the Maria's River;

Clark, with another, was to proceed to the head of the Jefferson and thence explore the Yellowstone. In previous separations the groups had been in constant communication, messengers could be sent quickly, meat hung up by one party for the other; calls for help were sure of quick response. Now, for many days, they were to follow separate, isolated routes.

For the first time, Lewis, philosophical and intrepid, the Sublime Dandy, felt premonitions of danger. His eyes were anxious. His voice troubled.

"Clark, my friend——" he began once, when they were alone.

But their commission from the President had made this divergence necessary. Clark's practical philosophy forbade the admission of doubts in face of the inevitable. His voice was brusque.

"Lewis," he said, "I'll meet you at the mouth of the Yellowstone for the biggest swapping of tales the world has ever known."

"God haste the days till our safe arrival," said Lewis gravely.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

As LEWIS's expedition was to lead into the dangerous territory of the Blackfeet and the deadly Big Bellies of Fort de Prairie, he called for volunteers to form his detachment.

"No man of you shall be forced to take this trip," he declared. "Those who wish to take the hazards with me must volunteer—there are no orders."

Nearly every man in the party volunteered. From them he selected Drouillard, the two Fields brothers, Reuben and Jo, Werner, Frazier and Sergeant Gass.

"And what shall we do with our inestimable Charbonneau?" he inquired of Clark when they were arranging the details.

"Oh, I will take him. He will not have much to do besides walk, and next to talking, he does that better than anything else."

And Sacágawea?

Sacágawea's eyes were wistful. "I should like much," she said, "to go to the great river of the Yellow Rocks. My nation goes there often. I should like that."

"But, Janey," Clark explained kindly, "if you go with Captain Lewis's party to the Falls, you can have a good rest at that point. While the men build the carriages and transport the baggage, you need only eat and sleep and nurse your child. It is a long and hazardous trip I am undertaking. We may run short of food. One never knows what may come. We may find great danger from the Crows in that region."

Sacágawea's dark eyes were shining. "Was I ever afraid?" she asked simply.

Clark smiled. "Never! All right, if you wish it, you shall come with me."

Lewis's route was down the west side of Bitter Root River to its confluence with Hellgate where their united waters form the Missoula. Their loyal Indian guides, although in deadly terror of their ancient enemies, the Minitarees of the North, who infested this region, continued with him until they set him on a clear and unmistakable trail.

"Near the dividing ridge between this river and the Missouri, the roads fork. The left fork is the best. But both forks lead to the Missouri."

At noon, after one last feast together, Lewis smoked with the Chopunnish braves who had been so helpful, gave them shirts, handkerchiefs and ammunition, and bade them adieu.

The Indians evidenced genuine grief at departing. "We shall never see you again," they said sadly. "The Pahkees will surely cut you off from your party and kill you. There is no escaping them."

The woods were beautiful, with early spring flowers everywhere, blue flags, peppergrass, and the beautiful *bois rouge*. The rivers were rushing torrents, tearing up great trees by their roots, sweeping down rocks and boulders. Moose prowled into their camps at night, greatly worrying the watchful Scannon, who had accompanied his master. They rejoiced when at last they crossed the final ridge and found themselves once more in the fertile plains of the Missouri, where gooseberries and delicious yellow currants abounded. The high plains teemed with buffalo, now in their season of copulation, and the tremendous roaring of the bulls could be heard for miles, the plains echoing with their continual clamor. The horses from the Pacific slope, never having seen buffalo, were much alarmed, both at their appearance and their incessant bellowing, and had to be constantly watched and picketed. In spite of these precautions

more than half of them broke away and galloped off to the security of the mountains.

They found that the rising waters had seeped into their cache at Whitebear Island at the foot of the Great Falls. Lewis's collections of skins and floral specimens were ruined. The stopper had come out of a phial of laudanum and the contents had destroyed much of their medicine. The papers were all damp, but the chart of the Missouri was intact.

Having lost so many horses, Lewis changed his plan and, instead of taking six men with him, left Gass, Frazier and Werner to assist with the portage around the Falls, while he proceeded alone with Drouillard and the Fields brothers to explore the Maria's. Crossing Medicine River, they rode inland from the Missouri to strike Maria's at a higher point where they had previously explored, and on reaching it were disconcerted to see where a wounded and bleeding buffalo had recently passed.

"There has been hunting, and by none of us," said Lewis regretfully. "Evidently the dreaded Minitarees of the North are here, and a vicious, lawless set of wretches they are."

Wishing if possible to avoid an interview with them, he took every precaution for the safety of his small party, making camp in a thick wood and turning out the horses to graze near by. Sending Drouillard to hunt, he left Jo Fields in charge of the camp while he and Reuben reconnoitered in every direction with field-glasses, but could discover no signs of Indians. Knowing they were in the neighborhood, however, they dared not relax vigilance for a moment and, small as the party was, were obliged to keep watch all night, Lewis sharing this duty with his men on equal terms.

Day after day they went on, Lewis taking his observations and making notes, the men reconnoitering and hunting. But Lewis had been wrong in his calculations. The Maria's did not extend to the north nearly as far as he had anticipated. It was useless

to proceed farther. Their horses were already exhausted, and there being so little game in that fertile region was conclusive proof that Indians were hunting near.

Wishing to make meridian observations at this place, it being the most northerly point attained by the expedition, he waited for the weather to clear, but day after day dawned cloudy, wet and cold. Realizing that if he continued to wait on this capricious weather he would be unable to return to the United States during that season, he determined to turn back.

"Camp Disappointment," he said whimsically. "Even the elements betrayed us. We will go back."

They set off at once, crossing Willow Creek, and fording the Two Medicine branch of the Maria's; then, to continue his detailed report of this region, he ascended the hills to the high plains for observation, the Fields brothers accompanying him, while Drouillard alone proceeded down the river valley in search of game.

Reaching the high plains, he discovered to his left, less than a mile away, a herd of about thirty horses grazing, at least half of them bridled and saddled. Halting quickly and using his spy-glass, he saw several Indians on a small hill above the horses. They were staring intently down the river, as motionless as so many shadows.

"They have seen Drouillard!"

Unwelcome as the sight was, he could only make the best of the situation, and approached the party in a friendly manner as if entirely unsuspecting of any ill intent, with Jo Fields waving the flag in greeting. For some time the Indians, their attention riveted on Drouillard in the valley below, did not observe their approach; discovering them suddenly, they became greatly alarmed, running about in every direction in a confused and excited manner.

Some rushed down the hill and drove their horses to the

summit, returning to the highest point as if determined to await their arrival and do battle from that vantage ground. Lewis, believing the party to be equal in number to their saddled horses, knew that running would invite pursuit, and his horses were not good enough to escape their fine, well-rested mounts. But his chief consideration was the fate of Drouillard, trudging jauntily along, alone, unaware that he was being spied upon in the distance.

"There's nothing for it, boys," Lewis said. "We've got to face them."

And they continued their slow approach.

When they had arrived within a quarter of a mile one mounted and galloped toward them at full speed. Lewis stopped and dismounted. The savage rode furiously up to within a hundred paces, halted suddenly, stared at them as if unable to believe his eyes, and then, wheeling his horse, retreated as fast as he had come.

Rejoining his party, all mounted at once and rode slowly forward, leaving the extra horses in the rear. Lewis and his men also advanced. There were only eight Indians in sight.

"But we cannot count on that," Lewis said pessimistically. "Others no doubt are concealed somewhere to await developments. Those horses, saddled and waiting, are not there for nothing."

The Fields brothers showed no hesitation, but advanced grimly, one on either side of their commander.

"These no doubt are the dreaded Minitarees of Fort de Prairie," Lewis said quietly. "From all we have heard of them, we are in for trouble. If they are strong enough they will undoubtedly rob us. But I shall resist to the last extremity. I would rather die than be deprived of my papers, my instruments and my gun. I hope you share my feeling."

"Yes, Captain."

"To be sure, Captain."

"Be alert and on your guard. Whatever comes, we must be ready to face it."

When the parties had arrived within a hundred yards of each other, all the Indians except one halted suddenly. Lewis, leaving his men behind, advanced alone to meet the one who came forward. Meeting him, he shook hands gravely and passed on to greet the party in the rear, while the Indian proceeded to salute the two Fields.

The entire party alighting, the Indians immediately expressed a desire to smoke.

"I am sorry," Lewis said politely, "but the man that you saw passing down the valley has our pipe. We cannot smoke until he returns. But as you observed his route, will you not send one of your men with one of ours in search of him? We shall be very glad to smoke when he brings our pipe and tobacco."

Consenting to this, one Indian set out at once with Reuben Fields in pursuit of Drouillard.

"Are you," Lewis inquired courteously, his words freighted with meaning his suavity did not reveal, "are you Minitarees of the North?"

"Yes. We are Minitarees of the North."

"Is there a chief among you?"

They indicated three men. Lewis, not believing they were chiefs, thought best to humor them, and to one gave a medal, to the second a small flag, and to the other a silk handkerchief, with which they seemed well pleased.⁸⁹

But they had not recovered from the agitation of the first appearance of this unexpected party, and Lewis, taking shrewd note of every detail, saw that the band consisted of these eight men only. This relieved him greatly, believing as he did that he and his three stalwarts could handle that number if they showed signs of hostility. As evening approached he suggested that they

remove to a convenient place on the river and make their camp together.

"We are glad to see you," he said. "We have many things to tell you, and have brought you many messages from other tribes."

Agreeable to this, they mounted and proceeded toward the river where they were joined by Drouillard and his escort. Drouillard rolled up his eyes in expressive comprehension of their predicament, but made no comment.

The Indians led them down a steep bluff to the river where three solitary trees stood in a small bottom. Near one of these they formed a large semicircular lodge of dressed buffalo skins and invited the party to share it. Drouillard accepted a sleeping place inside the lodge, but the Fields brothers selected places near the fire in front of the shelter.

With the help of Drouillard, who was familiar with the sign language of the tribes, they conversed late. The Indians explained that they were a part of a large tribe of their nation encamped near the foot of the mountains on the main branch of Maria's River about one and a half day's journey away. Another party, larger than their own, was now on its way down to the mouth of Maria's. This was unwelcome news, but Lewis gave no sign of his perturbation.

"We have come a long way from the East up the muddy river which runs from the rising sun," he said. "We have been to the Great Water where the sun sets and have seen many nations. We have invited them to come and trade with us on the river. Many of them were at war when we came but we have made peace among them. We are now on our way home and have left a large party with boats at the Falls of the Missouri, with orders to descend from that point to the mouth of the Maria's and await us there. We came to this region in search of your tribe, to urge you to make peace with your neighbors, and to en-

gage in trade with us when we make our great establishment at the mouth of the river."

To this they assented quickly. "We wish to be at peace with all nations," they declared. "We have suffered great hardships in war, and our families have suffered. We want no more war forever."

Finding them ardent smokers, Lewis plied them with the pipe, hoping to put them in an agreeable humor.

"If you intend to do as we have advised," he said, "will you not send one of your young men to invite your entire tribe to come to a great council at the mouth of Maria's River? The rest of you may proceed down to that point with me, and await them there. If you will go with us, we will give you ten horses and much tobacco."

But to this they made no answer, devoting themselves gravely to the pipe.

When they retired, Lewis, taking the first watch, sat up until half past eleven. By that time the Indians were soundly sleeping. He quietly aroused Reuben Fields.

"Reuben," he said, "be on your guard every moment. I do not trust these men. If one leaves camp for any purpose, awaken us immediately. I fear they will try to steal our horses."

Then, lying down, he at once fell asleep.

At the end of Reuben's watch he awakened Drouillard, who in turn called Jo Fields. During all these hours the camp had been wrapped in complete silence. But Jo Fields, getting up, carelessly left his gun on the ground beside his brother Reuben, asleep near the fire. As day dawned, the Indians, moving almost without motion, began to stir; one by one they arose and crowded about the fire. One—the one who had received the medal from Lewis—crossed behind Reuben Fields, and with a sudden gesture caught the two guns in his hand and started to run.

At the same moment, two others laid hold of the guns of Lewis and Drouillard.

Jo Fields, reaching for his gun, saw the savage running off with it and with his brother's.

"Rube!" he shouted. "Help!"

Reuben leaped to his feet, and comprehending the situation at a glance, tore after the flying savage. In about sixty paces he overtook him, Jo hot on his heels. Seizing their guns they attempted to wrest them from his hand. As the Indian struggled to retain possession, Reuben stabbed him to the heart with his knife. The Indian loosed the guns, staggered a step or two and fell dead.

Drouillard, awakened by the slight touch of the Indian on his gun, sprang to his feet and seized it with both hands.

"Damn you!" he roared, barely half awake. "Let go my gun!"

This aroused Lewis.

"What's the matter? What's up here?"

Seeing Drouillard in a furious, silent struggle for his gun, he reached for his own. It was gone. Drawing a pistol from his holster he turned in time to see the Indian making off with his rifle.

Lewis, cocking his pistol, ran after him, shouting, "Drop my gun! Drop it! Drop it!"

The Fields brothers, hastening back after recovering their guns, took aim to fire. Lewis stopped them.

"No, no! Not till we have to! Wait!"

The Indian dropped the gun and walked slowly away, as Drouillard, having recovered his own, ran down to join them.

"Captain, let me kill him!" he begged. "Let's get them before they get us! It's our lives or theirs!"

"No, Drouillard! No! Only in actual defense of our lives and property will we kill them!"

The Indians, moving quickly away, began rounding up the horses on the other side of the camp.

"Go after them," Lewis commanded curtly. "If they take our horses, kill them! Go quickly!"

Already the savages were driving the horses up the river bottom. At the same time the man who had taken Lewis's gun and one other were deftly herding those on that side toward the canyon. Lewis, alone, pursued them so closely they had not time to collect twelve of their own, but managed to drive off one of Lewis's with a few of theirs, and in a moment entered a steep niche in the bluff ahead, driving the horses before them.

Lewis, panting for breath, completely exhausted, could not overtake them. He raised his gun.

"If you take my horse, I will fire," he shouted.

One dodged behind a rock out of sight. The other, who was armed, stopped short and looked back. Lewis fired. The Indian fell, but raised himself on his elbow, fired once, and then crawled on his hands and knees behind the rock. Lewis heard the hissing whisper of the bullet passing overhead and felt the breeze of it in his hair. Too wise to attempt to pursue the two of them, protected in the canyon as they were, and unable to reload his gun not having his shot pouch, he turned and walked leisurely toward camp. Drouillard heard the shot and hastened to join him, leaving the Fields brothers to recover the horses.

"Quick, Drouillard! We must catch enough of their horses to take the place of our own. Call back the Fields boys. I have no voice left in me."

But the intrepid brothers had pressed the pursuit too far to hear his voice. By the time they returned, Lewis and Drouillard had caught and saddled the horses and were arranging the packs. In their flight, the Indians had left behind their arms and baggage. Part of this Lewis burned in the campfire, but some of their meat and robes he took, and their gun. He also re-

covered possession of his American flag, but left the medal on the neck of the dead man, to show who had been engaged in the encounter.

"We have not a moment to lose," he said. "They will round up their tribe and cut off our party at the mouth of the Maria's. They will know short-cuts that we cannot find, and unless we make our best speed will arrive before us."

"Yes, sir."

Mounting without another word, they went forward at a gallop, pushing their horses to the limit of their endurance, stopping only long enough to let them graze while they snatched a little food. On they traveled by clear moonlight, though clouds hung heavy in the sky in every part except where the moon sailed.

"Our pillar of fire," Lewis said. "Our good fortune has not deserted us."

Galloping on, through a country awesome and mysterious in the pale light, it was not until two o'clock that they fell headlong from their horses, half fainting for want of sleep. At day-break, Lewis was up. Reluctantly he called his men. They were stiff and sore from their ride.

"I don't know if I can sit the saddle," admitted Drouillard. "I know I can't stand up."

"We're all in the same boat," agreed Lewis. "I never realized how many bones and muscles the body has until they all got to aching separately, and simultaneously. But we must forget our aches—we must despise them. It is for us to save the party."

Immediately they were in their saddles again.

"We may be fired upon at any moment, I know," Lewis said. "But though we risk our lives proceeding in this desperate manner, we have got to make the sacrifice. If our party has not yet reached the Maria's we will raft the Missouri a little way, hide our baggage and proceed on foot until we meet the canoes."

"If we live so long," said Drouillard. But he smiled when he said it.

"True," assented Lewis. "I confess I had expected to hear the whistle of bullets or the singing of arrows before this. If we are attacked on the plains we must tie the bridles of our horses together and stand and defend them. Or, at least, sell our lives as dearly as possible. So far, those rogues have paid a high price for their knavery. This Indian horse carries me much better than my own."

At every rustle of the leaves, every stirring of brush in the distance, they tightened their reins, their hands went to their rifles. But they did not stop. It was not only their lives they rode for—it was the Expedition.

Thundering mile after mile, their pulses pounding in their veins, dizzy with weakness and want of sleep, they strained their ears for the sinister sound of galloping horses in pursuit!

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

TAKING leave of Lewis and his party at Traveler's Rest, Clark set off along the river on the western bank. With him went twenty men, including York, Sacágawea and the child, Pomp. They proceeded briskly, crossing many small streams winding through pleasant valleys where flowers were in full blossom although the surrounding mountains were white with snow.

Clark was in high spirits. Riding up beside Sacágawea, he tickled the baby on the chin.

"Hi, Pomp!" he said. "Off on a long trip with the Red Head, eh?"

Sacágawea flushed with pleasure at the friendly gesture. "He likes riding," she admitted.

"Riding! He's a lazy young rogue! When does he not ride? If no horse is allotted him, has he not always his devoted mother?"

The next day was July Fourth.

"This," Clark declared, "is the day of the Declaration of Independence of the United States, a day commonly celebrated by our country. And I have every disposition to celebrate the day myself. Let's halt early."

The men eagerly complying, they partook of a sumptuous dinner of a fat saddle of venison and mush of kowse roots, lingering long over their meal, talking of other Fourths, in other places, among other friends.

"Other friends, I grant you," declared Clark with loving loyalty, "but none better. Never a better friend than these!"

When they proceeded, he ordered Sacágawea to bring her horse and ride at his side. Sacágawea knew this country, having been there before.

"I want you to tell all you know about it," Clark said, "and point out the interesting points as we go along."

Sacágawea's dusky face was aglow, her dark eyes were brilliant with prideful joy. She racked her childish brain for facts that would interest him, to justify this high estate. And again she wished the pretty child at her back was old enough to appreciate her position of trust and honor.

"That creek we followed," she said, "is a branch of the river you call Wis-dom. When we go to the high part of the plain we will find a wide gap in the mountains, in the direction where we left our canoes. When we reach that gap we will see a high point of mountain covered with snow. It lies in our direction."

"Are you sure, Janey?"

"I know this country. I am sure."

Ascending a gradual slope, they presently beheld a beautiful, level prairie, miles wide, and all about it were high mountains snow-covered. One rose higher than the rest. Sacágawea, pointing with one finger in the manner of the white men—smiling for her own accomplishment—indicated a gap between two snow-covered points.

"There we pass through," she said. "But before we reach the mountains we cross a river."

A violent storm swept upon them, with hard rain, completely obliterating the snowy mountains. Clark, seeing its rushing advance like a solid wall against them, halted and formed a close column of his men and horses, using skins to protect them from the wind.

"Keep Pomp warm, Janey," he said, and gave her his own blanket. "He was pretty sick, and he's not through that teething business yet."

But the child lay warm in her arms.

When the storm had passed, they stopped in a small timber beside the creek and made great fires to dry their robes and warm their bodies.

"Indians have been here," said Sacágawea. "My own nation—the Sho-sho-ni."

"How do you know this?"

"Come! I show you."

She showed him where they had recently dug for quamash roots. "They always come here. It is a rich patch. Myself, I dug them here with my mother when I was a small child."

As they approached the head of the Jefferson River, where they had cached their richest treasures, the men began suddenly to hasten, urging their horses forward. Among those treasures was tobacco, of which they had been deprived so long. Reaching the place, without waiting to drag the saddles from their horses, they ran to the cache and tore off the covering. The articles were safe and dry, and Clark distributed the beloved weed among its addicts, first separating a third of the amount which he wrapped carefully to send down the river to Lewis.

Proceeding in two parties, one in the canoes and one with the horses, at Three Forks they suffered another division. Under command of Ordway, the canoes with their baggage were to continue down the river to join Gass at Whitebear Island, while Clark explored the Yellowstone.

"I shall follow Captain Lewis's example and let you volunteer for my journey," he said. "The boats will go down to the Falls and unite with Sergeant Gass's men to make the portage. I proceed up the Yellowstone. God knows where we shall go, what we shall encounter. No man is obliged to make this journey."

But almost before he had paused for breath, Sacágawea spoke. Her eyes were brilliant, her young lips quivered with eagerness.

"I should like much to see the River of the Yellow Rocks,"

she said quickly, the words tripping upon one another in her excitement. "My nation goes often into that region. I wish much to go there."

"Janey, it will be a hard trip," he warned her. "Hard riding, day after day. We may be short of food, we shall have no warm shelters at night. If you go down to the Falls with the canoes you can wait for us there and get a rest."

"I am not tired," she said simply.

Clark smiled. "Janey, you shall go. You are the first man in my party."

On that day, when Ordway with his detail set off down the river with baggage and canoes, Clark turned east from the head of the Missouri at Three Forks for a distance of four miles, and pitched his camp on the banks of the Gallatin in a beautiful valley, with deer in the river bottoms, large gangs of elk strewing the plains, beaver and otter thick in the river.

Approaching the mountains they found several roads, all leading to one pass. Clark hesitated; Sacágawea shook her head, pointing firmly to another gap, farther south.

"These are good roads, Janey," Clark said, "but you have never failed me yet, and I trust you implicitly. If you say that is our pass, it is our pass."⁴⁰

"This country I know," she said modestly.

And confidently she led them through a safe low pass, following a faint old buffalo trail.

"This is the best pass," she said. "It is as I told you."

Again she took the lead until they came to the River of Yellow Rocks. The river was now so turbulent that Clark was unwilling to risk their lives in frail canoes of buffalo skin, and since no timber was available they continued with the horses down the river valley.

As no large trees suitable for canoes could be found, he was obliged to make two boats of small trees, lashing them together

for steadiness. From their point of embarkation on the Yellowstone Sergeant Pryor was to cross overland from the river to the Mandan towns with letters and valuable papers, and with the horses to trade for supplies for their further journey. With Sergeant Pryor went three men, the boy Shannon—a boy no longer—Windsor and Hugh Hall.

"But," Hugh Hall protested, "I have no clothes, as you see. I am no good representative of our party in this condition."

Clark smilingly fitted him out with one of his two remaining shirts, a pair of leggings and three pairs of moccasins. Fully clothed, the horse detail set bravely forth, leaving Clark with six men to explore the Yellowstone.

"Six men and Janey," Clark announced proudly. "She virtually doubles my working staff."

The small canoes swept swiftly down the Yellowstone and came to on the starboard side of the river where, just before them, majestic and solitary, stood an immense, bare, rugged boulder, two hundred feet high. While the men cooked their evening meal, Clark, with Charbonneau and Sacágawea, walked up to this stupendous pile. It was four hundred feet in circumference and stood absolutely alone, accessible—and that not without great difficulty—on only one side, with every other point steeply perpendicular. They walked around it. It rose, like an impregnable castle, high above them.

"I guess I'll go up," said Clark.

Charbonneau shook his head. "Me, I think not," he said, and retiring to a cool spot in the shadow of the rock, flung himself on the ground and fell asleep.

Sacágawea seated herself where she could watch Clark, struggling up the sheer wall, his dark figure sharply outlined against the light stone. Sometimes he slipped and fell back a few paces. Sacágawea caught her breath. Quickly he regained his foothold. Sacágawea smiled.

She gave the child her breast and then allowed him to run about to rest his small legs with exercise. Pomp's eyes also followed the climbing figure.

"Up, up!" he begged, lifting his chubby arms to his friend on the rock.

Clark shook his head and laughed. "No, Pomp! Too high! Too big for Pomp!"

The child crept to the foot of the trail his hero had taken, set his small feet sturdily in the famous footsteps, his hands clinging to rough knobs for support.

"Go back, Pomp! Mustn't come here! Get him, Janey!"

Sacágawea ran to rescue her little one, who, trying to hurry beyond her reach, slipped on the gritty sand and tumbled back the few steps he had climbed. He got up, shaking himself, laughing.

"Up! Up, too!" he begged.

On the flat surface of the rock, Clark found many curious engraved figures of animals and near them marked his name and the date.

"William Clark July 25 1806."

From this commanding height he could see in the distance two low mountains, and beyond them the Rockies, covered with snow. He could see the plains in the south, rising gradually, almost imperceptibly, to their feet. He could trace the beautiful meanderings of a large creek through the prairie into a crevice in the hills. He feasted his eyes on this delightful view, noting with the pleased eye of a hunter the immense herds of buffalo and elk, the slinking packs of wolves.

Then he looked down. Gazing up at him, far below, were two pairs of dusky, dotting eyes. Sacágawea's small face was shining warmly in the sunshine, mellow as molten gold. Pomp, a little dancing atom on the plain, upraised his arms to go where the Red Head had gone.

Clark rejoined them, laughing. "No, you can't go, Pomp. Come here, stand beside this rock. Look, Pomp, you are only half a step high! If I stood a hundred of you on top of one another you wouldn't reach the top."

"Up!" persisted the child.

Clark took him in his arms, shook him, affectionately, squeezed him. "This is as high up as you go," he said. "But for your high spirit in making the attempt, we'll name it in your honor. Pompy's Tower,⁴¹ that's what we will call this impressive pile. Little Pompy's big Tower."

There it has stood, will stand forever, a natural lighthouse for *voyageurs* on the river, for landmen crossing the plains, a guide for pioneer, trader, soldier and settler. "There it is—Pompy's Tower! This is the right road!"

* * * * *

The expeditionary party was now divided into five distinct groups. Clark, with six men and Janey, was exploring the Yellowstone. Lewis, Drouillard and the Fields brothers, stiff and sore, barely able to sit their saddles, unable to walk when they left them, were galloping over the sandy plains toward the mouth of the Maria's.

Sergeant Pryor, with Shannon, Windsor and Hall, en route overland to Mandan, was having trouble. The prairie abounded with great herds of buffalo, and the Indians had trained these horses to hunt buffalo. At sight of a herd, riderless as they were, they struck out at a gallop to surround the gang and separate one from among them, Indian fashion. The fast horses led, the slow ones followed as fast as they could. The small detail, helpless against the horses' careful training, could only proceed by sending one man in advance to drive the herds from their way.

Nor was their laborious advance unobserved. The sneak thieves of the prairies, the Crows, lurked everywhere. Their spies quickly sighted this party which was just to their liking,

few men with many horses. The Crows did not, like the Black-feet, make war for pure love of fighting; they fought only for something they wanted, usually horses. For this they roamed the fruitful plains in search of small bands of Snakes who could not withstand attack. This was even better. So they assembled in a secret place, followed slowly and bided their time.

Ordway, with nine men and six canoes, was sweeping joyously down the flushed Missouri. The horrors of that river up which they had struggled by the sweat of their brows, by the blood of their naked, rock-cut bodies, were now but exciting memories of the past. The river was high, their baggage light. The shoals were buried far below. Lightly the boats swung down the swollen stream—the men, well rested, well fed, singing gaily—toward their appointed rendezvous with Gass's party at Whitebear Island, at the foot of the Falls.

Sergeant Gass's appointment consisted of hard work, careful skill and infinite patience, making harness, carriage wheels and axle trees for the portage. There was in it no high romance of exploration, no thrilling encounter with unfriendly tribes, but only dull drudgery.

On a Saturday afternoon Ordway and his singing boatmen swept triumphantly up to the shore at Whitebear. Work was called off for the day, great fires were built, a feast prepared, and the united crews exchanged accounts of their adventures far into the night. McNeal's bear story, unanimously voted the most exciting tale of all, was so unusual that Ordway stopped all conversation until he could record the episode in his Journal.

"What did you write?" McNeal inquired interestedly when he had finished. "Read it aloud—I'd like to hear it."

"McNeal was attacked by a white bear," read Ordway. "his horse threw him so near the bear that he had not time to shoot but drew his gun and struck the bear across the head and

broke off the brich of his gun but Stonded the bear So that he had time to climb a Sapling the bear kept him on the tree about 3 hours. then the bear left him he caught his horse and returned to camp.' "

"Well," said McNeal in a tone of great dissatisfaction, "there was plenty more you could have said about it. You could have said it was pretty quick thinking of me lying there under the bear to have presence of mind to hit him with my gun."

"That wasn't presence of mind," said Gass. "That was panic."

"Anybody'll hit out if he sees a bear on top of him," said Whitehouse. "Pomp would know that much. An idiot would know that much."

Reinforced by Ordway's crew, the portage proceeded steadily. Their four horses, harnessed to the rough hand-made wagons, pulled well, though covered thick with mosquitoes and small flies. So pestilential were these that the horses could get no rest and could not eat, except when small fires of buffalo dung were kindled under their very bodies.

When all had been portaged below the falls, they uncovered and repaired the white pirogue; removed the baggage from their cache and repacked it; and the fleet was off down the Missouri toward the mouth of the Maria's, where they expected to meet Lewis and continue with him to the mouth of the Yellowstone, to rejoin Clark.

Swaying in their saddles, haggard and gaunt, in excruciating pain, Lewis and his three men hastened their dangerous way toward the rendezvous. Not a murmur of complaint was heard; it was to save the party they endured this agony. A snatch of food from their knapsacks, an hour's exhausted sleep while the horses grazed, then, painfully, into the burning saddles and galloping on; a hundred and twenty miles they rode in two days over rough unbroken country.

As they neared the river they heard the sudden sharp report of a pistol. Every horse was reined to his hind legs; every head bent to listen; every heart throbbed with suspense. Had the Indians, after all their suffering and endurance, arrived before them at the meeting place? Was the deadly battle under way?

"I could not be sure it was a shot, sir," said Drouillard quickly.

"It maybe was an explosion in the mountains," said Reuben Fields.

On they pressed. They were very near the river now. Suddenly, in quick succession, several shots rang out.

Smiles of devout relief, of gratitude, brightened their haggard eyes.

"It is our men," said Lewis. "They are hunting."

Answering this blessed summons they rode down to the river and saw with unspeakable satisfaction the little fleet on its way to Maria's River.

"Look! Look! The Captain! Captain Lewis!" a shrill voice cried from the first canoe. Every voice took up the welcoming chorus.

Pulling to shore, they fired the swivel gun on the white pirogue and the men discharged their small arms. They shouted. They laughed. But their joy in this reunion was trifling compared to that of Lewis.

Boyishly they leaped ashore and Lewis, forgetting for the moment the need of haste, grasped each man warmly by the hand, and called his name.

"Boys! Boys!" he exclaimed gladly. "Ordway, my boy! Gass, my dear fellow!" One after the other he greeted them, with every manifestation of affection and delight.

"Boys," he said, speaking quickly, "we have had a close call. It is still a close call. We must get down the river immediately. We had a skirmish with the Blackfeet—I will tell you about it

later. They have a large party near here. We killed two men and took their guns and horses. They will certainly come after us for revenge. We must get going.—Give the horses their final discharge!—Ordway, you see to it. We cannot move a muscle.”

The horses receiving “final discharge” were turned loose on the plains. The saddles were sunk in the river.

“And now, let’s go,” said Lewis, and dropping on a robe on the deck of the white pirogue, he closed his eyes.

Swiftly the rushing current bore them down to the mouth of Maria’s. They saw no sign of Indians but wasted not a moment. Robbing the cache of their merchandise, they flung it aboard. The red pirogue, too rotten to be seaworthy, in a trice was stripped of her nails and tin. On toward the Yellowstone!

Strict guard was kept at every point. The men were alert and anxious. The deadly Blackfeet would never condone the killing of their men, justified though such act had been.

“We will not risk one of our men in an encounter if we can avoid it,” said Lewis. “If we can escape them by running, we’re not too proud to run. It is not only to warn Clark of the danger—we need him with us in case of attack!”

As they neared the fork where the Yellowstone swept into the Missouri, every eye searched shore for the first welcome sign of Clark’s camp. But there was no fire. No boats were drawn on shore. Neither river nor coast gave hint of life.

Lewis frowned uneasily. “That’s strange,” he muttered. “He should have been here long ago.”

Anxiously they pulled to shore and ran up to reconnoiter. At the top of a tall pole fluttered a scrap of torn paper, bearing only the name, “Captain Lewis.”

“It is Clark’s writing,” said Lewis. “He has been here.”

The men ran excitedly up and down the shore, looking for telltale clues. There was no evidence of conflict, nothing to suggest that the Blackfeet might have met Clark before them.

Lewis smiled, but anxiously. "There would be signs of a bloody battle if they had come on Clark," he said.

A shout drew them all to a sandy beach, and there, sprawled in great letters on the clean sand, they found the comforting words:

"W. C. a few miles farther down on the right hand side."

CHAPTER NINETEEN

FROM Pompey's Tower, Clark sped down the river in his lashed canoes, hunting, taking observations, exploring mountains and plains. The river widened gradually, passing between high and rugged hills. The buffalo were thick about them, great herds swimming the river every night so near their camp they were alarmed for the safety of their frail boats. Sometimes they were obliged to land to make way for the gangs to cross, the water black with them as far as they could see. It rained a great deal and, their canoes being open and without covering, they had no protection but could only dry themselves by their campfires when it had ceased. They had no tents, but slept exposed, as often as not in a drizzling downpour.

The mosquitoes persecuted them bitterly, so thick before their eyes and on the butts of their rifles they could scarcely hunt.

"The mosquitoes kept me awake half the night," the men complained.

"What, only half the night? You were lucky," Clark declared. "I did not sleep an hour."

Six hundred and thirty-six miles Clark and his band, six men and Sacágawea, descended the Yellowstone in their lashed canoes; but arriving at the appointed rendezvous found the mosquitoes so thick they could neither hunt nor dress skins for clothing.

Sacágawea, uncomplaining, strove vainly to drive the swarming pests from the child, but they were too countless to be lightly

vanquished. Pomp's face was bitten until it puffed up beyond recognition; his eyes were swollen half shut.

"Why, Pomp, is this my little dancing boy?" Clark ejaculated when he saw him. "Well, that's enough of this. They'll eat you up alive at this rate. We'll push on."

Leaving a note on a pole in a conspicuous point to advise Lewis of their change of plan, they launched the canoes and went on.

"I know why our venison is so poor here," said Clark. "Mosquitoes! They cannot feed properly for the torments of the little scavengers."

"What dey eats in, dem mesquites drinks out," said York.

On one morning as they sat at breakfast, the guard electrified them with a warning cry.

"Boats! Boats on the river!"

Clark smiled. "Lewis!"

"No, sir, I don't think it's our men. It's two Indian skin canoes. Our men have a fleet of them and the white pirogue. Maybe it's Indians."

Snatching up their rifles, they ran down to the shore. Two lashed canoes, borne swiftly on the rushing tide, came faster for swiftly plying oars.

"It's Pryor!" ejaculated Clark. "It's Pryor and the horse detail!"

Pryor it was, with Shannon, Windsor and Hall, propelling their skin canoes with eager zeal. The men on shore set up a joyful shout, answered, with far intenser joy, from the canoes. The light craft flew to shore; the men leaped overboard before they touched land, laughing aloud with pleased relief. Forgetting rules of military procedure they threw their arms about the smiling Clark and hugged him with boyish rapture.

"I take it you were anxious to catch up," said Clark dryly.

"Yes, sir."

"I should say so, sir."

"And where are our horses?" he asked.

Pryor's report was brief and to the point. "Crows," he said. "The Crows got them the second night. It rained all night. We huddled by the fire in our blankets. In the morning, no horses. There were Indian tracks to show where they had rounded them up and driven them away, slowly, grazing as they went, sir. Then a little later, they set them galloping. We followed as far as we could on foot. No hope."

"You mean no horses," said Clark. "Yes, and then what?"

"We took our baggage on our backs and set off after you. We struck the river at that huge rock. But your camp showed you had been there and gone. So we made a canoe—Shannon made it, sir. Made it himself."

"I shot the buffalo myself, too," said Shannon. "I said I could do it and I did. I remembered the way the Mandans made them, like a pan, of skins. It worked, too." Shannon swaggered a little.

"Not bad for a runaway schoolboy," Clark said with a smile. "Move up to the head of the class."

"So we made two, for fear of accident, and divided our guns and ammunition. We know you go fast, sir. We were afraid we might not overtake you. We lashed them together and came after you."

"Tell about the wolf, Pryor. That's good, too," said Windsor. "Show him your hand, Pryor."

"A vicious wolf came into our camp where we lay asleep. He bit me right through the hand—look, sir! And then he tried to grab Windsor, who couldn't get at his gun. But the boy, Shannon, sat up in his blanket, grabbed his pistol and by the glimmer of the firelight shot him right straight through the head."

"Killed him dead," added Shannon complacently.

"Not bad, Shannon, not at all bad," was Clark's smiling commendation.

"Well, sir," Pryor went on, "we were all in a fever to catch up to you. We got to the mouth of the Yellowstone and found your note left there. We figured Captain Lewis had already passed, so we yanked it off and came tearing along. We didn't want to make it alone clear to Mandan."

"We put in our best licks getting here," said Windsor.

"And where are all those valuable papers you had?" inquired Clark. "Crows get them, too?"

Pryor looked confused. He stared at his companions. They stared at him. He looked for his saddlebags. They were not there.

"Sir," he said humbly, "we were so hot to be off we just rolled out of our blankets the minute the light broke. We didn't even wait to eat. We piled into the boats and came. I must have left the bags at the Yellowstone."

Clark sent Bratton back to recover the saddlebags and leave a fresh message for Lewis. Bratton, lacking other means of communication, wrote that illuminating message in the sand:

"W. C. a few miles farther down on the right hand side."

Lewis, disappointed in his hope for an immediate reunion with his always entertaining co-commander, urged the fleet on at top speed, and although they continued until dark, peering far into the distance for his fire, they saw no signs of his camp. The next day, from daybreak till dark, they pressed on. And still no Clark!

Lewis shook his head, smiling wryly. "He has a good running start and he's a fast mover. Eventually he will wait for us. We shall pursue the chase no farther but look out for ourselves from this on, proceeding as if we knew nothing of his plans. The future we leave to the chapter of accidents. We've got to repair these leaky boats. You men must have clothes. We stop right here at the mouth of White Earth River until we have done these needful things. Clark will wait."

They unloaded the boats and drew them up to dry; they fleeced their meat, scaffolded some over slow fires; they set to dressing skins and making clothes. But for all their philosophical determination to look after their own interests, they were impatient of delay in effecting the joyous reunion. The next day was rainy, and almost without waiting for an order, they set to reloading the canoes and took again to the river.

Every morning they were on their way at daybreak; every night they rowed till dark.

"Make good speed this morning, boys," Lewis urged them. "We ought to make the Burnt Hills in half a day. We missed the latitude there and I want to get it at noon. It is the most northern point of the Missouri."

He had no need to urge them; they were as eager to advance as he. But that day—Monday it was, the eleventh of August—was not Lewis's day. They arrived at the Burnt Hills twenty minutes after twelve, too late for his observations.

"No latitude," he said cheerfully. "And no Clark. But at least there is a herd of elk in that willow bar. Put to. Cruzatte and I will see what we can do for you in the way of meat and skins."

Landing, Lewis and Cruzatte proceeded at once to the willow bar and, getting good aims, fired simultaneously. Lewis brought down his quarry, Cruzatte wounded his and fired again, downing him. They reloaded.

"Let's separate here," said Lewis. "You go down to the right, I'll go up to the left. The boys will have the laugh on us unless we do better than this."

He struck off briskly to find a good site for a second shot, and secreting himself in a thicket of willow brush had his gun up to fire when he was struck in the hip by a singing bullet.

"Damn you, Cruzatte!" he shouted. "You shot me!"

There was no answer, no sight nor sound of Cruzatte.

"Cruzatte! Oh, Cruzatte!"

There was no answer. Lewis's thoughts went racing. That shot was fired from a short distance; if Cruzatte had done it, he would have heard Lewis's voice; if not Cruzatte, it must be Indians; the deadly Blackfeet had overtaken them.

He ran toward the boats, shouting to Cruzatte as he went.

"Cruzatte! To the boats! Cruzatte!"

The instant he arrived in hearing of the boats he called to the men.

"To arms! We are attacked!"

In an instant every man was beside him, armed, alert and ready.

"The Blackfeet have evidently come up to us," he said, speaking quickly but without excitement. "I have been shot—not seriously, I think. But Cruzatte is up there alone. They may get him. Come quickly."

Not a man hesitated. Lewis led them a hundred paces or so, but, his wound bleeding freely, he staggered, turned suddenly faint, half fell.

"Captain, sir, let us take you to the boat first," the men begged. "We'll come back for Cruzatte."

"You get Cruzatte," said Lewis firmly. "I will go back to the boat. Every man of you, on. If you find them too strong for you, come back, slowly, firing as you come. I'll make the boat."

He staggered back to the boat while the men rushed on up the bank to the willow bar. Wounded as he was, he got his pistol, his rifle, loaded the air gun, and turned the swivel toward shore; then, exhausted and bleeding, he lay down on a robe, his guns beside him, and waited until the men came running down, Cruzatte, weeping, half hysterical, in the lead.

"Captain, sir," he cried, "if I shot you, God knows I never knew it, sir, God knows it."

"There are no Indians, sir," said Sergeant Gass. "We scoured

the shore. No sign of them. It must have been Cruzatte fired the shot."

"Captain, sir, Captain," protested Cruzatte, "I give you my word, I didn't know it if I shot you. I did shoot at an elk—I swear——"

"Didn't you hear me call you, Cruzatte?" Lewis asked.

"No, sir. I heard nothing. I swear I didn't."

Lewis smiled. "Well, Cruzatte, if it was you who shot me, it was by accident, I am assured of that. But I do not understand why you did not hear me call, for that shot came from within forty paces. I knew you were short-sighted, but I have not noticed any deficiencies of hearing."

With Gass's help he removed his clothes and dressed his own wound, introducing tents of patent lint into the ball holes. The wound bled a great deal but by another stroke of the rare good fortune that attended Lewis on the expedition, the ball had touched neither artery nor bone.

"Well, go ahead with your jobs," he said. "Dress those elk Cruzatte and I fortuitously managed to kill for you. And let's get on after Clark."

They proceeded slowly and Lewis, unable to be moved, slept on board the pirogue at night, his fever high, suffering greatly. At daybreak he had the men up and at their oars.

"After Clark," was his brief command.

They were at dinner at Clark's camp when suddenly the fleet rounded a curve in the river, flags flying, firing their blunderbusses and small arms in glad salute. The men left their dinner and ran to the shore, answering the salute with guns and voices.

"And thanks to God," said Gass, one of the most reverent as well as one of the most profane men in the expedition, "we are all together again in good health, except Captain Lewis, and his wound is not dangerous."

But when the canoes swept up to shore and the men marched proudly off, Clark's eyes swept the crew for the first sight of his particular friend. Lewis was not there. Clark's lips tightened.

"Captain Lewis," he said. "Where is he?"

"In the pirogue, sir," said Ordway. "He is shot—not badly, sir, not badly, don't be alarmed."

Clark left the gay felicitations and noisy greetings of the reunited band and ran to the pirogue where Lewis was lying on his robe, smiling and contented for all his pain.

"Lewis, my friend!"

Lewis grasped his hand. "Clark," he said. "It is nearly over. We have done the impossible."

"You are wounded!"

"A trifle. Sit down. Are our men all safe? Have things gone well with you? Tell me everything."

"I tell you nothing until I examine that wound," said Clark grimly. "How did this happen? How did you get shot?"

Examining the wound he was relieved to find that, though a bad flesh wound, it was not of a serious nature, the ball having passed through the fleshy part of the left thigh just below the hip bone, and cutting the cheek of the right buttock. He dressed it carefully, rearranged Lewis's bed that he might lie more easily, and then sat down beside him. They clasped hands. Their smiles were warm with perfect satisfaction. It was true!—The impossible had been accomplished.

CHAPTER TWENTY

ABANDONING the skin canoes, the united party manned the fleet and passed grandly down the river, all flags flying, and on the fourteenth of August anchored off the Mandan towns with a salute from the swivel and blunderbusses, several times repeated.

The shores were thronged with spectators, scouts having spread the news of their coming, and their salute was answered with all the small arms the town boasted. But the truest salute lay in the ringing cheers of joy on the lips of their old friends.

The natives were thrilled and awed. Who had dreamed that these foolhardy ones would return in safety, with not one man of them lost by the way? They overwhelmed them with presents, corn, beans and squashes. They built great fires. They prepared rich feasts.

Lewis's wound preventing him from participating in the last formalities with these nations, Clark assumed full charge, conducting the final rites with his usual celerity. But for all his diplomacy and fluent oratory, only one chief would agree to accompany them to Washington to meet the Great Father. This was the Big White, Shahaka, who consented only on condition that they take also his wife and child, and, for his private interpreter, the scoundrelly Jessaume with his wife and two children. Unwilling to return to Washington without one representative of the tribes, the Captains were obliged to accept the terms, hard as they were.

Charbonneau tried to persuade a Minitaree chief to go, also,

taking him on the same terms Jessaume had contracted for, but the Minitarees declined the hazardous adventure.

"Charbonneau," Clark said anxiously, "if you will go down to St. Louis, I myself will pay your expenses. I am sure we can find some advantageous work for you to do there."

But Charbonneau hesitated. "Advantageous work" meant labor of some sort, and he was not inclined to labor. In the great cities one could not live without money, but here in the Mandan towns he could subsist well enough by his wits and the work of his three squaws. Besides, had he not now five hundred dollars in cash, as payment for his services on the expedition? Five hundred dollars was a great sum to the squaw man. He could engage in fruitful trade, he could hunt and trap; the squaws would attend him. No, assuredly, he would not under these circumstances go down the river unless guaranteed a position as an interpreter only.

Clark took little Pomp on his knee and fondled him affectionately, for he was genuinely attached to the child.

"Charbonneau," he said, "Pomp is a beautiful, promising child. He should go live among white people. He should be trained and educated. If you will let me take him, I will adopt this child, and have him educated at my expense. I do not like to leave him to the mongrel life of this place."

Charbonneau hesitated again. He felt no paternal responsibility toward his offspring and this was a good offer.

Sacágawea spoke up, gently. "The child is not weaned," she said gravely. "He cannot by any means go from his mother at this time."

"True," said Charbonneau. "But in a year he will be weaned. He is only nineteen months old now. If in a year, you will take him on those terms I will surely arrange it."

"I will give you my scrupulous promise to do this thing," said Clark. "Be sure to do this, Charbonneau. I dread to think of

leaving this child in this hazardous country, for there will be many wars and hardships. He is a fine child. He must be educated."

He gave Charbonneau the set of blacksmith tools from the boat.

"The Indians value these things," he said. "They will be useful to the entire nation. If you run out of money, you can make implements for the savages to provide food for your squaw and the child.—For all your squaws," he added quickly.

He went to Lewis. "Lewis," he began, "I wish we could do something for that poor woman. I know we have nothing to give her. But she is a brave heroic soul. It is shameful that she should leave our party without some recognition from us."

"I feel the same," Lewis agreed gravely. "But, Clark, there is nothing we can give her; nothing we can do for her. Anything she has, is taken by Charbonneau. You know that. Already, although he was the least capable man of the party, useful in interpreting only, he has received five times as much as they. I am not willing he should have more at our hands."

"She is a brave soul," said Clark regretfully.

"She is all that. But she is also a savage slave. Her beads are his beads, her robes are his robes. You saw what he did with her leather suits—traded them for a horse so he could ride. The other men walked, but not Charbonneau. Our men killed the game, dressed the hides, gave them to her. She herself, with the poor instruments we had, made herself neat warm clothes. He traded them for a horse and left her half naked."

Clark nodded impatiently. "I know, I know. It is a hopeless case."

His leave-taking of Sacágawea was brief. Sacágawea's face was pale, like ivory deepened by time, no longer shining rosy copper. Her patient eyes were without light. But she had no complaint. She asked nothing.

"Janey," he said gently, "I am sorry to leave you in this place. You are a great soul. I regret that you must return to that slavery. I wish you could continue with us, and have comfort and pleasure in life as you deserve."

"*Mon homme* will not go," she said quietly. "Life does those things."

Charbonneau bustled up. "Quick, *Chienne*," he said, "bring my packs and my robes. It is the time of going."

"Janey," Clark said, "when the time comes, urge him to send Pomp to me. I will be good to him. I will have him taught many things. Make Charbonneau do this."

"I will try," she said.

With the child, she took upon her back Charbonneau's bags and blankets, his tools and skins.

She smiled back at Clark, a grave, unshining smile.

"Ordway, send a man to carry that stuff to the village for the poor soul."

Unable to endure the sight he moved away, and Sacágawea, turning for one last look at the beloved red head, could not find him. With a smile for the past, a sigh for the future, she trudged quietly up to the town after Charbonneau.

Descending the river from Mandan, they missed Sacágawea, her gentle, unfailing admiration; her eager smiles; her helpful interest. They missed their pet and plaything, little Pomp.

"Look, here's one of Pomp's moccasins," one said.

"And here's that rattle Shields made for him of elk teeth."

Clark took them, put them away with his private, personal treasures. Little Pomp, his dancing boy, had gone back to the slaving savagery of the Mandan towns; gentle, brave Janey back to digging roots and packing Charbonneau's heavy loads. He flung himself into his work passionately, and tried to forget them.

"Push along! Push along!" he told the men.

Their voyage down the Missouri was one long joyous triumph. They met canoes of hunting parties and trading boats. They heard news from Washington—there was trouble with the Spaniards down toward Mexico; the Spaniards had taken an American boat in the Mediterranean; two British ships had fired on an American ship in New York harbor and killed a man; three American troops were cantoned on the Mississippi above New Orleans.

"And the duel—have you heard about the duel?"

"The duel?"

"Burr and Hamilton. Burr killed him. Burr has fled into exile."

Every one, American, Indian, French and Spanish, was amazed that these men were indeed Lewis and Clark, returning from the expedition. They had been given up for dead.

"The President still has hopes of you—faint hopes. Everyone else says you are so many dead men."

They saluted the Indian villages on their route, exchanged courtesies; but none would go down the river with them. One of their chiefs, they said, had gone down the year before; they would await his return and hear his tale of the voyage. This chief had died of sickness in Washington, and messengers were already on their way to break the news to his tribe, with rich presents for consolation, and flags and medals.

The Aricara received them with their old friendliness, but would not go down.

Game disappeared as they continued, but the eager men were impatient of any delay, even to provide food. They were not hungry. They would gather a few papaws—that would suffice.

"Push along! Push along!"

At noon they halted at Floyd's Bluff. The entire party, Lewis now able to walk but limping badly, trudged slowly up the hill to the grave beneath the cedar post. The hungry river had

encroached upon the bank, was creeping every day a little closer to the hallowed spot. Indians had broken into the grave, leaving it half covered. The men filled it again, fired a solemn salute to the only comrade lost on the long voyage, and hurried on.

Every day they met more boats, received fresh news; the troops had moved from Illinois; General Wilkinson was preparing to leave St. Louis. They were greeted as dead men come to life, given tobacco and whisky—the first they had had in months. But their eagerness for news and their enjoyment of social contacts with their own class and kind could not detain them.

"Push along!"

"Every day," Clark said, "produces new anxieties in us to get to our country and our friends."

They had not much food; the river was full of sand bars, snags and sawyers; the water low.

"Hardships? What are hardships? Push along!"

On one day the lookout in the bow startled them with a shrill cry. He was pointing to the shore. From habit the men snatched their rifles before they looked.

A cow was grazing on the bank and they sent up a shout of joy for the dear familiar sight. The cow raised her mild eyes and gazed at them in aloof surprise. Their oars flew, then. This was civilization. This was domestic United States. These were the outskirts of home.

They greeted the French village, La Charette, with ringing songs and a salute of three hearty rounds, returned by trading boats lying opposite the village. Royalty could not have been more warmly welcomed, more richly entertained.

"Is it you, in very truth?" they were asked, again and again. "The veritable expedition that so long ago went forth? The word has gone about that you were dead."

On the next afternoon they reached St. Charles. Their oars now flashed over the water like lightning, the very boats had wings.

"If we had made time like this going up, we'd have been home a year ago," said Clark.

"Yes, but it would have been less exciting a year ago," said Lewis. "The separation has made our hearts grow fonder."

"And our muscles tougher!"

Every new house on the route brought fresh cheers from the happy crew.

"That's a new house!"

"That wasn't there before!"

A chicken got a salute of small arms.

"Look! Look! A calf!"

At noon, on September twenty-third, they sailed up to St. Louis, firing off every piece on their boats as a salute to the town. All St. Louis was at the wharf to receive them, for word of their coming had spread in advance of their arrival. Every man vied with every other to do them honor, to welcome them back from the grave; pleased himself by pleasing them.

"I'll be dogged if I could close my eyes last night," Clark said on the morning after their arrival. "I was tired and I was sleepy. But I couldn't sleep."

Lewis laughed. "You missed the mosquitoes; you missed the rain in your face; you missed the deadly white bears, and the incessant roar of buffalo bulls. Or, perhaps, you were thinking of Fincastle."

"I couldn't sleep," was all Clark had to say.

"And now, my friend, that we have returned, we must confer on the point of first importance to receive our immediate attention."

"I know what I am going to do first," said Clark. "I am going to return this gilt-edged commission to the President of the

United States, with the profound gratitude of Lieutenant Clark, I mean Second Lieutenant Clark."

Lewis smiled. "Right as always. It was not what I had in mind but you are always right. Come then. Let us write our resignations. The same post takes my own, you remember. And then——"

"Yes, what then?" said Clark. "I knew you had something up your sleeve. After our resignations, what?"

"We have come home heroes," said Lewis. "We are the cynosure of all eyes, the talk of the town, the lions of the social circus. There are a couple of dinners for us today, a ball tonight, a banquet tomorrow——"

"Yes?"

"Let's chuck these shabby elkskin shirts and get some clothes. Let's find the best tailor in town and have some uniforms made up in the latest fashion. If we've got to go on dress parade, let's look the part."

Clark laughed. "A good idea. First, the resignations! Then fine feathers."

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

THE Captains' return was that of conquering heroes. Popular before the stupendous expedition was dreamed of, when word spread through the communities that it was over and they were coming home, every village, every town, went wild. Dinners and balls were scheduled to do them honor, official recognitions instituted, wordy speeches of welcome written and rehearsed.

To Clark, the most gratifying feature of his home-coming lay in the quiet family reunions with relatives and friends, where rich food was cooked to his personal taste, and his favorite punch stood ready. Early in January, mounted on his best horse, wearing the handsomest of his new uniforms and attended by York, he turned into the familiar lane that led to the home of the Hancocks. The velvety greensward that he remembered was whitely blanketed with snow; no flowers nodded in the breeze; no fairylike children danced to welcome him. But there were horses, warmly blanketed, pawing at the rail; dogs romping at the kitchen door; and from every chimney rose that enticing curl of dark smoke against the pale sky.

He smiled. "The best reward of playing the hero," he said to York, "is the gladness you see in the eyes of your friends."

"Dat sho is right, Marse Billy," agreed York.

Before he was out of the saddle, they were trooping from every door to welcome him—those royal hosts, the Hancocks.

"It's young Billy!"

"Well, Billy Clark!"

"He's here!"

Loving hands pulled him into the house, divested him of his top coat, turned him about on every side. Exclamations came thick and fast. What a handsome uniform he wore! How brown he was! How much bigger he seemed! How well he looked!

"Sit down!—Here, let him sit down!—Jinny, the punch!—It's cold today.—Well, Billy Clark!"

Clark's dark face shone. This one welcome made the hard years worth while. But he missed his young favorite from the welcoming circle. "Where's little Judy?" he asked.

"Oh, she's around somewhere. She'll be in."

"Judy's a big girl, now. It's been a long time, Billy."

Judy was primping. While Billy Clark was off winning fame and honors, exploring strange lands, pacifying savage Indians, killing white bears and buffalo, little Judy had been doing things on her own account right there in Fincastle. She had been growing up. Let him come home covered with decorations and wearing his fine uniform! She had no cause to blush for what the years had brought her—brilliant young beauty on the threshold of womanhood.

A light step on the stair—light hand on the door.

Little Judy! Little Judy grown up indeed; dark curls primly secured with a golden comb; ruffled lacy skirts rippling about small ankles.

Clark had turned, smiling. The smile was swept away in consternation. Judy, laughing, dimpling, dropped him a dainty curtsy. He stood up. He stared—hardly believing what he saw—at the lovely vision. He had known she would be grown up, but he had not expected the growing-up to take such visible form, to be so manifest.

He was suddenly conscious of his big boots, his hardened sunburned hands. He was glad he had worn the best uniform.

"Is it Judy?" he ejaculated.

She tripped across to him; she floated, rather, on the swinging rhythm of her ruffled frock.

"Why, Captain Clark!" she said. "How nice to see you!"

They sat down. Clark stared and stared.

"You seem surprised," she commented. "Don't you know that little girls always grow up?"

"Janey warned me," he said, half sadly. "But I am afraid I did not believe her."

The young face became suddenly almost severe.

"Janey warned you!" she repeated. "Indeed! And who, may I ask, is Janey?"

Clark blushed. "Janey," he began vaguely, "oh, Janey was the squaw who went with us as guide and interpretress to the coast. She was the wife," he added quickly, "of the Frenchman, Charbonneau. One of his wives. He had three. He bought them in Mandan."

"He had three wives! Did you take them all on your voyage?"

"No, just Janey."

"And how, pray, came this squaw, Janey, to be discussing me and my growing up?"

"It was on account of the river."

Judy was nonplussed. "The river!"

"You told me to bring you an Indian brave and a savage forelock. But I have brought you instead, only a river—a pretty river, laughing in its graveled bed—teasing, as you do. With flowers and honeysuckles and sweet rushes on its banks. I have only this river to give you."

"You give me this river! Where is my river?"

"Up in the mountains in the Northwest. It's the name I bring you. I named it for you because it made me think of you that last day I saw you. I named it for you on all our maps that have gone to the President and the Congress. Judith's River."

"Judith's River! Why did you name this river Judith?"

"For you, Judy, because it made me think of you."

"But why name it 'Judith' for me? My name, Captain Clark," she said, tapping her small slippered foot with pretended annoyance, "since you seem to have forgotten, is not Judith. It is Julia."

Clark's confusion was laughable. "Julia! Julia? Judy, I never heard your real name in my life. Just Judy. I thought Judy was short for Judith."

"I thank you, anyhow," she said politely, "for Judith's River. And now tell me about Janey."

"She looked at the map and asked why we called it Judith's River. I said it was for you, a little child at home, a pretty child. And when I said you had passed thirteen summers, she said you were no longer a girl-child, but a child-woman."

"Hum!" Judy frowned. "A savage philosopher! How strange. You say she was Charbonneau's squaw?"

Clark could not get over it. During all the speechmaking, and the dining, and the presentation of gifts and certificates, he was conscious only of that one creamy face, with its flushing cheeks, its full red lips, its sparkling eyes and twinkling lashes.

Little Judy, a child-woman indeed! No, more than that—she was a woman.

Business—and other things—took Clark often to Fincastle. Honors were heaped upon him. His second lieutenantcy was succeeded by a brigadier generalship. When Lewis became Governor General of the vast Province of Louisiana, Clark was appointed Superintendent of Indian Affairs. But business—and other things—took him again to Fincastle.

"Judy," he said one night, "do you remember when I went west you asked me to bring you a scalp, an Indian's scalp, to decorate your chain?"

"What a silly child I must have been!"

"And I promised—do you remember?—that I would bring you one, or, failing, would give you my own in its place. Do you remember? Judy, I brought you no Indian topknot, but you may have mine, and welcome."

The fair face flushed rosily.

"You are a great tease, General Clark."

"Billy Clark," he corrected her gravely. "Judy, I mean every word of it."

When had William Clark not had his way? Almost immediately they were married, and he took his lovely bride to St. Louis, the quaint little mongrel town now growing up by great leaps and bounds, the market of a steadily expanding Indian trade. Every year there were more Canadian *voyageurs*, more traders, more soldiers, more officials. It was the center of operations for the great fur companies. The Astorians stopped there. And every visitor of note or interest must be fêted, wined and dined. No one in St. Louis could more charmingly dispense the famous Southern hospitality than lovely young Mistress Julia Hancock Clark.

Lewis, buried in his work, found his greatest pleasure in the congenial hours spent with the two Clarks, Judy and William. A little later there were three Clarks, and then his happiest moments were passed at the cradle of their first-born, his namesake, Meriwether Lewis Clark.

Clark's devotion to the cause of the Indians became almost a national scandal. Government officials were not supposed to be so paternal, so punctilious, in safeguarding the troubled interests of America's new protégées.

When they had trouble, and they were always having trouble, one tribe with another, or with white traders, "Go down to the city of the Red Head," the chiefs advised their warriors, and fathers counseled their sons. "Go to the city of the Red Head. Ask him. All that he tells you, that do. He is our great friend."

Clark could not forget Sacágawea. He brooded sadly over the fate he knew was hers. The years of Charbonneau's promise passed, without word. Clark's heart ached at thought of the loyal, royal princess slave, with her shining trustful eyes, her proudly lifted shoulders, her light swift step, wearing her life away in hopeless drudgery as one of the Frenchman's squaws.

"Don't worry about her, Billy," Judy tried to comfort him. "She probably likes their kind of life. You know these savages are not like us, they do not care for the things that mean so much to us. She is probably quite happy there. After all, she is only another little savage."

"A savage, Judy? What is a savage?" he questioned moodily.

"Billy, you know what a savage is. Uncivilized. Raw, rough—just uncivilized."

"And what is it to be civilized?" he demanded testily, for it was a sore subject with him. "What is civilization, and who is to mark the dividing line?"

"Oh, Billy, I wish you would not make yourself unhappy over those poor people. It is sad, of course, but there is a great gulf between us and them, between our life and theirs. They know nothing better than what they have, they want nothing better. They are satisfied to be savages."

"Not Janey," he said gravely. "She gave the best she had, and she wanted the best life could give. Whatever she saw that was good, she loved and wanted."

"Oh, I am sure that she was a very nice savage, as savages go."

"Loyal, brave, uncomplaining! Eager to be of service! Patient in hardship, trustful in trouble, cheerfully acquiescent to her lot. And it is a hard lot, Judy, you don't know how hard. You don't know Charbonneau. His squaws are so many slaves to him. He treats them worse than his horses, and he is not very good to his horses. And Pomp was a beautiful child! You don't

know what it is to have a child grow up to what Pomp's life will be."

Instinctively they turned at the same instant to Meriwether Lewis Clark, smiling in his sleep, softly cradled, warmly blanketed.

"You mustn't expect savages to be like us," she reminded him gently.

"Savages!" he repeated impatiently. "Savages! But what do you mean, savages? What makes them savage?"

"Not knowing anything," she said, hesitating over her words, not able to argue with him, but anxious to relieve his worried thoughts. "No progress, no culture, no education."

"Oh, you mean spelling, do you?" Clark laughed. "There are a good many flaws in mine. I am afraid I am not thoroughly civilized."

But Judy, determined to banish his sad reflections, was casting about for stronger argument.

"I think it is religion, Billy," she said. "That's what makes the difference. They are just like animals because they have no religion."

"But they have religion. They go out, alone, naked, in bitter winter weather, and stand erect, exposed to the elements, for days and nights, and implore the Great Spirit to enter their hearts and illuminate them. They pray until they receive a vision of the spirit, and if it does not come at once, they go again and again. That is their conversion, their union with God. What else is religion?"

Judy frowned, shaking her head. "No, that is superstition. It is not real religion."

"They do not read the Bible. Is that what you mean?"

"Billy," she said, a little exasperated, "you know very well what savages are. They have no morals. They steal, and rob, and lie, and kill each other, and have many wives——"

"Don't we, Judy? Some of us. Most of us do one or another of those things. Think of the French squaw men. Besides, you are speaking now of laws. They have their laws, too, and obey them."

How could he tell this sheltered woman what he had learned of savage life and honor, at such terrific cost of time and pain and heartache? How could he tell her of those who would sacrifice life, and home, and family, to keep faith with strangers who had smoked their pipes? How could he tell her of a father who subjected his body to the agonies of sweat baths in a faint hope to cure his son? Or of tribes, half starving, who shared their last small salmon, their last parcel of precious roots, with strangers who needed food?

"Billy," she broke into his reverie, "I have been thinking very hard about this—savage life and civilization. What do you think is the difference?"

Clark smiled. "I think," he said gently, "that savages are children, and some are bad, and some are good. They have much to learn, like children. Many good things they must learn, and many bad, Judy, before they attain the stature of manhood. Like children. But they can learn and will, as children do."

She shook her head, quite positively. "No, it is something deeper than that. I believe it is Christianity, Billy. That is what makes people civilized, knowing the truth of religion, our religion and no other. That is what makes one savage, or civilized." She smiled, pleased at her own solution to this intricate problem.

Billy smiled, too. He went to the cradle and picked up the waking child. He held him off at arm's length and frowned at him.

"Meriwether Lewis Clark," he said, with great severity, "do you know what you are? You are a savage! A plain, unadulterated little savage. Do you know your catechism? Do you

know your Ten Commandments? Do you know about the Cross of Christ? You do not. You are a savage, and I should by rights chuck you off to the wilderness with the rest of your savage kind."

"William Clark——" she began in great indignation.

"And have you any education? Do you know how to read and spell and say your tables? No! As long as your belly is full of fresh warm milk, and you have a safe warm bed to lie in, you are happy. You say that God is good and the world is kind. You little savage, you!"

Judy stood up, proud and outraged.

"William Clark, give me my baby." She took the child from him and turned haughtily to walk from the room. But Clark laughed and took them both in his arms. He kissed her.

"Come back, Judy," he said. "Don't go. You are right. It is the accident of birth that makes one civilized or savage. Our son is a perfect Christian gentleman, and little dancing Pomp is a heathen savage.—You are quite right."

But even with his wife and child in his arms, he could not banish from his heart that pleading picture—Sacágawea, small and brave and loyal, and little laughing Pomp; both with dark, bright, trusting eyes upraised to his.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

MERIWETHER LEWIS, Governor of the Louisiana Territory by appointment of the President, established his headquarters at St. Louis. A man of infinite resource, unbounded initiative, trusting his own judgment—he considered the judgment of Clark identical with his own—he was used to giving orders and having them scrupulously executed; intolerant of inefficiency and inaccuracy. When he was with Jefferson in Washington, holding the implicit confidence of his powerful patron, he had been given *carte blanche* and never abused it. In the conduct of the western expedition, he was accountable to no one, himself personally responsible in every detail.

Receiving the Louisiana appointment, he plunged into the conduct of territorial affairs with his usual enthusiastic one-mindedness. Washington was a long way off; the post was slow and unreliable; the President trusted him.

It was for Meriwether Lewis to run his office and handle Louisiana.

Anything Lewis did was done well. He was scrupulously honest, but there was no petty skimping under his management, no niggardly reservation of time or money where the good of the service was at stake. What Lewis's office required, he gave, drawing sight drafts on the United States Treasury to meet the accounts.

But the transformation of young America was not confined to the mongrel river towns, Indian reservations and army outposts. Washington, along with the rest of the country, was seeing

change and growth. There were new politicians in power; there were secretaries, clerks and accountants; there were committees, sub-committees and chairmen; there were rules, restrictions, regulations; there were orders, files and accountings. In the end the inevitable occurred.

Lewis drew on the Treasury for some trifling amount in connection with his office; it was disallowed.

The post between Washington and St. Louis was dilatory, and it was some time before word of this reached him. Outraged at what he took for a personal indignity, disgusted that a miserly government would deny the few dollars honestly required for the conduct of a great office, and uneasy as to the fate of other sight drafts—for he had drawn many, and must personally take up the dishonored ones in order to maintain his credit—he went to Clark.

He was haggard and ill; he had not slept; he could not eat. Clark was shocked at his appearance.

"I have good cause to look gaunt," Lewis said. "Clark, what do you suppose the government in Washington has done to me? What humiliation do you think they have subjected me to?"

"The government may embarrass but it cannot humiliate you, Lewis," Clark said loyally. "You stand too high for that. What in the name of heaven have they done?"

"They have dishonored a sight draft for needful expenses for my office—a petty amount—a few beggarly dollars."

"Lewis, is that all?" Clark even smiled. "My friend, you must not take this as a personal affront. Remember things are not as they were on the expedition. We have bosses over us now. They give us an office, and then appoint clerks to watch us, committees to check us, chairmen to frown down our best ideas. This is no longer the expedition."

"But for such a ridiculous, absurd amount, Clark. That is

the humiliating feature. If it had been thousands there would at least have been some importance attached. Does the government think I will cheat it for the price of a drink?"

"Infuriating and ridiculous," agreed Clark. "But government knows nothing about it. The paper has gone through the hands of some young clerk who could find no order allowing Governor Lewis to draw five dollars for a horse, or ten dollars for an interpreter, and so he disallowed it. According to orders. You can't expect a clerk to use your intelligence. If he had it, he would be Governor of Louisiana as you are. Write to Washington and explain this matter. They will adjust it."

"I will go to Washington myself and settle this thing once and for all," said Lewis. "I realize that an explanation is all that is required to right it, but I will not again be put in this position. I should take the trip soon, in any event. I want to see my family and my friends. I must arrange for the publication of our expedition papers. I have many things ready for the President that I dare not trust to the hazards of the post. I go East immediately."

"And a good idea it is. You work too hard, anyhow. You are nervous and tired. A little beaung in Washington will set you up. Do you need any money? I have some you are welcome to."

"No, I have plenty. Of course, I must keep extra funds in hand to meet these drafts as fast as they come in, but I have sufficient. And Major Stoddard has two hundred of mine—I will collect that as I go through."

"Take an extra hundred. If more of these drafts are returned, you may require considerable cash. Take it, anyhow. If you need it, you have it. If you don't need it—it is there."

"I do not foresee the need, but I will take it, Clark. The only thing I can do now is to have funds on hand to pay these drafts the instant they return. It is most annoying."

In spite of the irritating event that prompted it, Lewis took great delight in the prospect of an eastern visit. He was warmly devoted to his family and his friends, and his letters were full of love, expressive of fond anticipations of the reunion. He procured fine horses, packed his papers and gifts, prepared his reports and accounts. He was engaged at the time on a comprehensive summary of the situation in Upper Louisiana, besides devoting several hours daily to the compilation of material gathered in the expedition. But the trip East took precedence of everything.

When Lewis traveled, hardened frontiersman though he was, he did full justice to his high office, complying with all formalities and respecting the social and political demands upon him. On this journey he took with him two servants, a Spaniard named Pernier, as his personal valet, and a negro in charge of the horses. In happy preparations for a long visit he temporarily forgot the indignity he had suffered, and the departure of the Governor was attended with the customary elaborate social observances.

He wasted no time, but proceeded briskly to Chickasaw Bluffs.⁴² His original plan had been to continue his route by water from that point, stopping at Fort Adams to see his friend, Major Stoddard. But he fell ill at Chickasaw Bluffs and remained several days, entertained by the United States agent for the Chickasaw Indians, a man named Neely, who had just returned from the East, where rumors of a speedy war with England were in wide circulation. Neely, impressed by the high office and national reputation of his distinguished guest, exerted himself to show him honor.

Neely's talk was all of Washington. He spent hours regaling Lewis with tales of the affronts practiced on Americans by lordly British seamen; of the hazards of water travel at that moment, with British boats lurking on every hand. Lewis, nerv-

ous, half sick, became alarmed for the safety of the papers he was carrying East, not only the records and vouchers he must present to prove his case in Washington, but the data of the expedition, priceless and irreplaceable.

"Perhaps I should give up the idea of proceeding by water," he said thoughtfully. "It may be wiser for me to continue by land through Tennessee and Virginia. My baggage is extremely valuable; I dare not risk the loss of it."

"I should strongly advise it," said Neely. "The British boats are everywhere. An open attack is anticipated daily. If your baggage is of value, I should not risk losing it in that manner."

"I had wanted to see Major Stoddard at Fort Adams," Lewis said. "He has some money of mine awaiting me there, but I shall not need it immediately. I have plenty for my trip. I only wanted to have it in Washington to insure payment of any drafts they feel inclined to disallow.—No, you are right! I shall proceed by land. Major Stoddard can send the money to Washington. I shall never rest until I have delivered my papers to the President."

"I shall take part of this journey with you," said Neely. "You are not well. It is a desolate and savage wilderness you must pass through. I shall certainly accompany you."

"I have my two servants."

"A servant is not the same as a friend. If you were entirely recovered from your illness it would be different. But under the circumstances, I insist I must accompany you."

Neely was as good as his word. When Lewis set out, he constituted himself his personal companion and bodyguard and rode at his side. This was Neely's district and he knew it well.

One afternoon, as they neared the Indian territory, they discovered that two of their horses had wandered away, or, stopping to graze by the roadside, had been left behind. The two servants also had loitered somewhere, and were not in sight.

"I will go back and get the horses," said Neely. "You go on to the first house occupied by white men and put up for the night. I will rejoin you as soon as I recover the horses."

"Perhaps the servants will bring them."

"Servants are always careless. Be sure to stop at the first house, for we are close to the Indian territory. I will overtake you."

The obliging Mr. Neely, although he had joined the party expressly to be with Lewis because of his illness, turned cheerfully back to recover the horses which were the especial charge and responsibility of the negro.

Lewis rode slowly, unattended, along that gloomy and unfrequented road known as the Natchez Trace. It was a beautiful, dreamily quiet, summer afternoon, Indian summer, with a brooding autumnal hush hanging low on valley and hill.

At early dusk, in the heart of the savage wilderness, he came alone to a dark and dreary establishment beside the road, a public stand kept by one known as Old Grinder. When Lewis reined up beside the hitching post, Mrs. Grinder stepped out to greet him.

"Madame," he said, "I am tired and indisposed. Could I have food and lodging here for the night?"

"Are you alone?" asked Mrs. Grinder.

"My servants are behind. They will come up presently. I have a friend with me also, who will arrive later."

"Yes, sir. We have room for all."

She showed Lewis to his room adjoining the kitchen. It was small and rough, wide chinks showing between the logs on every side. Lewis accepted it, smiling. With his own hands he carried in his precious saddlebags and deposited them carefully in one corner.

"We will have supper immediately, sir. Will you eat with the family, or would you rather be served alone?"

"I will eat with the family. I have had a hard ride and I am very much fatigued. Supper will do me good."

After eating he said good night, retired at once to his little room and went to bed.

When the servants came—it is not known when they came—they were lodged in a small out-house not far from the main cabin.

The obsequious Neely did not appear.

Sometime during that mild October night, the sudden sharp report of a pistol shot broke the stillness that brooded over the Natchez Trace and the gloomy stand of Old Grinder. Another report rang out. Meriwether Lewis was dead of two gunshot wounds.

Late the next morning the amiable Neely cantered cheerfully into the yard and threw his rein over the hitching post. He was shocked to learn of the tragic occurrence. With his own hand he wrote a graphic account of "Lewis's suicide" to his great friend and patron, President Jefferson. It is to be regretted that his letter did not include some very interesting details: where he, himself, had spent that night; why he felt thus obligated to do the negro's work and go after the horses; why, returning on the same road where the servants loitered, he did not meet them en route and relegate to them his self-appointed task.

Washington was a long way off; the mails were slow; it was all over long before his letter reached the President.

Neely took personal charge of Lewis's trunks and papers, or what was left of them. His money? There was no money. Lewis, although barely started on a long and expensive journey, with horses and servants to maintain, accustomed as he was to the best of service and accommodation, had only twenty-five cents on his person. His fine watch the President had given him? It was not there. His jewelry, the handsome ring he always wore? He had no jewelry.

There was much talk, of course. The neighbors, scattered through the savage region, scoured the woods for Old Grinder, who had disappeared. He was caught hiding far off in the hills in a small river bottom, brought back and tried for murder. There was no elaborate scientific machinery for the conduct of murder trials in that remote time and place. There were no ballistic experts to prove whether it was Lewis's pistol which had discharged the fatal ball. There were no chemists to specify whether the shot was fired from close at hand, or, perhaps, through one of the wide-open chinks on every side. There were no finger-printing methods to decide whose hand had rifled his bags and examined his papers.

The case against Grinder was dismissed for lack of evidence. Almost the only witness was Mrs. Grinder, his wife, whose tale was incoherent, impossible, highly dramatic.

"He came here," she declared, "about sunset, alone and asked if he could stay for the night. And alighting brought his saddle into the house. He was dressed in a loose gown, white striped with blue."

An incongruous costume for the Sublime Dandy, Brigadier-General, Governor of a great Province, addicted to the smartest of laced uniforms and the gayest of plumed hats! No one, it seems, not even the agent, Neely, thought to ask if perhaps she confused the costume he wore on his arrival, with one she saw later peering at him through the chinks in the log cabin.

"On being asked if he came alone, he replied that there were two servants behind, who would soon be up. He called for some spirits, and drank a very little. When the servants arrived he inquired for his powder, saying he was sure he had some powder in a canister. The servant gave no distinct reply, and Lewis, meanwhile, walked backwards and forwards before the door, talking to himself. Sometimes he would seem as if he were walking up to me; and would suddenly wheel around and walk

back as fast as he could. Supper being ready he sat down, but had eaten only a few mouthfuls when he started up, speaking to himself in a violent manner. At these times his face flushed as if it had come on him in a fit. He lighted his pipe and drawing a chair to the door sat down, saying in a kind voice, 'Madame, this is a very pleasant evening.' He smoked for some time, but quitted his seat and traversed the yard as before. He again sat down to his pipe, seemed again composed, and casting his eyes wistfully towards the west observed what a sweet evening it was.

"I was preparing a bed for him; but he said he would sleep on the floor and desired the servant to bring the bearskins and buffalo robe, which were spread out for him. It was dusk now and I went to the kitchen. The servants went to the barn about two hundred yards away. The kitchen is only a few paces from the room where he was, and I was badly frightened by his behavior and could not sleep, but listened to him walking backwards and forwards, for oh, several hours I guess, talking out loud like a lawyer. Then I heard the report of a pistol and something fell heavily to the floor. I heard him say, 'Oh, Lord!' Then I heard another pistol, and then I heard him at the door, calling, 'Oh, Madame, give me some water and heal my wounds.'

"The logs are open and unplastered and I saw him stagger back and fall against a stump that stands between the kitchen and room. He crawled for some distance and raised himself by the side of a tree where he sat about a minute. He once more got into his room. Afterwards he came to the kitchen door but did not speak. I heard him scraping the bucket with a gourd for water."

Even this small comfort was denied the dying man, for the bucket was empty.

No one thought to inquire why, after hearing the first shot,

with the cracks wide open, she did not immediately look through as the average normal person would surely have done; in which case she must have seen if it was he indeed who fired the second shot. But no—a timid woman to have been engaged in that hazardous business in that savage place—she did not look until the two shots had been fired.

“When it was morning, I sent two of my children to the barn—my husband was away—to bring the servants. I was too afraid to go before.”

No one asked why fear itself had not sent her flying from such close proximity to a bleeding, groaning, dying man? Nor why she did not at least call out, the servants being but two hundred yards away? No—too timid! Instead of these comparatively simple and safe alternatives, she sat alone for two long hours, while on the other side of the yawning logs, in mortal agony, a man, a hero, praying, pleading for help, was left to die unaided.

“When the servants went in, they found him lying on the bed. He uncovered his side and showed them where the bullet had entered. A piece of the forehead was blown off and exposed the brains but did not bleed much. He begged them to take his rifle and blow out his brains and he would give them all the money he had in his trunk.”⁴⁸

A curious promise from a scrupulous man, because *there was no money in his trunk*.

“He often said, ‘I am no coward, but I am so strong, so hard to die.’ He begged the servant not to be afraid of him, for that he would not hurt him.”

In that gloomy, savage wilderness they buried him, the Sublime Dandy, America’s great hero of exploration, near Grinder’s house, close to the common footpath. A few loose rails were thrown over his grave to protect it from ravaging wolves and hogs.

Jefferson, accepting Neely's insufficient and unsatisfactory report of the shocking event, said he had known the family to be addicted to moods of melancholy. But he had certainly not attached great importance to such moods when he gave his young favorite command of the magnificent expedition. Members of Lewis's family denied that there had been any form of melancholia. Clark, his best friend and closest companion, knew nothing of it. No trace of it had appeared during the terrific hardships and hazards of the exploration.

The negro servant disappeared. The Spaniard, Pernier, disappeared. About thirty years later, someone forwarded to Lewis's step-sister a trunk of his papers, including a will which made her heiress to his lands in the heart of St. Louis, but so much time had elapsed that the property had passed into other hands and she settled her claim for six thousand dollars.

A friend of Lewis's⁴⁴ traveling on the Mississippi, recognized Lewis's watch upon a Spaniard and laid claim to it. The Spaniard relinquished it at once without argument and disappeared.

Those who lived in the neighborhood near Old Grinder's did not even know that a report of suicide had been circulated. One who lived but two miles from Lewis's grave, who had spent her entire life in that vicinity, told a different story.

"Old Grinder kept a stand for travelers on the Natchez Trace," she said. "Polly Spencer was their hired girl at Grinder's when Governor Lewis was killed. Polly often told me about it. She was washing dishes in the kitchen after supper with some of the females of the family when they heard a shot in the room where he was sleeping. They rushed in and found him dead in bed. Being fatigued from his journey he had retired immediately after supper. His only companion was a negro boy attending the horses in the barn at the time. Old Grinder, suspected of the murder, ran away, was captured at Cane Creek, brought back and tried, but as nothing could be proved he was

released. They said old Grinder soon afterwards removed to the western part of the state, and everybody said he had bought a number of slaves and a farm and seemed to have plenty of money. Before that he had always been quite poor."

"Then you do not believe that Governor Lewis committed suicide?"

"Suicide! Governor Lewis? Why, nobody around here ever said he committed suicide! Everybody knew he was murdered and robbed but they couldn't prove it."

It was weeks before the news reached St. Louis. Clark was shocked, incredulous. He walked the floor, ran his great hands through his red hair, twisted his fingers until the veins stood out in knotted cords; he wept.

"It isn't true," he said over and over. "It can't be true! I do not believe it."

Judy, a loving wife, tried patiently to reconcile him to the sad inevitabilities of life.

"But, Billy, he was sick and worried——"

"Yes," he said grimly. "So he was! And he was mad clear through. I know Lewis. He would never kill himself until he had straightened out that mess with the Treasury. Not Meriwether Lewis! I know the man."

"But, Billy dear, if he was out of his mind, he didn't know what he was doing."

"Judy, my love," he said gently, "he could not have done it. Not now. Some other time, perhaps—but not now."

"But how can you be so sure of this?"

"I am sure because I know Lewis. He had things to do. He would never stop—nothing could stop him—until he finished the work in hand. No one who knew him can ever believe he shirked a job."

He took his little son in his arms. "Remember this, Meriwether Lewis Clark," he said solemnly. "Let juries decide what

they will; let the President believe what he wishes; let history say what it may. But you remember that the great man whose name you have the honor to bear never turned his back on a job half done."

The child remembered. Years later, when he was a man, Meriwether Lewis Clark asked the government, even at that late date, to undertake an investigation to establish the facts in the great mystery and prove what he and his father devoutly believed: that an unjustified cloud had been allowed to mantle the memory of the man whose name he had the honor to bear.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

CLARK's heart ached ceaselessly over the fate of Sacágawea and her child. Bitterly now he regretted that he had not himself engaged Charbonneau on some salaried commission to entice him to St. Louis; that he had not more ardently exerted his powers of persuasion to induce him at least to permit the woman and child to proceed with him. But Clark himself had not been well assured of the rewards of a generous and grateful nation; the experiences of his famous brother rankled in his memory. How could he promise what he was not sure would be his to give?

Before the boats were out of sight of the Mandan towns—leaving imprinted forever in his memory the picture of the Indian woman trudging up the bank with her baby and her master's baggage—he began reproaching himself. Clark was not deceived. He foresaw her life and the life of the boy as vividly as if they had already been enacted before his eyes.

Charbonneau was lazy, dirty, indifferent, selfish. His life would be a succession of poor lodges, poor jobs, of young squaws to replace those grown old. And squaws still young grew old under the physical pain and hardship of their lives. Sacágawea, so proud, so alert, so vivid at twenty, would be a withered, bent and yellowed hag at thirty. The child, too! There would be wars in the Mandan towns; the tribes in spite of their fair promises of peace would continue to war with each other for booty or for pleasure. The white men—Clark groaned for his beneficent councils with the tribes—would be-

tray them to their ruin; would break their treaties, steal their lands, prey upon them for gain.

Their lodges would be burned; their towns razed; women and children slain or forced into slavery, Sacágawea and Pomp among them. It was not merely the sorrow of parting from one he had learned to love; he was used to that; his life had been made up of separations from loved ones. But this struck deeper. It was as if with his own hand he had taken a loved and lovely thing, hallowed with tender associations, and flung it ruthlessly into a hopeless quagmire.

By the time the descending fleet reached the Aricara villages at the mouth of the Platte, Clark felt he could no longer endure the heartaches of his vain regrets. He went away, alone, into a remote part of the pirogue, and wrote a letter to Charbonneau, imploring him to return to his own people. Clark's heart as he wrote that letter ached with the anguish of fatherhood—a fatherhood that included not only his little dancing boy, Pomp, but the young Indian woman as well.

"Charbonneau; Sir:" he wrote swiftly, and there were tears in his eyes. "Your present situation with the Indians gives me Some Concern—— I wish now I had advised you to come on with me to the Illinois where it most probably would be in my power to put you in Some way to do Something for your Self.—I was so engaged I had not time to talk with you as much as I intended to have done. You have been a long time with me and have conducted your Self in Such a manner as to gain my friendship, your woman who accompanied you that long dangerous and fatigueing rout to the Pacific Ocean and back, deserved a greater reward for her attention and Services on that rout than we had in our power to give you at the Mandans. As to your little Son (my boy Pomp) you well know my fondness for him and my anxiety to take and raise him as my own child.

I once more tell you if you will bring your son Baptist to me I will educate him and treat him as my own child—I do not forget the promis which I made to you and Shall now repeet them that you may be certain——

“Charbonneau, if you wish to live with the white people, and will come to me I will give you a piece of land and furnish you with horses cows and hogs—— If you wish to visit your friends in Montreall I will let you have a horse, and your family Shall be taken care of until your return—— If you wish to return as an Interpreter for the Minnetarras when the troops come up to form the establishment, you will be with me ready and I will procure you the place—— or if you wish to return to trade with the indians and will leave your little Son Pomp with me, I will assist you with merchendize for that purpose and become myself concerned with you in trade on a Small scale that is to say not exceeding a perogue load at one time—— If you are desposed to accept either of my offers to you and will bring down your Son, your *famn* Janey had best come along with you to take care of the boy untill I get him. . . . If you should meet with any misfortune on the river &c. when you get to St. Louis write a letter to me by the post and let me know your Situation—— If you ever intend to come down this fall or the next spring will be the best time—this fall would be best if you could get down before the winter. . . .

“Wishing you and your family great success & with anxious expectation of seeing my little dancing boy Baptist I shall remain your friend,

“William Clark.”

Clark's whole heart went into that letter, and after sending it off to the Mandan towns by one of the trading boats going up the river he felt greatly relieved. Surely he had offered enough of the inducements Charbonneau liked best to tempt him from

his filthy lair. It was in August, 1806, that he wrote the letter. But the fall passed, and the spring came, and there was no word from Charbonneau. Another year went by and another, without word.

Clark's letter had held no temptations for Charbonneau at that time. He was living the life he loved in the Mandan towns, attended by his squaws, bound by no laws, respecting no ethics. Now that Jessaume was gone, he was the chief interpreter in the district, and traders' boats, in the wake of the expedition, came up the river in large numbers. He was a rich man among the Mandans, he had money in his pockets; he rode fine horses; he wore good clothes.

Besides, and perhaps most important, he was a marked figure in the community. Indians, and traders also, flocked to his lodge to hear his great talk of the western expedition, which he had conducted virtually on his own initiative and brought to such astounding success! His stories grew bigger as his funds sank lower; he became more boastful, expatiating on his stupendous single-handed exploits.

There was no hurry about Clark's letter; he had the offer; it could await his pleasure or his need.

But in time, both Indians and traders tired of his ridiculous tales. They laughed in his face. They called him "Loose Tongue." His money was gone. The bigger boats coming up the river brought their own interpreters; other French Canadians located in the towns gave better satisfaction. The crowded smoky hut, teeming with dirty Indians, and dogs, and half-breed children, nauseated him. He decided suddenly to accept Clark's offer. He would go to St. Louis.

"We go down the river," he said to Sacágawea. "Get ready my clothes and baggage. The child is five years old. He must go to school and receive education as his father did. We will go to the Red Head."

Sacágawea's heart stood still; her ruddy face paled to a faint ivory; her black eyes become fathomless misty pools. She put out her hand instinctively and drew her child to her side. Her strong, red, hardened hand, more used to labor than caress, gripped the young shoulder. But she smiled.

"It is good," she said quietly. "He goes to the Red Head."

The other squaws importuned to go with them down the river to the city of St. Louis. But Charbonneau was shrewd. He would require many things from Clark, must make sure to gain his favor. Clark had explicitly said, "Bring your *famn* Janey." Sacágawea only would he take.

"Some other time, when I am well established in trade you may go down," he said. "Not this time. Sacágawea only may go, and the child, Baptiste."

Sacágawea had no fine clothes now, no embroidered collars, no fringed skirts of well-dressed skins. Her little treasures were gone—Charbonneau had traded them away for things he wanted or required. Her blue white-woman's coat was worn to shreds. But she worked hard trying to piece out a wardrobe of sorts, wishing the child to look well; herself, also;—to be as Clark remembered them on the expedition.

Charbonneau did not care about her appearance. It was not the style of their garments that engaged his interest in women. A slave squaw should not rig herself up in the latest fashion.

Clark, who had given up all hope of their coming, was surprised and gratified. He retracted no word from his agreement. He placed Pomp in a government school in St. Louis, pledging payment for his lodging and tuition. He helped Charbonneau to select a fine parcel of land near the town, the three hundred and twenty acres allotted by the government to men of the expedition. He superintended the erection on it of a small warm cabin, supplied him with stock and implements, hired help to break the soil for farming.

He gave him money to defray his expenses and provided Sacágawea with clothes—the clothes of white women they were, and sat oddly and unbecomingly on her savage figure, but Sacágawea loved them. It was when she saw Judy that she realized, once and for all, that she could never be quite like a white woman.

Judy, not only generous and kind by nature, but ardently anxious to please her husband, exerted herself to be agreeable. It was not easy. Sacágawea had no pretty parlor graces, no social suavity. She gazed at Judy with disconcerting intensity.

"Ju-diths," she said.

Judy, smiling politely, was puzzled.

"Of the river," Sacágawea explained gravely. "Very white."

"She means she realizes that you are the Judith the river was named for," Clark explained. "She asked if white women were very white, and she sees that you are."

"No," continued Sacágawea gravely, "not little curls like York."

Clark smiled. "Not a bit like York," he agreed.

But it was not easy to draft Charbonneau back into civilization. Farming was hard work—when had he craved labor? And it was a dull life he lived in the town, with only Sacágawea to attend him. To curry favor with Clark, he refrained from taking a new young squaw, but Sacágawea was no pleasure to him. She was an old woman—nearly twenty-five years old. He chafed at the restraint and inhibitions of the smug town—that libertine community at the junction of the three rivers! He hated their laws and their morals.

For one year he stood it, chafing constantly, irritable, fault-finding, venting his dissatisfaction on the patient squaw. Manuel Lisa, the great Spanish trader, had a boat going up the river to his fort in northern South Dakota, near the towns of the Aricara.

Through a secret arrangement, Manuel Lisa hired Charbonneau to join his staff at the fort. Not until the arrangements were consummated did he tell Clark of his engagement. Clark was distressed.

"It is not a bad commission for you, Charbonneau, if you are determined to return to that life," he admitted. "But will you not leave the squaw here to be near her child in school? I will see that she is taken care of and she shall want for nothing."

Charbonneau shook his head. "But, no," he said. "The squaw will return. The child is provided for and no longer needs her. The squaw goes back."

Clark did what he could. He bought Charbonneau's land, his house and stock, paying him in cash to facilitate his private trade with the tribes. He went alone to see Sacagawea and took her hands in his, kindly, with great sympathy.

"Janey," he said, "Charbonneau tells me he is going back. I wish you would stay here. I will take care of you as long as you live. You shall never want."

"He says that I also go back," she said gravely.

"He cannot compel you against your will. In the Mandan towns, perhaps he could, but not here. If you decide to stay, I will see that he does not force you."

Her eyes were troubled. "By the law of the tribes," she said soberly, "a squaw must go with her master and obey him in all things."

Clark nodded curtly. He gave up, helpless against the law of her race.

"Besides," she went on, "I feel strange in this large place. I feel alone, I feel sad. My heart is a great weight. Perhaps I will feel more gladness to return to my own people."

Clark knew that she was not happy. She had grown slim and pale, she talked little, seldom smiled. Her dark eyes were deep black shadows.

"I dread the hardships of that life for you," he said simply. "We know how Charbonneau is. He feels no sense of responsibility for his women and children. He is here today and gone tomorrow. One lodge after another, one horse after another, one squaw after another."

"He said I must return up the river," she said. And then, with something of her old ingenuous frankness, she went on, "I cannot be like these people. Their clothes feel strange. My hands cannot be like those small white hands of Ju-dith's." She thrust them out for him to see, big-boned, dark, powerful; and he saw, in the same instant, the soft hands of Judy with their pretty graceful movements. "I cannot turn out my toes in walking—it hurts my legs. My hair will not stay under a bright comb. I cannot be as they are. It is not the same here."

Even Clark, though she did not say it, seemed not quite the same to her now; busy always with such strange important work, surrounded by admiring crowds, flattered and courted by all. But Sacágawea knew there was no change in his heart.

"Will you keep the child, Baptiste?" she asked. "And will you see that he shall grow up to be like you?—Not like my people, not like Char-bon-neau. Only like you."

Clark tried to hide his emotion with a smile, with light words. "Like me, Janey? You ask the impossible. Can I change nature? Can I educate the child into a shock of red hair like mine?"

"Not the hair; it is nothing. Not the skin. But inside, where the heart is, will you make my child grow up like you?"

Clark no longer tried to hide the emotion in his face, the tears in his eyes.

"Janey," he promised, "I will try."

Sacágawea returned with Charbonneau up the river of her great adventure on Manuel Lisa's boat. On this boat went also the famous English traveler and author, Brackenridge, taking

copious notes on everything he saw. He had come to the Missouri to follow as far as he could the fascinating trail of Lewis and Clark, to see the things of which they had told in Washington.

The men on board, soldiers, traders, Indians, *voyageurs*, trappers, hunters, lounged day after day on deck, drinking rum, exchanging boastful stories of their adventures. Charbonneau cut a great figure among them, held them spellbound with the account he gave of that expedition he had conducted west.

"That was the squaw I took with me," he said, jerking his hand toward the bow of the boat, where, dispirited and sad, Sacágawea sat alone, gazing broodingly over the yellow waters.

Brackenridge stood up. "Do you mean," he demanded, "that the poor Indian woman there is that famous Bird-Woman—who went with Lewis and Clark?"

"But of course. I had to have a squaw to attend me," said Charbonneau. "That is the one."

Brackenridge left the noisy crowd and went to Sacágawea. She turned at his approach and a smile touched her face. A white man! She liked white men. They were great chiefs. Light brightened the dark eyes.

Brackenridge bowed before her. "Madame," he said, "I have just learned that I have the honor to be on the boat that carries that brave Bird-Woman who went with Lewis and Clark."

The dark eyes were brilliant now.

"Do you know him?" she asked eagerly. "The Red Head?—The noble Long Knife is dead.—Do you know the Red Head Chief?"

"I know him well. He is a great man."

"Great Medicine, that chief—as we say in the tribes." Her eyes were happy now, her lips smiled. "He has my son in the large school in his town. He will be like him—my son! Like the Red Head."

Brackenridge, deeply interested, talked with her daily on the long trip, and it required two full months to ascend the Missouri.

"She is a good creature," he wrote in his Journal, "of a mild and gentle disposition, greatly attached to the whites, whose manners and dress she tries to imitate, but she had become sickly and longed to revisit her native country."

Arrived at Fort Manuel, Charbonneau dismissed the ailing squaw from his mind and flung himself into the interests and amusements of the trading post. Jessaume was there, and he and Charbonneau promptly renewed their rivalry in loquacious contests exploiting their own prowess, bravery and adventure. They intrigued with the Indians, quarreled with the soldiers, and between them kept the camp in an uproar.

Charbonneau was sent on different errands, especially among the Minitarees and the Mandans, to procure horses, carry messages, negotiate trade. As an interpreter he did well enough. But the years added nothing to his courage. With LeCompte, another Frenchman, he encountered unfriendly Indians while off on a hunting trip. Charbonneau mounted his horse with all haste and galloped back to the fort, leaving his friend, alone, to get out of it as well as he could.

Occasionally he asserted his national prerogative and took French leave for a few weeks, sometimes for months, returning when desire, or necessity, impelled.

Luttig, the young German clerk in charge of the books of Fort Manuel, showed great kindness to the gentle, dispirited Sacágawea. She was frail and ill now, but, always eager to please, yearned as of yore to be of service. In the fall of 1812 she had her second child, Lisette. Sacágawea was not able to bathe and dress this little one, and others performed the maternal service for her. She was not seen that day about the fort, nor the next, nor for many days. There were no recuperative powers left in her.

Day after day she lay on her bed, patient, smiling, her tiny red baby at her side. Sacágawea's weak hands could not lift it; others placed it to her breast.

One day a message was sent to young Luttig.

"Will you come to Sacágawea? She is sick. She asks for you."

Luttig found her, shining palely, her dark eyes strangely bright. She smiled.

"Will you take the little one," she began clearly, "to the city of the Red Head? Give her to the Captain Chief. Tell him Ja-ney sent her."

"I will do this by all means, my poor woman," Luttig said kindly. "I myself will see to it. Give yourself no concern for the child. What message shall I take to Governor Clark? What shall I tell him?"

The luminous eyes were slowly clouding. What message should she send to the Red Head? What could she say? He knew, with that great unerring knowledge of his, all the things that were in her heart; the yearning aspiration, the great love, the burning gratitude. What could she say that the Red Head did not know?

She smiled, faintly. "Take the child, and tell him—Ja-ney sent her."

That night, Sunday, the twentieth of December, Luttig wrote in his Journal: "this Evening the Wife of Charbonneau a Snake Squaw, died of a putrid fever she was a good and the best Woman in the fort, aged abt 25 years she left a fine infant girl."⁴⁵

Luttig kept his promise. He could not go down to St. Louis that year, but kept the child at the fort where it was well cared for. Charbonneau⁴⁶ had disappeared again, and they had had no news of him in many weeks, had given him up for dead. The next year Luttig took Lisette to St. Louis. Clark, now Governor

of the Province,⁴⁷ was out of town and Luttig could not await his return.

"Governor Clark will take the child," Mrs. Clark assured him. "Put her in the government school here and he will assume full responsibility and pay for her care."

But the government would not accept little Indian wards without some American guardianship to pledge control. In this emergency, the young German did not hesitate.

"I will sign the papers," he declared. "When Governor Clark returns, he will arrange the matter."

And in the records which still exist, the name of "John C. Luttig, guardian," is scratched out, and "William Clark" substituted.⁴⁸

Judy, hearing these things from Luttig, awaited Clark's return with deep anxiety. This would be a sad blow to him. She remembered his affection for the Indian woman, his admiration for her noble qualities, his pity for her sad fate.

"Poor Billy," she thought, "one sadness for him after another. I must break the news to him gently."

She dreaded a recurrence of his tragic sorrow at the death of Lewis: his tears; she remembered how he had walked the floor and twisted his hands to knots.

When he came she greeted him lovingly, caressed and kissed him.

"Everything well with my Judy?" he asked.

"Everything is always well with your Judy, because she is yours," she said tenderly.

"Children all right?"

"Yes, wonderful."

When they sat alone together, and she could no longer postpone the disclosure, she took his hand in her small soft one and stroked it gently.

"Billy," she said, "I have some very bad news for you."

He started at her grave tone. "The children—you say they are well!"

"Yes, they are well. It is not the children."

She hesitated. He asked no question, but regarded her steadily, with worried eyes.

"Billy, I am so sorry. Poor little Janey is dead."

"Janey!"

"The Indian woman, Sacágawea.—Janey."

"Janey is dead! How do you know this?"

"Luttig, the clerk from Manuel Lisa's fort, told me. He brought the child to the government school—her new little baby, a girl, Lisette. Janey is dead."

Clark stood up. Judy, frightened, rose with him. There was a strange light in his eyes.

"Judy, are you sure of this?"

"Oh, yes, Billy, there is no mistake. Luttig told me himself. He buried her, there at Fort Manuel beside the river."⁴⁹

And then, amazing miracle, it was joy that swept Clark's rugged face. His eyes brightened. Was it with tears? It was the brilliance of tears. He smiled, and it was a glad smile.

Who could understand this man? Not Judy. Janey had, perhaps, more nearly than any other except Lewis, but hers was the understanding of tender instinct, not knowledge. Those two, and both were dead. Judy did not try to understand, she only knew that she loved him more than life.

"Oh, Judy!" He took her hands and kissed them.—Yes, it was tears.—"Judy, what a God's blessing this is!—Did you say bad news?—It is good news! Good, the best in the world."

"G-good news?" she stammered.

"What better news could I have from Janey?—Dear Janey!—No more savage, no more slave, no more drudging squaw—a princess forever!—Oh, Judy," he said brokenly, "I feel such joy in this. Hers, I know, is the happiest hunting-ground in heav-

en—she so well deserved it.—With plenty of potatoes, Judy, plenty of potatoes!”

* * * * *

The insatiate river bit deeply into the high bluffs below Fort Manuel Lisa. Every year it demanded greater toll, crept closer. The landing stage went first, the outposts, the sentry boxes, the flagstaff. The surrounding huts went, one by one. Still the river was not satisfied. Then, one year, there was no fort, and the water swept triumphantly over the site where it had stood.

With the fort into the muddy current went the little graveyard on the hill where Sacágawea was laid away; and wherever, in after years, her released young spirit wandered, her buoyant body found its natural home on the yellow bosom of the Missouri.

THE END

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

¹ I bow to the authority of the National Geographic Society in its praiseworthy effort to conciliate warring orthographic factions with a compromise, rendering the Bird-Woman's name, Sacágawea. The word is from the Hidatsa, and should probably be spelled Tsakaka-wea, or Sakaka-wea. But it has been so well established, and so extensively publicized, in literature, history and on public monuments, as Sacágawea, that it seems only fair to make it universal. The confusion arose early, when learned editors tried to translate the surprising orthography of Lewis and Clark into pronounceable form. In their original Journals they spelled it as it sounded orally—Sa-ca-ga. The editors ascribed a soft sound to the *g*, and endeavored to simplify the matter by changing the *g* to a *j*. There is no soft sound of *g* in the Hidatsa, and no *j*. There has been a general return now to the spelling Sacágawea. The pronunciation gives the hard sound both to *c* and to *g*, as in Carol and Grace. The emphasis comes on the second syllable of Sacaga, and on the first in wea, which has two syllables. The name is important, for she is an outstanding heroine of American history.

² Toussaint Charbonneau. The original Journals referred to him as Charbono, the authors spelling by sound. Charbonneau was a marked character in the early history of the Missouri Region, and in ways not always entirely to his credit.

³ Shoshoni. They were called "Snake" very generally among other tribes and among white men, perhaps from their residence near the river of that name.

⁴ Young Colter, in a later adventurous journey, discovered Yellowstone Park, and had many hair-raising encounters with hostile Indians.

⁵ George Drouillard. In the Journals he was called "Drewyer." He was the son of a French-Canadian father and an Indian mother.

⁶ The enlisted men were to receive five dollars a month pay, sergeants eight, interpreters twenty-five. The government later doubled all amounts, and gave in addition a large grant of land to every man.

⁷ The Journals stated that seven men kept records, but only four have survived. Ordway's was complete from beginning to end, and Gass's also. Gass's however has not been preserved in original form, but had the very life edited out of it by a scrupulous grammarian and publisher. There were a few lapses in Whitehouse's, and Floyd's stopped two days before his death. Ordway later sold his Journal to Clark for ten dollars and considered it a good price.

⁸ This was not the site of the present town of that name in Iowa. Their Council Bluffs was farther down the river and on the Nebraska side.

⁹ The Omahas.

¹⁰ Blackbird's Mound is still a famous landmark on the Missouri River. We climbed it ourselves in 1934. But his skull has been removed to form part of an Indian Museum.

¹¹ Floyd was the first man to lose his life in the American service west of the Missouri River.

¹² In 1901 a monumental shaft to Floyd's memory was erected at Sioux City, Iowa, near the site of his burial. The river has eaten away the entire bluff and the original grave, but a portion of the body was rescued and removed to a safer place some two hundred yards from the first burial place.

¹³ The Aricara.

¹⁴ Jessaume enjoyed a reputation that was far-reaching, if not entirely savory. He had wide contacts for many years with tribes, traders and hunters. In comparison with the "scoundrelly Jessaume," Charbonneau was a haloed saint.

¹⁵ Fort Mandan was located a few miles above the present site of Bismarck, North Dakota.

¹⁶ There has been considerable confusion about the children of Charbonneau. The name of Sacagawea's first child was not given in the original Journals. In Clark's letters, still in existence, he was definitely called "Baptiste," and "Pomp." But later records, now in possession of the Missouri Historical Society, show that Charbonneau had another son, called Toussaint, and two years older than Sacagawea's child. As this was her first child, it is fairly evident that Toussaint was his son by the Mandan woman, his first wife.

¹⁷ John Newman had learned his lesson well. On the return trip

down the Missouri, he was of great help to the crew in many ways, and showed great resource and courage. The government, acting on the advice of Lewis and Clark, gave him his full pay and his allotment of land with the other men.

¹⁸ In considering their difficulties with the white bear, it must be remembered that while their guns were the very best the times afforded, and their marksmanship certainly above reproach, they shot a very light ball.

¹⁹ On the exact site of their camp, the splendid Drouillard was killed by the Blackfeet in 1810. He was then engaged by the Missouri Fur Company, so swiftly did trappers and traders follow the trail of the expedition.

²⁰ The rivers were named for President Jefferson, Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury, and Madison, then Secretary of State.

²¹ Wisdom and Philanthropy Rivers are now inelegantly known as Big Hole and Stinking River.

²² This was the Lemhi, or Snake River, whose waters run into the Columbia.

²³ Pronounced Cam-may'-a-wait, emphasis on second syllable.

²⁴ Lewis's conversation with the Snakes, conducted by Drouillard in the sign language, was a tedious and prolonged matter. But the results were surprisingly good. The entire gist of it was given by Lewis himself, and almost in the words used here.

²⁵ The Bitter Root River unites with Hellgate at Missoula, Montana, to form the Missoula River, which becomes Clark's Fork of the Columbia.

²⁶ Now Lolo Creek.

²⁷ The Chopunnish Indians were of the Nez Percé nation, although this tribe never pierced the nose.

²⁸ It was October 7, 1805, when the diminished fleet took to the river for the swift descent to the coast.

²⁹ The Celilo Falls.

³⁰ Their camp was just below the Steamboat Landing at Dalles City.

³¹ The Cascades.

³² Near Cascade, Washington.

³³ It was not really the ocean, but the Great Bay. But the mistake did not at all lessen the thrill of their first view.

³⁴ On Baker's Bay, near Fort Columbia.

³⁵ Point George.

³⁶ Lewis and Clark's River.

³⁷ The name of the agreeable Clatsop chief was later found to be Coboway, but the difficulties of pronunciation, multiplied by the inaccuracies of the interpreters, rendered it Comowool.

³⁸ Lewis and Clark gave no name to their camp at this point, but later students have designated it Camp Chopunnish, honoring that good tribe as the explorers had the friendly Mandans and Clatsops.

³⁹ This is an amazing example of the way necessity provides a means of communication. Drouillard was not present at this critical moment, so it is evident that Lewis himself had learned enough of the sign language to understand and make himself understood. In the evening, he states, they enjoyed a long and comprehensive conversation with the assistance of Drouillard. Lewis's own Journal gives the facts of the conversation, and almost in the form here indicated.

⁴⁰ The pass recommended by Sacagawea was that now known as Bozeman's. It was the pass chosen for crossing the mountains by the Northern Pacific Railway.

⁴¹ This rock is now known as Pompey's Pillar, and there is a town of the same name. Clark's Journal plainly calls it "Pompy's Tower," but in the first published account of the expedition the editors evidently inferred that Clark meant to name it for the original Pompey's Pillar in Egypt, and changed the name to correspond. There is nothing to indicate that Clark ever heard of any other "Pompey's Pillar," or that he was inclined to follow anybody's precedent in the matter of nomenclature. Every name he gave was for some member of the party, for a personal friend or political patron, or suggested by some incident of the expedition; such as "Brown-bear-defeated," "Colt-killed," "White Bear," "McNeal's Folly," etc. It is definitely stated in his letter that he called the child "Pomp," or "Pompy," as was commonly done with negro babies in the South. He also declared that he loved the child devotedly. Nothing could be more natural, or more in keeping with his character, than to call the towering pinnacle for the little dancing atom on the plain below.

⁴² He reached Chickasaw Bluffs September 16, 1809.

⁴³ This is an almost verbatim account of Mrs. Grinder's story, as given by the ornithologist, Alexander Wilson, in 1810. But Wilson's own credibility has often been attacked, notably by Audubon, who recounted

his experiences with him in his *Life*, published later. Yet apart from the fact that Jefferson so unquestionably accepted Neely's report, the entire theory of suicide was based upon this incredible story.

⁴⁴ This man was the father of Chief Justice Moore, of Texas, who restored the watch to members of Lewis's family.

⁴⁵ The exact age of Sacágawea cannot be accurately determined. She was supposed to have been thirteen or fourteen at the time of her capture by the Minitarees. She evidently lived with them long enough to learn their language, but it is not known just when she was "acquired" by Charbonneau. She was nineteen when her first child was born, which would indicate that Charbonneau had bought her not more than a year earlier. She was presumably about twenty when the expedition returned to Mandan, which would make her "about twenty-five" at the time of her death, as stated by Luttig. It is not possible to ascertain accurately the ages of the early Indians, as their figures, computed by "moons," and "sleeps" and "snows," were figurative, rather than mathematical.

⁴⁶ Charbonneau had departed on another of his "French leaves," this time remaining so long that Luttig gave him up for dead, and reported that the children were "orphans." Charbonneau was not dead, however. He bobbed up frequently in succeeding years, involved in new Indian intrigues, asking and receiving fresh favors from Clark and other government officials, obtaining salaried posts as interpreter and always taking new squaws. The last on record occurred when he was eighty years old, and a thoroughly discreditable affair it was. There is nothing to indicate that he took any interest in his children or ever saw them again.

⁴⁷ After the death of Lewis, Clark was appointed Governor of the Territory of Missouri, which was the same post under a new title. He held this office until 1820, when Missouri, having entered the Union, held her first state election. Clark's friends nominated him for the office, and he was defeated on the general campaign platform that "he was too good to the Indians," an admirable—but alas how rare—charge to be held against an American politician. Clark himself took no part in the campaign. He was in Fincastle at the time, at the bedside of his adored young wife, Judy. She was then at the point of death, and passed away soon after. By President Monroe Clark was appointed Superintendent of Indian Affairs and held that office until his death at the age of sixty-eight.

⁴⁸ Clark accepted the guardianship of the children and his expense

accounts show that for many years he made regular payments for the education of both boys, Toussaint, and his own favorite, Baptiste. It is probable that while at Fort Manuel, Charbonneau had taken his older son there from the Mandan towns, for when Luttig took Lisette to St. Louis, he took the boy, Toussaint, also, and his name, with hers, was included in the guardianship papers. Baptiste was already in Clark's charge in the government school there. The boys were well trained. They traveled extensively, could speak several foreign languages, and became prominent as interpreters and guides.

Of little Lisette, from the time Clark's name was written over Luttig's in the papers of her adoption, not one word has since been heard. Whether she died in childhood; whether Clark gave her into the adoption of some family and carefully destroyed her own identity; whether he merged her life with that of his own family; no one knows.

The Lewis and Clark Expedition—in the death of Lewis and the life of Lisette—gives to American history two of its unsolved mysteries.

⁴⁹ For many years there was great uncertainty and confusion as to the actual date of Sacagawea's death and the place of her burial. A strong and scholarly argument was built up to prove that she died at an advanced old age on the Shoshoni Indian Reservation at Wind River, Wyoming; also that she never relinquished her child to civilization but kept him with her, and by him had many grandchildren. Recent authentic publications have proved conclusively that these were not the facts. The English traveler, Breckenridge, an ardent admirer of Lewis and Clark, declared in his books of American travel that he met her on Manuel Lisa's boat and traveled with her for the two months' trip, that she was returning from St. Louis, and that her health had failed, and his description of her completely accords with the Journals. The recent publication by the Missouri Historical Society of the Journal kept by the clerk Luttig, at Fort Manuel, definitely states the time and the place. The historic files in St. Louis show the actual papers of adoption of her children, first by Luttig, superseded by William Clark. And the personal expense accounts of Clark show definite, regular payments over a period of several years for the tuition and maintenance of the two boys. Virtually all authorities now agree that she died at Fort Manuel Lisa, in northern South Dakota—the site now lost in the erosive ravages of the gluttonous Missouri—and that her age was "about twenty-five."

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